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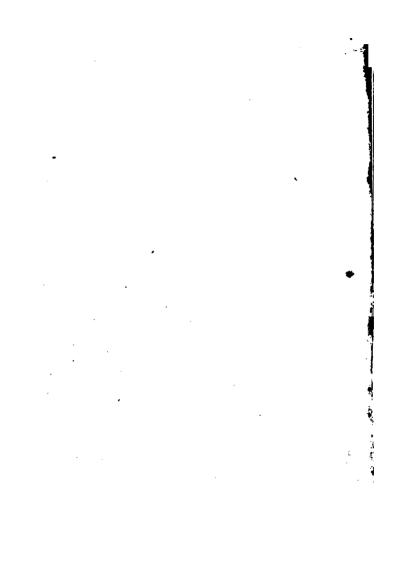






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C. J. Mathews.

THE

ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA;

COMPRISING

EVERY POPULAR NEW PLAY, FARCE, MELO-DRAMA, OPERA, BURLETTA, ETC., CAREFULLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTING COPIES.

EDITED BY

BENJAMIN WEBSTER, COMEDIAN;

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER.

VOL III.

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ALL FOR LOVE; OR, THE LGST
PLETAD.

THE SPITALFIELDS WEAVER.

THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

ANOELINE.

TRUTH.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF

MR. CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS

FROM A PAINTING, BY JONES.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

01

MR. CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS.

" Motley's the only wear."

THE subject of the present memoir is the only son of the late Charles Mathews, who was so justly celebrated for his inimitable mono-dramatic entertainments. He was born in Liverpool on what is termed boxing night, December 26th, 1803, and is consequently in the thirty-fifth year of his age. We should almost imagine, from the comic turn he has inherited for mimicry, and rapid personation of character, that like Shelty, he was launched into the world laughing. "His daddy laughed, his mammy laughed, and every body laughed till they cried." Of the freaks of his infant years we have no knowledge, until he attained the age of twelve, when he was placed on the foundation at Merchant Tailor's School, by the Recorder of London, with the intention of educating him for the church. While there he boarded with the head master, the Rev. Thomas Cherry. The close air of the city not agreeing with his health, he was removed just as he had gained the fifth form, to Mr. Richardson's school, in the Clapham-road, where he was prepared for college, but manifesting a decided preference for architecture, his fatner was at length induced to abandon his intention of making a clergyman of him, and as it was expedient without further delay to place him in the office of an architectural draughtsman, the idea of sending him to Oxford was relinquished, and he was immediately (in 1819) articled to Mr. Pugin, for four years, and afterwards studied in the office of Mr. Nash.

In 1822 he performed a character in French, " Le Comédien D'Etampes" (which he has since, in conjunction with Mr. Kenney, adapted to the English stage, under the title of "He would be an Actor"), at a "private play" at the English Operahouse, in professed imitation of Perlet, and with such extraordinary success, that his father thinking his talents promising, rather encouraged his adopting the stage as a profession, but his love for architecture was paramount, and he persevered in the study of it. In the autumn of 1823 he accompanied the Earl of Blessington to Naples, where, at the Palazzo Belvidere, he pursued his studies. In 1825 he returned, and in 1826 was employed in Wales professionally, in building Hartsheath Hall, the seat of John Gray, Esq., a bridge, an inn, and one hundred workmen's cottages. Any thing but pleased with the result of his labours, and feeling the urgent necessity for further exertion, he returned to Italy in the autumn of the same year, with another student, Mr. James D'Egville, and with him prosecuted his professional studies. They travelled together four years through Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Istria, Dalmatia, &c. In 1828 he was elected a member of the academies of Milan and Venice, where his drawings are still exhibited. In the winter of that year, at Florence, he joined Lord (now Marquis of) Normanby's private theatricals, and likewise those of Lord Berghersh. The parts he played

were few but varied—Falstaff, Buskin, Dogberry, Simpson, Risk, Launcelot Gobbo, Sir Benjamin Backbite, &c. &c.

In 1830 he caught a fever, and lost the use of his limbs. Having kept his bed six months at Venice and his life being despaired of, he determined to come home against the advice of his physicians, who declared that such an effort would be He however persevered, travelled in a bed-carriage in nineteen days to England, with an Italian servant, and was received at home helpless as an infant, his limbs wasted and useless, and was obliged to be carried in the arms of his servant for some months after, when he was able to be moved from his bed; and by the end of the year he could walk with the help of a stick. In 1831, being quite recovered, he put up for the Surveyorship of the district of Bow, to which he was elected. In 1832 during a trip to the Highlands of Scotland, on a visit to Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, some private theatricals were suggested by way of Christmas festivities at Woburn. The characters he played there were: Simpson, Gradus, Splasher in " The Man and his Tiger," and Mr. Singleton in "Scan Mag." In 1834, finding architecture slow in its returns, he commenced the study of oil painting, and in 1835 exhibited a picture at Somerset House. In the course of this year he became, by his father's death, part proprietor of the Adelphi, and entered upon the management of it under many disadvantageous circumstances. Mr. Reeve's going to America, Mr. and Mrs. Yates's withdrawal from the theatre, and last, not least, Mr. Osbaldiston's reduction of the prices of Covent-garden Theatre, rendered the commencement so great a failure, that after considerable loss he consented to Mr. Yates's letting it for the remainder of the season to the Messrs. Bonds, and eventually he disposed of his share. In the December following (1835), he made his first

appearance as a public performer, at the Olympic Theatre, in a piece written for the occasion, by Mr. Leman Rede, called "The Old and Young Stager," and at once established himself as a favourite. He has since added considerably to his reputation by his excellent acting in "One Hour," "He would be an Actor," "Patter v. Clatter," &c. He has also written several very successful dramas, the first of which, "My Wife's Mother," was produced at the Haymarket, in 1833.

On Wednesday, the 18th of July last, he was married to the celebrated Madame Vestris, at Kensington church, and immediately after the ceremony started for Bristol, accompanied by Mr. Charles Peake, the Treasurer of the Olympic, from whence the happy couple sailed for the United States of America, on the Saturday following, in The Great Western steam-ship. Mr. C. J. Mathews is five feet seven inches in height, of a slight genteel figure, with auburn hair, and a florid complexion.

August 4th, 1838.

B. W.

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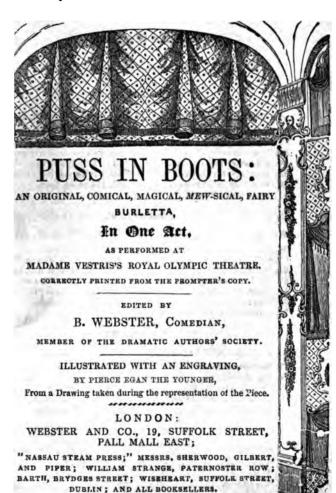
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Surletta,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

MESSRS. PLANCHÉ AND CHARLES DANCE,

MEMBERS OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

AS PERFORMED AT

MADAME VESTRIS' ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS, THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY PIESCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE NATIONAL ACTING DRAMA OFFICE, 19, BUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL EAST; "NASSAU STEAM PRESS," 60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARLING CROSS; TO BE HAD OF STRANGE, PATERNOSTER ROW; WISEHEART, SUFFOLK STREET, DUBLIN; AND ALL RESPECTABLE BOOKSELLERS.

Bramails Personæ and Costume.

First performed, Dec. 26, 1837.

KING.—Robe of green velvet stamped with gold, simmed with fur, crimson pantaloons, black-velvet shoes puffed with gold.—Second dress—Blue shape and trunks, trimmed with gold, crimson-velvet cloak, flowered with gold leaves and trimmed with ermine, crimson coronet cap, laced with pearls	Mr. J. Bland,
BARON.—Green velvet shape and cloak, trimmed with gold, green pantaloons, puffed shoes of black velvet and gold, hanging sleeves to cloak OGRE.—Stuffed shape dress pink-velvet, stamped	MR. STOKER.
with gold, crimson cloak.— Second dress—Lion's head and skin.	Mr. Brouguam.
KITCHENSTUFF.—White jacket, apron, and tunic, trimmed with blue, white cap	Mr. Wyman.
RICHARD.—Buff shirt, trimmed with black, blue pan- taloons, buff cap, and buff shoes	Mr. Selby.
ROBIN.—Same as Richard	MR. IRELAND.
the elbows, trimmed with black velvet, black-velvet cap, black ancle-boots, white silk stockings.—Second dress—Light-blue shirt, trimmed with stripes of gold lace, gold puffs at the elbows, laced with crimson cord, crimson velvet cap, studded with diamonds, blue-silk boots.	MADAME VESTRIS.
PUSS.—Cat's-skin head, blue tunic, trimmed with silver, cat's-skin tippet and pantaloons, yellow high boots and spurs, cat's-skin gloves, red-leather collar and bells CHAMBERLAIN.—Yellow vest and trunks, stamped	MR. C. MATHEWS.
with gold, crimson-velvet cloak, stamped and trimmed	MR. KERRIDGE.
with gold, hanging sleeves to cloak	Mr. T. IRELAND.
PRINCESS.—Gold tissue train dress, embroidered with flowers, bordered with ermine	Miss Lee.
CHATTERINA.—Blue satin, stamped with silver, pink hood, silver-lace, hair in bands	Miss Hudson.
ARIETTA.—Pink-satin robe, stamped with gold, i crimson-velvet hood with gold lace, hair in bands .	Miss Crisp.
SKIPPERELLA.—Crimson satin, stamped with gold, blue-velvet hood, trimmed with silver, hair in bands	MISS MURRAY.
FAIRY.—Brown cloak and black hood.—Second dress —Silver tissue and cat's-skin cloak THE MAID OF THE MILL LADIES OF THE COURT.—Cut-volvet and silk cut-velvet hoods, trimmed with gold and silver. LORDS, &c.—Cut-velvet shapes, and cloaks, trimmed to SERVANTS.—Crimson shapes, blue trunks, red and	with gold and silver.
white hanging sleeves. GLEANERS.—Brown trunks, shirts, and red shoulde skirts and bodice, trimmed with red. HOP-PICKERS.—Brown skirt, yellow bodice. WOOD-CUTTERS.—Brown shapes.	
MILLERS.—White-cloth shirts, pantaloons, and caps. VILLAGERS.—Brown-grey shapes, &c. The whole of the costume is that of the close of the Henry VII. in England.	15th Century. Temp
Time of representation, one hour and twelv	e minutes.

Time of representation, one hour and twelve minutes.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

SCENE I.—The Mill, L. H., and Landscape. Shed, R. H. 3 E., with a donkey.

Enter separately U. E., R. and L., MILLERS with sacks, and NEIGHBOURS: they place sacks by the Mill-door.

ROUND .- " When the wind blows."

Ill the wind blows
(Ev'ry one knows)
That brings no good to any;
Round as it chops,
Some luck it drops,
To one, at least, out of the many.

Eater from Mill, L. H. RALPH; then RICHARD and ROBIN rubbing their eyes and gaping.

Ralph. Richard and Robin, you're two pretty men
To lie a-bed thus till the clock strikes ten!
Our friends have come to hear the will we've found,

[All cross R.

Made by our uncle Grist—now under ground.

Robin. Ay—death at last has sacked the miller's dust.

[All neighbours listen.

Rich. We'll die some day or other, all men must;
So where's the use of grieving? Here's his will:
And as we said but now....It is an ill
Wind that blows no one good...so let us see
What this may bring to comfort you or me.
Who can read written hand?

Robin. Not I. Neigh. Nor I.

Ralph. I'm not quite sure that I can, but I'll try.

[Opens the Will. Hah! 'Tis in verse! To his old tune I see:

"The jolly Miller on the river Dee!"

Sings the Will.

' I was a jolly miller once,
But a grave one soon shall be;
So all my worldly goods I leave
Amongst my nephews three.
To Richard I bequeath the mill— [Rich. The mill
To Robin the old donkey; [Rob. Oh!
And the cat I leave to Ralph, as Residuary legatee!'

PUSS IN BOOTS. Rich. Left me the mill! a good soul, by the mass! Robin. Left me the donkey—an old stupid ass! Ralph. Nay, brother, you may something make of that; But what am I to do, pray, with the cat? Rich. Kill him, and make a fur cap of his skin. Neighbours and friends, I beg you'll all walk in-Into my house. Sorrow, you know, is dry; I'll broach a cask—I wish my ale to try. Nunkey, I know, used famous stuff to brew: Brothers, I stand upon no forms with you. I shall be glad to see you, now and then, If you don't come too often. Ho! my men! Look to my guests. [Music. Exeunt into house, L. H., 3 E., Neighbours and Millers. Robin. Why, brother Richard! sure You won't forget we're brothers, though I'm poor. Rich. Forget you, Robin! that can never be; Whene'er I see an ass, I'll think of thee! Ralph. But, brother-Rich. Oh, you want your share, Ralph, do you? My cook shall catch the cat, and bring him to you! (Chord.) The FAIRY FELINA suddenly appears beside the door as an old Beggar woman. Rich. How now, what do you here so near my door? AIR .- (FAIRY.)-" With lowly suit." " Relieve my woes, my wants distressing,

And heav'n reward you with its blessing."

Fairy. Good master! charity-

Rich. Away, before

My servants come, and through my mill-pond drag you! Don't charity begin at home, you hag, you? [Exit RICHARD into house, L. H., 3 E.

AIR .- (FAIRY.) - " Over the mountain."

(To Robin, L. H.) Pity kind gentleman, friend of humanity. Cold blows the wind through my garments so torn; Give me some food, I beseech you, for charity, Nought have I tasted since yesterday morn!

Out of my sight, you tattered gipsy thief, Go to the parish—if you want relief. Good bye, Ralph; I shall go and sell this beast, And live well, while the money lasts, at least!

[Exit Robin with donkey, U. E., L. H. Fairy to Ralph. Good youth, I'm very hungry, weary, ill-Ralph. Good mother, I have nothing but good will To offer thee, and thou wouldst starve on that,

As I must do-when I have eat my cat.

Fairy. Eaten your cat?

Ralph. 'Tis all I have to eat;

You shall dine with me-if you like cat's meat. Fairy. Feel in your pocket; sure, there's something there. Ralph. Not a brass farthing. Eh! how's this? I swear
Here's a broad piece! Why, to be sure—you're right—
The very coin I thought I'd lost last night,
And searched for everywhere, as I'm a sinner!
Kind fortune! Now, Dame, you shall have a dinner

Fairy. Thanks, generous youth: but think first—can you spare it!

It is your last.

Ralph. No matter, you shall share it.
You brought the luck: besides, 'twould spoil my

To know, while I dined, a poor soul was starving.

Fairy. Well said: but where's this cat of which you spoke?

Ralph. Oh, hang the cat! It was a sorry joke
Of uncle thus, by some strange whimsey bitten,
To die, and scratch poor Ralph off with—a kitten!

Enter Servant with basket, L., 3 E., from Mill.

Serv. Here's Tom, Sir. I've had such a job to catch him:
You'll go a long way, Master Ralph, to match him.

Ralph. Is he so handsome?

Serv. Handsome! ay, and clever! (Places basket over trap.)
I never see'd his equal—no—not never!
He's such a mouser! Lord! the tricks he plays
Them rats and mice! Hangs up like dead some days—
Sometimes amongst the meal, the cunning joker,
Will stretch himself as stiff as any poker;
And when they venture out, like vermin silly,
He'll kill his hundred in less time than Billy!
I've often said, if our cat could but speak,

He'd outwit Lawyer Ferret in a week!

Ralph. But what's all this to one without a house,

Who cannot want a cat to catch a mouse!

Fairy. Come, come, my good young friend, be not dejected,
Fortune smiles often when she's least expected.
Behold! (Appears as FAIRY.)

Ralph. A fairy!

Fairy. Banish all alarm-

O'er man I have no power, for good or harm; But cats of every kind obey my laws, From Catamandoo to the Catabaws!
The merits of this mouser long I've known:
So, to reward the kindness you have shown, And give fair play to his address and whim, My art shall make almost a man of him; And if the starry book of fate speaks true, He shall, ere long, make quite a man of you!

AIR.—(FAIRY.)—" The Lass of Patie's Mill."

The cat of yonder mill, So cunning, quick, and gay, Shall all his wit and skill In your behalf display; Until you bless the day, When, by your uncle's will, You only bore away The cat of yonder mill!

Ralph. I'm quite content, since you espouse my cause! I like the cat, and don't regret the clause.

Fairy. Apparelled as befits your new pursuits, Rise, Tom, and take the name of Puss in Boots!

MEWsic. Puss in Boots comes out of the basket.

Puss. My whiskers! what a change comes o'er my dream

Ralph. D'ye like it, Pussy?

Puss. Does a cat like cream? I'm quite enchanted!

Fairy. Yes, of course you're that.

Puss. My sovereign here? O ho! I smell a rat!

Fairy. Do your boots fit you?

Puss. What a pair of swells!

I like 'em better, far, than walnut-shells.

Fairy. Would you have gloves?

Puss. No. not at any price!

"A cat in mittens never catches mice !"

Fairy. Farewell, then. Please you're master, you'll please me.

Puss. Your pardon. There's one little point, I see Something that fashion may be shocked about— Whiskers are in, I know; but—tails are out.

Fairy. Hang fashion! You were made—or else we fail— "To point a moral, and adorn a tale."

[FAIRY vanishes down same trap as Puss.

TRIO .- " Pretty Polly, say."

Ralph. Pretty Pussy, say, Will you drive away

All blue devils which would prev

On your loving master?

Puss. In this disguise,

My sharp eyes, For care's scratch, whate'er its size, Shall find some nice court plaister. Fondly ever, purring thus

Ralph. Oh! pretty, pretty Puss.

Puss. How may I serve you, gentle master, say-

What d'ye want? Ralph. Ev'ry thing on earth!

Puss. Stay! stay!

Name what you most want, first.

Halph. I scarce know what-

If luck's put up I bid for the whole lot!

Puss. Well then, hear me. I heard the neighbours say, The king was coming here to hunt to-day. Suppose we go to court—when there, why you May please the Princess Rose-bud; if you do,

Marry her, and your fortune's made.

Ralph. Hey-day!

'Tis now my turn, I think, to cry "Stay! stay!"
We go to court?—I wed a princess fair?
You're building pretty castles in the air.

You're building pretty castles in the air.

Puss. I'll build or find one that shall own you lord;
And you may safely build upon my word.

As to the court, and all that sort of thing,
You know "A cat may look, Sir, at a king:"
In short, take courage, as I bid you do,
And as the lawyers say—"I'll pull you through!"

Song .-- (Puss.)-- " Galloping dreary Dun."

You are my master, and I am your man, Politic Puss in boots! So listen, I'll tell you a part of my plan, Politic Puss in boots! I'll get me a bag with some parsley and bran, And catch a fat rabbit as soon as I can, With my haily, gaily, gambol daily, Rollicking, frolicking, whiskery, friskery, Politic Puss in boots!

I'll scamper all over his Majesty's park, Politic Puss in boots!

And frighten away all his game for a lark,
Politic Puss in boots!

Then take him the rabbit, and say with an air, Accept of this here, Sir—instead of that hare, With my haily, gaily, &c.

Of course, he'll be anxious to know who I am, Politic Puss in boots! I'll tell him a nobleman's valet de sham,

Politic Puss in boots!
Of course for this nobleman, Sir, you must pass,
A great foreign marquis.—my Lord Carabas.—
With the body and the state of th

With my haily, gaily, &c.

Then straight for the princess with love you must burn,

Politic Puss in boots!
Win her and wed, and be king in your turn!
Politic Puss in boots!

First lord of the treasury then make of me, And how I'll catch rats in that case you shall see, With my haily, gaily, gambol daily, Frolicking, rollicking, friskery, whiskery,

Politic Puss in boots!

[Exeunt Puss and Ralph, R. H.

SCENE II .- Chamber in the Palace.

Enter ARIETTA, CHATTERINA, and SKIPPERELLA, R. H.

Arietta. Well, Chatterina, you may talk about talking as long
s you please; but how you can prefer it to singing I cannot
magine. (Singing) "Sing! sing! music was given," &c.

Chatter. And you may sing about singing as long as you please; but you'll never persuade me it's half as agreeable as talking.

Skipper. For my part, I like talking very well—but I like singing better—and I like dancing more than either! (Pirouetting).

Chatter. Stop! stop!—one word before you go any further. Let me understand your argument. What is the first position?

Skipper. This (placing her feet in the first position).

Chatter. How absurd. Instead of replying with your tongue,

you answer with your toe.

Skipper. I find it answer so well, that I make a point of it. (Suiting the action to the word.)

Chatter. I've heard of people talking with their fingers; but

this is going to extremities! You'll tell me next, that conversation can be carried on better without words than with them.

Arietta. Words are well enough, if they're set to music. (Singing) "Bid me discourse. I will enchant thine ear."

Skipper. "Or like a fairy, trip upon the green." (Dancing.)

That's the best line in the song.

Chatter. Very well, "ery well: as you like, ladies; I give it up. Go on in your own ways; only answer my questions somehow. I'm perfectly ready wo hear you: indeed, I'd much rather, because, if I were to keep on salking, and not show myself ready to listen to you, I know very well what you'd say—there's Chatterina, as usual, you'd say, talk, talk, talk, talk—and nobody can get a word in: so let there be an end of the argument, and please to answer the question I asked more than half an hour ago—What can be the reason of our young mistress remaining so long single?

Arietta. "There's nobody coming to marry her,

Nobody coming to woo."

Chatter. Not at this moment, perhaps: but she has had many suitors, and always refused them.

Shipper. She cast off two couple last week.

Chatter. There'll be another chance for her to-day, for the king is out hunting, and he generally brings some new members of the hunt home with him.

Arietta. " If he have luck

He'll bring a buck,

Upon his lusty shoulders home." [Horns without. Chatter. Talking of bucks! I hear the horns. He's returning already.

Skipper. Then we must dance attendance on the Princess. Chatter. Here's Baron Bagshot coming from the chase,

He's neither bagg'd nor shot much, by his face!

Enter BARON.

All. Baron, good day.

Baron. Sweet ladies, how d'ye do?

We've seen no game to-day so fair as you;

Such beauty is a most refreshing sight. All. Oh, Baron! you are always so polite.

Chatter. Pray tell us, Baron, what sport have you had?

Baron. To tell you the plain truth, Ma'am, shocking bad; So bad that (though I grieve to spread the rumour), His Majesty is in an awful humour.

QUARTET .- (Rossini.)

Quickly, ladies, change your faces, 'T wouldn't do at court, to see ye Full of smiling airs and graces, When the King is in the dumps. No more singing, no more dancing, Staidly walk instead of prancing, Move about with solemn faces, Mute as though you'd got the mumps. Chatterina! Skipperella! Tongue and foot alike must fetter, There's an end, poor Arietta! To your re, mi, fa, sol, la! But though so wretched we Must appear to be. Fortune will speedily Treat us less cruelly; Sorrow at court will be Soon out of season. Music and revelry Cease to be treason. Once again merrily We'll sing and bound. Carnival keeping All the year round.

SCENE III. Court-yard of the Palace.

TABLEAU.

The King, Princess Rosebud, Baron, Courtiers, Maids of Honour, &c., discovered. (Grand flourish.) Chamberlain, Falconer, with hawk and pole, &c.

King. Silence! Confound your flourishing, I say!
It's that which frightens all the game away,
I do believe! Those poor drums! how you whack'em!
My ears have drums, you rogues, you! Would you crack'em?

Princ. Dear father, 'tis to do you honour. King. Stuff!

I have the honour to be bored enough:
Haven't I toiled all day for nothing, child?
I never knew the game so deuced wild—
My woods no longer hold my pheasants fickle,
My best preserves are in a precious pickle;
The poachers have of late so much encroached,
The hens are snared, and all their eggs are poached.
Partridges fly as if the "Old One" called,
The hares drop off and leave the fields quite bald

My land might form the subject of a sonnet, There's not one head of game, nor hare upon it: In short, girl, I shall have—as I'm a sinner. Nothing but fish and butchers' meat for dinner.

AIR .- (KING.) - "Let gay ones and great."

With gay ones and great, Over hedge, ditch, and gate, From cover to cover we run; But game there is not.

We can't get a shot,

Where's the use of our dog and our gun?

Enter an Officer, c. opening.

Officer. My liege! a person in fantastic habit Has brought your Majesty a splendid rabbit.

King. A rabbit! You don't say so! Loyal deed! It is a meat on which we love to feed, Smother'd in onions 'tis the nicest thing-"A dainty dish to set before a king!" Admit him-stay-one rising doubt dispel-Tis not a Welch rabbit?

Officer. No. Sire.

King. 'Tis well! (Waves his hand. Music. Officer goes out, c. opening, and returns with Puss. from C. U. E. R., with a wallet slung round his neck).

Puss (L. c. kneeling to King, and taking a rabbit out of his wallet.)

Most mighty Pumpkin, in my master's name, I lay before you this rare-bit of game.

King. We do most graciously accept it-Here-See that 'tis cooked immediately, my dear.

(Giving rabbit to PRINCESS, who passes it to First Maid of Honour, who passes it to Second, who passes it to Third, who goes out

with it, and returns immediately.)

And who's your master? Let us know, that we May thank him for his gift right royally.

Puss. Sir King, I serve a noble lord, the great

Marquis of Carabas.

King. Where's his estate? We never heard of such a lord before!

Puss. He has but newly settled on this shore, A foreigner of most illustrious birth,

Allied to nearly all the kings on earth. King. He's wealthy, then?

Puss. His riches are untold! Princ. (R. c.) Handsome?

Puss. Almost too handsome to behold.

Chatt. (R.) Does he talk well?

Puss. The most amusin, chat. Skipp. (R.) Dances, of course?

Puss. A Vestris quite for that!

Arietta. (R.) Sings? Puss. Like a nightingale! he thrills one through!

All the Ladies. How I should like to see him! shouldn't you? Puss. Might he present himself—he'd be too proud.

'Tis his petition. King. And it is allowed.

Fetch him. Puss. I'm gone!

Exit Puss. c.

Arietta. Did you note that?

Chatter. O law!

He wears a tail!

Skipp. "A demi-queue de chat."

(Puss without) U. E. R. H. Help! Help! Thieves! Murder! Help!

King. What cry is that?

Princ. It spoke of thieves and slaughter!

King. By jingo! There is some one in the water!

Don't stand there like a pack of cold insensibles! Run! give assistance! Call my River Fencibles. [Exeunt some Courtiers C. U. E. R. hastily.

CHORUS.

O, dear! what can the matter be? Dear! dear! what can the matter be? O, dear! what can the matter be? Somebody's drowning, I fear!

ARIETTA.

I heard the young man call for help, for his master The Marquis has met with some shocking disaster! O, gemini! why don't those fellows run faster? The water's all over the peer !

CHORUS.

O, dear! what led him to it, pray? Dear! dear! did he try to wade through it, pray? Or, go, on purpose to do it, pray? Tell us how chanced the affair? [Enter Puss, c.

His lordship, while bathing where you river flows, Sir, Was suddenly seized with the cramp in his toes, Sir; Some rascals meanwhile ran away with his clothes, Sir, He hasn't a rag left to wear!

O, dear! what impropriety! Unfit for decent society; Dear! dear! none can deny it, he Can't appear so very bare

CHORUS.

O, dear! what impropriety! &c.

Princ. But he is safe.

Puss. Of that, Ma'am, there's no doubt.

King. Say, does his anxious mother know he's out?

Puss. My liege! she couldn't know that he was in. King. Then, my good friend, it matters not a pin About his clothes. Quick, let my pages run With a coat, waistcoat, and a pair of un-In short, with every thing his lordship needs. Pages exeunt with clothes. Puss. He's like a widow now, my liege-in weeds; But joy, at your great kindness, shall possess him! King. He has been wrong'd, 'tis fit that we re-dress him. Puss. It is the highest honour he could choose To stand one moment in your royal shoes! King. He comes! Puss. Make way, there, for my lord to pass. Officer. (Ushering in RALPH, richly drest, C. U. E. R.) Room for my lord, the marquis Carabas! CONCERTED PIECE .- (Rossini.) Ralph. Give a man but luck they say, Sir, In the sea fling him you may, Sir; So, as if the truth to test, Sir, In the river I got a tumble, And out thus pops your servant humble. In your royal raiment dress'd, Sir; Here a daintier duck to see. King. Sir, I deem it a lucky stumble, Which such pleasure procures for me. (Goes down to R. H.) By jingo, His lingo The moment he began, Sir; So caught me, It taught me He was a nice young man, Sir. Baron. (Advancing, L. H.) These ladies, Whose trade is But flirting through a fan, Sir; Their net soon Will set soon. To catch this nice young man, Sir. Ladies and Ralph. Ah! no, no, no! there's no such luck On fortune's cards for me: Ah! no, no, no! this fine young buck For us will never be. King. Most noble marquis, and most wealthy peer, Lord (trying to recollect) bless me, Puss. (crosses c. advancing.) Carabas-King (impatiently.) Don't interfere! (Puss spits and gets, L.)
We have to thank you for a splendid rabbit. Marq. I have to thank you for this splendid habit, In doing which I merely do my duty. King. Sir, your politeness yields but to your beauty. Marq. Your majesty's most kind, but something there-If I may trust my eyes-appears so fair,

That I should say, (your pattern, Sire, to follow) Your beauty (if she is yours) beats mine hollow!

Princ. (Aside.) What a particularly nice young man! King. That fellow stopped us just as we began

To ask where your estates lie—tell us true.

Puss (advancing, cross c.) They lie in all directions.

King. So do you! [Puss gets, L. Pray he more backward Sir in coming forward

Pray be more backward, Sir, in coming forward. Where, say you?—(To Marquis.)

Marg. (Hesitating, and correcting himself after each word.)
Eastward—westward—southward—norward.

Song .- (RALPH.) - Jenny Jones.

My name's Carabas, Sir, I live at—O, dear me! The vale of St.—Goodness! my memory fails! My father and mother, too, live very near me: Good truth, we were born in that sweetest of vales. Yes, indeed; and all ladies so foreign and beautiful This little lady I prize far above; For indeed in my heart I do love that—O, dear me! And sweet princess Rosebud in truth I do love.

I parted a lad from the vale of—O, dear me!
To seek for a wife in some royal young lass,
And ere I return I'll be beaten or marry her,
Rosebud shall marry my lord Carabas.
And we'll live on Welch rabbits and ale in contentment,
And long through that (goodness knows), valley we'll rove,
For indeed in my heart, I do love that—O, dear me!
And sweet princess Rosebud in truth I do love.

King. A roundabout reply.

Marq. I'm not quite clear,

I must refer to my land steward here.
(To Puss.) Do tell the King where my estates are—elf.
(Aside.) Then I shall stand some chance to know,
myself.

King. Well! let him speak.

Puss. Your Majesty knows where Your crown lands end?

King. We do.

Puss. Well! 'tis n't there.

But take a line from thence, and drive along, Follow your reyal nose, you can't go wrong; For every bit of land you see before ye Is his.

Marg. (Aside to him.) Don't lie!

Puss. (Aside.) I do but tell a story.

King. What! every bit of land in our dominions!

We shall beg leave to take some law opinions!

Marq. You'd better take your own, 'tis less expensive;
And law can't make my lands, Sir, less extensive.

King. There's sense in that; but we must see the grounds On which you found your claims.

Marg. The grounds!

Puss. Oh, zounds

King. My coach! We'll ride together, Marquis!

Marq. (to Puss.) There!

You've over done it! Puss. No. no-don't despair!

Make some excuse—no matter what—to stay him;

I'll manage all, if you can but delay him. Marq. Too proud, my liege, you and your lovely daughter To entertain; but, I've been in the water,

And now I'm dry, nay, hungry, if you please, And first should like a crust of bread and cheese.

King. I'm hungry, too, so if the rabbit's done, Suppose we dine at once. It's half-past one-We'll make an early meal-despatch it soon,

And take a cool ride in the afternoon. Marq. (To Puss.) I dine with King and Princess! Puss. (Aside to him.) Mind my charge;

Small talk to her, and to her father large.

Marq. Sweet Rosebud! I shall die if I don't win her!

King. Sound trumpets! Gentlemen, let's in to dinner! Trumpets.

Solo, AND CHORUS. (From Joan of Arc.)

Marq. &c. Hark, the trumpet plays! come to the bower, The turtle smokes in the tureen;

The rabbit, immers'd in a shower Of onions, can scarcely be seen.

But dainties in vain they show, With yon fair in mine eye, To other fare I say, but "No! For her alone I sigh."

CHORUS.

[Puss is going c., is stopped by the three Ladies. Execut all but Puss and the MAIDS OF HONOUR.

Chatter. (L. C.) Don't you run away—we don't dine yet, and

I want to have some talk with you.

Puss. (c.) Too happy. (Aside) I mustn't seem in a hurry. (Aloud) I can talk about what you please now. When I was young I could say little else but mew; but now that I'm a man I can talk beaucoup mieux.

Chatter. You're in the army, I presume?

 ${\it Puss.}\,$ No, ma'am.

Chatter. Why, you wear moustaches.

Puss. Yes, Ma'am, yes; but that's because—because I can't help it, you see. I belong to a club, and all the members are obliged to wear them.

Chatter. What club?

Puss. It's a sort of Catch Club.

Arietta. What, musical?

Puss. Very. (Crosses L. c.)

Arietta. And where do you meet?

Puss. We meet alternately upon each other's roof.

Skipp. Upon each other's roof!—that's quite a new step.

Puss. I beg pardon, did I say upon?-I meant under. Arietta. You can sing, then? Puss. I can squall a little, à la Cat-oni. Arietta. Who taught you? Puss. Cat-alani. Skipp. And dance, too? Puss. I remember the time when I would have run anywhere after a ball Skipp. What is your favourite dance? Puss. The Cat-alonian Cat-choucha. Chatter. Well, never mind about singing and dancing; suppose we fix upon some game to pass away the time, at which we can all Arietta. I'm content. Skipp. And I. Puss. And I. What shall it be? Chatter. "Puss in the Corner." Puss. No, no, I don't like that. Chatter. Choose one yourself, then. Puss. My favourite game is "Cats'-cradle." All. Oh no, we can't bear that! Chatter. Come, name another from your catalogue. Puss (aside). Cat-alogue! They grow personal! (Aloud) Ladies, you'll allow me to remark that you are not quite so polite as I should have expected Maids of Honour would be. Where I was brought up, the maids were much more kind to me; -let me play as I liked, and gave me every morning a great saucer full of milk-no, I don't mean that-I forgot what I was talking about (turns from them in confusion). Chatter. A saucer full of milk! What a strange tale—and—

apropos of tales—pray, my good sir, who's your tail-or?

Puss (turning quickly). Eh !--oh !--ah !--you allude, I suppose to-oh, that's nothing but-a something-which I wear-

Chatter. In compliance with another regulation of your club, I presume?

Puss. Exactly so; it's a club-tail. (Aside) How shall I get away? Ah! lucky chance, here comes the Marquis to relieve me.

Re-enter MARQUIS hastily, R.

Marq. I'm in a hobble which seems past all cure Where can my man have got to?

[Pushing aside Ladies.

All three. Well, I'm sure!

Marq. I beg your pardon, ladies, don't abuse me, [Exeunt Ladies, I'm in a hurry, and you must excuse me. (Aside to Puss) The king's impatient, what is to be done? I rather think we'd better cut and run.

Puss. Take to your heels? Upon my soul, you shan't; I'll find some hole to creep through if you can't.

Marq. You'll find some hole to creep through—doubtless—yes, But who's to help your master through the mess?

Puss. Your faithful Puss, who never will desert you,

But lay down his nine lives ere aught should hurt you.

Marg. What, all at once? Alas! my Thomas Cat, The fates preserve thee from a lot like that. Of nunkey's goods and chattels all bereft, I've nothing left but-Puss. Puss.

Marq. You're right-you're left.

Song .- " My Friend and Pitcher."

The wealth he own'd, his mill and store, My brothers shared, for so 'twas written; To me, alas! he left no more Than this, my faithful friend and kitten.

But mortal ne'er Had cat so rare.

With him 'twere hard to be grief-bitten, Then add but her, I ask no more, Than my sweet girl, my friend, and kitten.

But here comes that plaguy Pumpkin! the deuce take

Tell me how I shall manage off to shake him?

Puss. Follow my steps, as well as my advice, And I'll arrange this business in a trice.

Marq. Enough—I trust to you; make no faux pas, But pull us through this matter with e-clat.

[Flourish.

Re-enter King and Court, R. H. 1 E.

King. Our coach and horses! Officer. Sire, they're at the door.

Puss. May it please your majesty, I'll run before. You've nought to do but keep the high road straight— 'Twill lead you to his lordship's castle-gate. (To Maids of Honour) From your sports, ladies, I am no seceder, I've only changed the game to "Follow my leader."

[Crosses R.

CHORUS .- (From " The Love Test.")

Let's be mounting!

Let's be mounting!

Let's be mounting! Away! We've a pretty long journey before us to-day. To the land's end, to the land's end, it seems we may trot, Would we see the land's end which his Lordship has got!

MARQUIS and Puss.

Let's be mounting, &c. You've a pretty long journey before you to-day. To the land's end! to the land's end indeed you may trot, Ere you see the land's end which \{\begin{array}{l} \text{my} \\ \text{his} \end{array}\end{array}\text{Lordship has got!} Exeunt King, Marquis, and all but Puss, L. H. 2 E. Puss. Now then to lead them on their wild goose chase, And prove the thorough goodness of my race.

[Begins running. Castle moves off, and Panorama commences.

Song .- Puss.

I must scamper away, and be active and wary, There's nought like a cat to look out for a squall; My master and I are in both a quandary, A dairy I don't like at all.

La, la, la, &c.

[Music.—The Panoramic Scene shows the high road, passing through a varied country; Villages, &c.; and at length a Corn Field, with Reapers at work. Puss ceases running, and the Scene stops.

Enter REAPERS, R. U. E.

Puss. Hark-ye, good reapers, if you don't tell the king, who will shortly pass this way, that all this corn belongs to my Lord Marquis of Carabas, you will be chopped as small as mince-meat.

[Music.—The Reapers in alarm promise obedience.
The Scene moves on again, as Puss recommences
running and singing, and shortly exhibits a Hop
Garden. Puss and the Scene stop.

Thus upon the highway it may be very pleasant For some folks to gallop for so many miles; But I own I see nothing to equal at present The higher way over the tiles.

La, la, la, &c.

Enter HOP-PICKERS, R. U. E.

Puss (to girls who are picking hops). Harkye, my little dears! If you don't tell the king, who will shortly pass this way, that all these hop-gardens belong to the Lord Marquis of Carabas, you will be chopped as small as mince-meat!

[Music.—The girls promise to obey, and the Scene moves on, Puss running and singing, till it shows a thick Forest, with Wood-cutters at work. Puss and Scene stop.

How provoking to think, that tho' born upon four legs, I've but two in which to confide,

If, instead of these arms, I had only two more legs,

They'd take two more feet at a stride.

La. la. la. &c.

Enter WOOD-CUTTERS.

Puss. Hallo, my fine fellows! If you don't tell the king, who will shortly pass this way, that all these woods belong to my Lord Marquis of Carabas, you will be chopped as small as mince-meat!

[Music.—Wood-cutters promise to obey. The Scene moves on, Puss running and singing, and finally discovers the Sea-shore, and a large picturesque Castle, with moat, drawbridge, &c., the windows of the building all blazing from the last rays of the setting Sun. The Scene and Puss stop.

Faith, I'm almost done up! I'm afraid I shall drop From exhaustion, and down in the gutter come spank; I wonder, I'm sure, that the river don't stop, From this terrible run on its bank.

La, la, la, &c.

Puss. O ho! this seems the island's end to be,
To run beyond it were "felo de se!"
I have run till I'm almost out of breath,
And very nearly in at my own death!
Therefore this place I shall take leave to stop in;
There's a fine castle too—suppose I drop in,
And see who owns it. "Tis the very thing
My master wants—at least to show the king—
'Twill be hard if I can't get in, and harder,
When I am in, if I don't find the larder.

[Music.—Runs into Castle.

SCENE V.—Gallery in OGRE'S Castle.

Enter KITCHENSTUFF, L. H., with a bundle in his hand.

Kitchen. This is an Ogre's gratitude—to be turned away at a moment's warning, after so many years' service! It serves me right for being cook to a Cannibal. If I know what to do I'm dish'd: no respectable quiet family will hire me when they know where I lived last. And there are so few Ogres to be found now, that I don't know where to seek another. What they do with all their relations I can't guess, unless they eat 'em! I mustn't stay bere, however, that's quite clear (going).

Enter Puss hastily, at R. H. window.

Puss. Here's somebody at last! Who are you; what are you; and where are you going?

Kitchen. I'm the late cook.

Puss. What, are you dead?

Kitchen. No—I'm the late cook of this establishment; I'm discharged.

Puss. Serve you right, a cook should never be late. Where are you going?

Kitchen. On a voyage of discovery—in search of a new place.

Puss. You Cooks are always going on voyages of discovery.

What's your name?

Kitchen. Kitchenstuff.

Puss. Kitchen nonsense!—you don't mean that?

Kitchen. No. I mean Kitchen-stuff.

Puss. And what's your master's name?

Kitchen. Killmany O'Gobble Killmore.

Puss. What a horrible name! What is he?

Kitchen. An Ogre.

Puss. A what?

Kitchen. An Ogre.

Puss. I say, which is the way out?

Kitchen. The way I'm going.

Puss. Stop a moment, I must know something about this master of yours. Do you mean to say that he really is an Ogre?

Kitchen. Yes; a great Irish Ogre.

Puss. What! one of those fellows that eat naughty little girls and boys?

Kitchen. Like oysters, by the dozen!

Puss. The Cannibal! and what has he discharged you for?

Kitchen. A mere nothing. Just because a young blockhead
that I dressed for his dinner yesterday had no brains. Was that
my fault?

Puss. Certainly not! If I'd been his cook I'd have poison'd

Kitchen. I had a great mind, but was afraid of making a mess of it.

Puss. I've a great mind to try for the place, and do it now. Kitchen. You'd have the thanks of the whole island if you succeeded, and there's millions of money in his strong chest.

Puss. Then if his stomach isn't stronger than his chest, I will— Kitchen. I should tell you, he wears a magic ring.

Puss. Which protects him?

Kilchen. I don't know that it exactly does that; but they say he can change himself into whatever animal he likes with it.

Puss. Aha! Then I spy another chance.

[OGRE roars within.

What the devil's that?

Kitchen. That's him roaring. He's got the gout, and is boiling over with pain and passion. Let him stand till he's cool; then stir him gently; put in a spice of flattery, by way of seasoning, and serve him out as quickly as possible.

Puss. I'll risk one of my nine lives in this venture.

A cat is sure upon his legs to fall;

And so, my worthy friend, here goes at all. [Crosses L. Kitchen. Farewell! We may no more each other see!

Puss. The Fates avert such a catastrophe!

[Embrace; scratches Cook, who runs off, R., and Puss, L. H.

SCENE VI .- Hall in OGRE'S Castle.

The OGRE discovered seated in his great chair of state, c.

He is very fat and gouty.

Ogre. The Devil fly away now with the gout,
For making both my legs so mighty stout.
It's a most ungentlemanlike complaint;
I say it is ___who dares to say it ain't?

Stouter I grow each day instead of thinner, Although I eat one baby less for dinner. But that's my doctor's fault :- he can't be right, To baulk so elegant an appetite: I've a great mind to tear him limb from limb, And with some salt and pepper swallow him; Eat him, by way of proving to the elf How he'd like the starving system himself: Thus giving of my quality a sample, To doctors all a terrible example! [Scratch at door, L. H. There's some one scratching yonder like a cat Come in you brute!—Come in, I say. Who's that?

Enter Puss, L. H.

Puss. (remaining close to the door.) It's only me. Ogre. And who is me, say I?

Puss. A person come for the cook's place to try.

Ogre. Approach, and don't be frighten'd at my look; I likes my meals too well to eat my cook. Besides, if I had been inclined to eat one,

Make yourself asy, I'd have eat my late one! Puss. Was he the worst, Sir, that you ever had?

Ogre. Why very nearly almost quite as bad. Don't be alarmed.

Puss. I'm not, Sir, in the least.

(Aside.) He frightens me to death, the nasty beast.

Ogre. Approach! and don't be in a flutter, man.

Who told you of my place?

Puss. The butter-man.

Ogre. Then, without further botherification, Proceed to tell me your qualification. In the first place, how long, in your last place, Were you allowed to show your ugly face?

Puss. Born in the house, I left it not till master

Died and left me:—an unforeseen disaster.

Ogre. That sounds well. Can you stand the kitchen fire?

Puss. I've sat before it, Sir, for days entire.

Ogre. Can you dress children?

Puss That is not my trade;

A man-cook cannot be a nursery-maid.

Ogre. Out, you spalpeen !- I don't mean wash and beat 'em! Ar'n't you aware, you devil! that I eat 'em? What kind of school have you been brought up at? "The Child's Own Book" would teach as much as that; But people's grown such wonderful big gabies,

They doesn't know that Ogres feeds on babies. Puss. I beg your pardon, Sir—I quite mistook you;

You may eat safely—all that I shall cook you. Ogre. You'll find your tea and sugar, mind, young man.

Puss. (aside.) Yes, and my milk, as usual—where I can. Ogre. I give no wages, so they're never due; The doctor's lowered me-I'll hire you! And now, before you take yourself away, I'll tell you what to send me up to-day:

You'll find a negro in the safe;—go, take him, And into an illigant black pudding make him. I've lived too much, they say, on white meats lately, And need a change of diet very greatly.

What are you staring at, you thief you?—fly!

Puss. That ring, Sir.
Ogre. It's a beautiful cat's eye!

You never see'd the likes on't, I'll be bound.

Puss. My little brother, Sir, had two, that's drown'd.

Ogre. Drowned!

Puss. Yes, in a pail—they let the water drop on him, And then the cruel creatures put a mop on him.

Ogre. Your brother never had two rings like that—
It's scarcer than a tortoise-shell Tom-cat.
This ring can change me, with the greatest ease,
To any sort of animal I please;—
A lion, for example.

Puss. Oh! a lion

Must be a fearful brute to cast one's eye on. (Aside.) If he'd just turn himself into a mouse, I'd pretty quickly be about his house.

Ogre. Stand clear, now, and I'll show you, just for fun, A lion shall astound your mother's son;

[Music.—The OGRE takes the form of a lion on table, c.

Ar'n't you astounded?

Puss. No-not in the least.

To see you as you now are—a great beast But that a mouse, or anything so small, You can become, I can't believe at all.

Ogre. You can't, you fool!

[Music. The lion disappears, and a mouse is seen in its place on the table, c.

What think you of me now, Sir?

Puss. I think that you're a mouse; but I'm a mouser!

[Leaps upon him, and then catches him up in his mouth and shakes him. Music gong. The FAIRY FELINA appears upon Ogre's chair, c. Puss carries the mouse to her, and drops it dead at her feet.

Fairy. There's a good puss. You've done a glorious deed!

'Tis a great catch, and shows your famous breed.

The ring which on this mouse's leg you see,

[Taking up and showing mouse.

Was pilfered by a hostile sprite from me. Complete your service to Felina's friend, And on her aid and gratitude depend.

[Music. FAIRY vanishes down c. chair

Puss. Here's luck! Now, master, I my word can keep! What, ho! ye varlets! are you all asleep?

Enter four Servants, six Pages, and Cook, R. and L.

Rejoice! The Ogre's dead! and his young heir Arrives to take possession ! Quick, prepare A ball and banquet, which shall all surpass. To welcome home the Marquis Carabas!-The King comes with him. (Trumpets without.) Trumpets! They approach!

Run quick, ye knaves! and meet the royal coach. Music. They run out, c. O glorious move! By this I check stern Fate.

Castle the King, and give my Lord a mate!

Enter MARQUIS, U. E. R. C.

Marq. What may this mean?

Puss. The Marquis of Carabas is right welcome to his castle.

Marq. My castle! How have you managed it?

Puss. I can't stop to tell you now, Sir. I'm going to invite his Majesty, the Princess Rosebud, and the whole court, to a ball and supper. Exit Puss, c.

Marq. I'm all astonishment!

When first I came before this castle fine. I little dreamed it would so soon be mine; The frowning turrets to my anxious sight Appear'd to say, "You don't lodge here to-night." Suspicious, willingly I would not be, Yet fear this cat makes a cat's-paw of me.

[Exit, R. H. 1 s.

Music.—Re-enter Puss, v. E. R. C., in a rich robe, and with a white wand, ushering in King, Princess, Ralph, Baron, MAIDS OF HONOUR, &c. All bow, and range R. and L.

King. Marquis, of your vast wealth no more a doubter, We own your castle, is an out-and-outer.

Marq. Proud of your praise, my Liege;—but pray be seated; After your ride, I fear you must be heated. [Puss ushers King to chair of state, R. U. E.

Princess, possess'd of every earthly charm,

Do me the honour to accept my arm. Princ. I take it, Marquis, with peculiar pleasure.

Marg. We'll sit awhile, and see them dance a measure. [Hands PRINCESS to a chair, R. U. E.

Gallopade from " The Daughter of the Danube." King. Bravo !- My Lord, of Justice we've the bump, And freely own that you're a slap-up trump. (Rising.) Now be it known to all men that we burn To make this nobleman some great return For having (for it's no use words to mince) Invited and received us like a prince:

So, as he seems to love our daughter here-(Ande to Princess.) And to be richer far than us, my dear-The match is equal, and we are content To let him wring from us our slow consent. She knows we always let her have her way, When it agrees with ours: so, child, what say you?

Princ. My liege, I shall in all my best obey you. (To MARQUIS, and giving her hand.) The breath of duty fans the torch of love;

So, Marquis, pray accept my hand-

Marq. (taking it.) And glove! Yet, hold! although Joy's cup is at my lip, Justice must set it down before I sip:

Your kindness to a simple unknown youth Touches my heart, and makes me own the truth. I'm wealthy, Sire, but neither Marquis nor At all the kind of man you take me for.

This morning, Sir, I scarce was worth a rag.

Puss. (aside to him-mews.) Pray, Sir, don't let the cat out of the bag!

King. No whispering. There's some treason in this mystery! Pulls over PRINCESS, R. Speak out! This instant let us have your history! Tremble !- to hoax us, if you've been so bold.

Marg. My humble story in two lines is told :-A jolly miller once had nephews three, The youngest of them you behold in me. These lands are mine, though not by public sale; My cat knows all—but thereby hangs a tale.

A miller and his cat! With rage I burst! King.

Marq. I've told you all, Sir—now you know the worst.

King. The worst, indeed! Why, here's a pretty scrape!

We've had a most miraculous escape!

Marg. It rends my soul to part with so much beauty; But mends the hole, to think I've done my duty.

Would'st catch a princess as you would a mouse? Away! We turn ourselves out of your house.

Marg. As, without her, I ne'er could live at ease, I'd rather turn myself out, if you please.

'Twere better so!

Princ. Oh, father! call him back! Though he's a miller, don't give him the sack! Spare your poor daughter's heart this cruel shock; He's proved himself the flower of the flock!

Sweet miller, I am yours!

[Throws herself into his arms. Marq. Ah! say you so?

Then thus will I defend you 'gainst each foe! King.

Ho, knaves, there !- part them! What are you all at? Banish this Marquis, and hang up his Cat!

[The GUARDS and COURTIERS seize and separate MARQUIS, &c. Thunder and lightning. The back of the scene opens, and discovers the FAIRY FELINA on a large cat, surrounded with cats, working stars, &c.

Fairy. Hang Puss in boots !- Thou pompous fool, forbear! Puss is my subject—touch him if you dare! Forgive them, then-or, by this magic ring, Thou shalt remain a goose, but not a king!

King. I'm not the goose, Ma'am, that would run contrary,
In an affair that's managed by a Fairy.
Then let the old line end a tale of laughter—

(To PRINCESS and MARQUIS.)

Be married, and live happy ever after !

FINALE .- " The girl I left behind me."

MARQUIS.

The King he bids us happy be,
With him my notion pat jumps;
And so I come, kind friends, to see,
With you, which way the cat jumps.
If we once more have waked some fun
From Mother Bunch's fine tales,
Let those who've played with her cat's one,
Escape your cat-o'-nine-tails.

KING.

To you we therefore move our suits; Say—shall the task be fruitless?
The labours, sure, of Puss in Boots, You will not render bootless!
To call for actors now appears
The fashion;—then let that call
To-night, ye critics, calm our fears,
And be your only cat-call.

PUSS

The proverb says, "Care kill'd a cat;" Acknowledge 'tis but fair, now, You should permit, in change for that, A cat to kill dult Care now. If once to-night I've made you grin, Oh, in return for that laugh, Allow us just applause to win Enough to make a cat laugh!

MARQUIS.

But hold! before we raise for good, And aye—our voices choral— It just occurs to me you would Perchance say, "Where's the moral?' "Tis this, if you're but left a cat, And, like me, can't well boast on't, Learn, friends, to be content with that, And try to make the most on't.

'Tis this, if you're but left a cat, And, like him, &c.

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PRINCESS.

PUSS. L.

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THE RINGDOVES.

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A FARCE,

En One Act.

BY

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.

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Dramatis Personae and Costume.

First performed December 11, 1837

SIR HARRY RINGDOVE. Blue square-cut body-coat, white cord breeches, buff waistcoat, and top boots, black neckcloth. (change to)
White neckcloth, and white waistcoat, bouquet in coat

HARRY BINGDOVE. Light brown Newmarket coat, gray fashionably-cut trousers, and buff waistcoat, black satin neckcloth, brown Holland gaiters

MOONY. Green livery turned up with red, brown gaiters and shoes, white neckeloth Mr. Brougham.

HOBNAIL. A plough-boy . Mr. Kerrings,

MISS LONGCLACKIT. White silk dress, trimmed with blond and white satin, white satin hat and feathers, white satin shoes

CECILIA. White watered silk trimmed with blond, and white lace veil, white satin shoes

Scene. Sir Harry's country-house.

Time of representation, one hour and eight minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. B. C right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Ubserving you are supposed to face the audience.

THE RINGDOVES.

SCENE I .- A drawing-room-Folding-doors, c .- Tables and chairs in disorder-A lady's work-table, and several vases of flowers -Moony discovered in an arm chair, counting money into a bag -Hobnail putting the furniture in order.

Moo. Three, four, five, six. I'll not make my fortune this year; bad luck to me-he that's born under a three-halfpenny planet, will never be worth twopence, and to save a fortune out of fifteen pounds and a livery, och, murder! it's like driving a windmill with a pair of bellows.

Hob. Please Mr. Moony, I can't carry this table no

Moo. Och, the chicken! why you're as tinder as Pat Conolly's wife, who broke her finger with a custard

Hob. Oh, please Mr. Moony, come and help me. Moo. What! keep a dog and bark myself!

Hob. I do all the work, and you get all the pay.

Moo. And quite right too, I'm feared you're growing squeamish particular, all of a sudden, like the Dublin-bay haddock, who couldn't sleep without a rushlight.

Hob. I wish I had one of them sixpences for all that, I think

I could carry the table then.

Mov. Come-I'll be liberal for once-there's a penny for

Hob. Only a penny after all! (puts table in place.) Well,

then, give me a glass of ale to make up.

Moo. Ale! Hear the like's of that. I should have you as drunk as a wheelbarrow in five minutes. Your little thick head couldn't even bear the strength of Kilkenny gruel, nine grits and a gallon of water.

Sir Harry. (without.) Moony!

Moo. There's Sir Harry's voice, and the room not ready; run Hobnail, he mustn't see you here.

Hob. But Moony, the ale!

Moo. Hold your tongue, or I'll comb your head with a joint stool. (pushes Hobnail out, R. H.)

Sir H. (without.) Moony! where are you, Moony?

Moo. Your honour.

Sir H. What have you done with my eau de Cologne?

Moo. Your what, Sir Harry?

Sir H. My bottle of eau de Cologne.

Moo. Odour! what odour was it your—oh! is your honous meaning this physic-phial run to seed. (from table, R. H.)

Sir H. Yes, blockhead, where have you hidden it?

Moo. Here it's lying full length on your honour's writingtable. That ever my ould master should take to rubbing sweet waters over his parchment of a skin. Well, I did think Sir Harry knew better than to go and run his head into the noose of wedlock at his time of life; but he's about as wise as Waltham's calf, that ran nine miles to meet the butcher.

Enter SIR HARRY, pours the eau de Cologne into a cut-glass bottle from table, R. H. (speaking as he enters.)

Sir H. There, place the looking-glass there, and the vases on each side, &c. &c. Well, Moony! the ladies are not returned yet I suppose?

Moo. Devil a bit your honour, wouldn't I have told you.

Sir H. Have you taken that note to Mr. Surplice?

Moo. I did, sir.

Sir H. And did you tell him that I wished the ceremony to take place punctually at six o'clock this evening in the drawing-room?

Moo. Sure, I did, sir, and I felt my heart tick like a clock for sorrow, all the way I went. Ah, dear Sir Harry jewel, it's what I never would have thought of you; sure you have as much occasion for a wife, as a gosling for a cork jacket.

Sir H. Pshaw, Moony! how can you be such an idiot, I'm as young as ever I was, and if I were as old as Methuselah, I suppose I am at liberty to marry if I please.

M.o. Och! devil a doubt of that; a pig may whistle, only

he has an uncommon ugly mouth for it, that's all.

Sir H. Moony, I wish I could cure you of these uncouth sayings of yours; you never open your lips without uttering an absurdity.

Moo. Sure then, I'd better keep them shut altogether; I'll stand like Mumphazard, who was hanged for saying nothing.

Sir H. No, I don't want that, my poor fellow; on the contrary: you are an old and confidential servant, and I like to hear your observations, nay sometimes even am glad of your advice, only I would have you speak plainly like other people.

Moo. Troth, then, your honour, I'm feared I'm past larning to speak any other way now. I'm like the schoolmaster of Ballinasloe, who could read out of no book but his own. Well, praise a wedded life say I; but keep a bachelor: better half hanged than ill wed.

Sir H. Ill wed! granted. But look at the other side of the picture. Think of the bliss of possessing a careful little wife, always ready to anticipate your wishes, always near you—

Moo. Yes; like the whip at Bridewell, whether you will

Sir H. Pooh stuff!

Mes. Not to be got rid of at a day's notice, like poor old

Mother Coddlepate.

Sir H. Now, Moony, I'll not allow you to mention that subject. If I choose to dismiss my housekeeper, Mrs. Coddlepate, it is my business after all. No—no—I have decided; and where is the man who would not, like me, exchange the society of a crabbed old despot for that of a sweet girl whe loved him?

Moo. Yes, if she did.

Sir H. And doesn't she? Hasn't her aunt, Miss Long-

clackit, assured me, that Cecilia dotes upon me.

Moo. Is it her aunt you'd believe it from? Faith then I'd rather take a wink from the young lady herself, than all the nods in the old lady's composition. There's two things can't be hid—love and a cough.

Sir H. Why, I confess Moony, I should prefer hearing it from Cecilia herself; but from the eternal chatter of that overpowering aunt of hers, I have not been able to elicit the

sweet avowal. (crosses to L.)

Moo. Why don't you ax her the question point-blank? You may gape till you are black in the face before a bird will fall into your mouth,—I've an idea. Why not send for your nephew, Mr. Harry?

Sir H. Hush, Moony! his very name terrifies me! What

good could he do me?

Moo. Sure I'm thinking he might lend you a hand in your courting.

Sir H. Pshaw—you're an idiot! What is my object in wishing the marriage to be solemnized privately, but to prevent

his hearing of it!

Moo. Well, your honour, it can't be helped now, so I'll just hold my tongue; a spark has fallen among your old tinder, and the sooner the match comes the better. Besides, fancy's every thing, you may swallow sawdust and think it flour if you like; only I can't help remembering that I've seen you pass some jolly days.

Sir H. And you will again, Moony.

Moo. Well, sir, I've done. I've tried my best to stop you, but there's no gaping against an oven. (Miss Longclackit, speaks without.)

Sir H. Hush! hush! Moony. I hear Cecilia's voice upon

the stairs-that is-the voice of her aunt.

Moo. Oh, of course! that's all you're likely to hear while Miss Longclackit lives. She's always sputtering like a half-drawn cork.

Miss L. (without.) Moony! Moony! (Enters with Cecilia, R. H. Moony goes backwards and forwards with the luggage.) Take in the things carefully; don't turn the boxes topsyturvy. Well, Sir Harry, how d'ye do again? We haven't been long, have we? Cissy, dear, say how d'ye do again, to Sir Harry. She's delighted to see you, I can tell you.—Keep that white bandbox upright, Moony, or you'll spoil all the caps.—But, Sir Harry!

you don t say a word, or Cissy either! Don't mind me, talk away.-And, above all, don't shake the dressing-case, Moony, or the tooth-powder may get among the combs and brushes.-I hope we're not late, but we've had so much to do! Ah! you naughty man, you've given us a deal of trouble; but never mind, as I say, you know my way; I'm a woman of few words, but say what I mean; and if the marriage do but please all parties, why we won't grudge the trouble.

Sir H. (t.) Cecilia, love, you say nothing.

Miss L. (c.) Say nothing! Ha! ha! why, what would the man have? don't I tell you she is delighted?

Sir H. Yes, but perhaps if she were to-

Miss L. Yes, to be sure, to be sure, quite right. Tell Sir Harry, my dear, how pleased you are; you leave me to say every thing.

Cecilia. (R.) I am always happy, sir, in-

Miss L. Of course, of course, always happy, you hear. She means by that, she's overjoyed at the match. Ah! I wouldn't deceive you, not I. I'm a woman of few words, but they can always be relied on.

Sir H. Truly so; I feel quite convinced—and yet—now don't be offended—the assurance that Cecilia partakes my-

Miss L. Offended! ha! ha! ha! what an odd man you are! The idea of such a thing! Come, Cecilia, my love, show Sir Harry we're not offended.

Cec. I should be truly sorry, sir, to-

Miss L. Of course; the thing stands to reason; the poor child has nothing in the world, or next to nothing, while you, vou know-

Cec. Oh, aunt!

Miss L. Nonsense, child! if you won't speak, I must; it's no use mincing matters of this sort; a clear understanding is every thing; for, as I say, to see two young people—that is,

not two young—I mean—you know what I mean.

Sir H. I understand your meaning, pray don't explain. If, in exchange for my heart and fortune, she but give me hap-

piness, I shall be no loser by the bargain.

Miss L. Charming! charming! Now that's what I call a bit of gallantry of the old school. What did I say to you this morning—eh! Cissy? I have done nothing all day but remind my niece of your virtues and rare qualities, and of the good fortune of possessing such a husband.

Sir H. And what said Cecilia in reply?

Miss L. Nothing! No, no! 'Twould be a pretty thing indeed if my niece, who has been brought up according to my own rigid notions of propriety, should so far forget herself as to tell a man she loved him. Goodness preserve me! There would be an end of the world indeed.

Sir H. Oh, certainly; but surely such frankness towards a

man upon whom-

Miss L. Oh! I'm all for frankness, certainly, and I only wish you had heard what she said vesterday. We were talkingSir H. Of me?

Mis L. Yes, touching the preference which ought to be given to a husband of a certain age, having experience, and—

Sir H. Did she say that?

Miss L. No; it was I who said that. You must know, Sir Harry, my niece never thinks or speaks any thing but what she is ordered to think and speak. In her mother, her grandmother, and her great grandmother's time, if an advantageous offer presented itself, the young lady was content to answer, Ask paps, or ask mamma, sir: then if paps and mamma consented, the obedient daughter dropped a courtesy, blushed, and even though she hated the man, faintly murmured Yes, sir.

Sir H. But, thank Heaven, madam, we are not living in her great grandmother's time now, and therefore do pray allow the dear girl to speak for herself, I shall be content with a clear

monosyllable, yes, or no.

Miss L. (severely.) My dear, come speak, don't be ridiculous: isn't your aunt by your side?

Cec. Yes.

Miss L. Yes; you hear! nothing can be clearer.

Sir H. It is true then.

Miss L. Cissy, my dear, give me a kiss, I am pleased with you, you know what that means. I am a woman of few words. (Ceclla weeps.) Poor girl, quite fluttered, I declare; very natural, go to your room, dear, and compose yourself; I just want a few words with Sir Harry, and then I will join you.

Sir H. (aside.) A few words! humph! Allow me, my dear Cecilia, my own Cecilia. (offers his hand, and leads her to the door of her apartment, n. 2 E.) Fol-de-rol-de-rol; I'm the bappiest of men, now that I am assured of my Cecilia's love! scarcely any thing is wanting to complete my bliss. I say, scarcely any thing; for after all I cannot help thinking of my poor devil of a nephew.

Miss L. Ah! that's the subject I was going to touch upon.

Who is this nephew you are always talking of?

Sir H. If he were but once made acquainted with my intended marriage—

Miss L. Do you mean to say he is not then?

Sir H. No, not yet: he is in London, and I have taken every precaution to keep it a secret from him.

Miss L. Well, I must say, Sir Harry, that your weakness on

this point is quite revolting; who ever heard of an uncle being afraid of a scolding from a nephew? I only wish he were my nephew, I'd just whisper a few words in his ear, that—

Sir H. I don't doubt it, my dear madam; but the fact is, when my poor sister died, I promised her to be a father to her boy, and leave him all I possessed; how am I to tell the poor fellow, I've disinherited him?

Miss L. He must know it sooner or later.

Sir H. Once married, I shall cast off all fear; but till then I live in dread of his popping upon me unawares: it is more than a month since I heard from him.

Miss L. There can't be a better reason for writing to him, and so slipping in a word or two about your marriage.

Sir H. I grieve to destroy the poor boy's hopes.

Miss L. Pooh! he'll soon get over it, besides, this inordinate love for your nephew, really is a bad compliment to your in-tended wife, he seems to be all in all to you, you refuse him

nothing, his expenses are exorbitant.

Sir H. To be sure they are; why, if I didn't send him money

I should have him coming to ask for it.

Miss L. Then write—half a dozen lines in the post and there's an end of it.

Sir H. Do you think so?

Miss L. If you delay any longer, I'll write to him myself.

Sir H. Well there—don't be so hasty—I'll do it.

Miss L. Instantly; here are pens, ink, and paper, (goes to table, L. U. E.) and while you despatch that business, I'll go and make up the bouquets—put myself to rights, and fifty thousand little matters—all shall be ready, I warrant—but there—you can't write I suppose while I talk, so I'll leave you-now mind —short and decisive—few words—you know my maxim. Now I'm gone—indeed I couldn't stay if I would, for I have a few words to say to Cissy-Cissy my dear, I'm coming-good bye, for the present. Here I am, my darling, I could not come before. I was just saying a few words to Sir Harry—and in your mother, your grandmother, and your great grandmother's [Exit talking, R. 2 E.

Sir H. Pheugh! thank Heaven that woman is gone. I shall be glad to get married, if only to free myself from her eternal

chatter, now then to write to Harry.

Enter MOONY, R.

Moo. Sir Harry! (aside.) Och, murder! how will I tell him? Sir H. Some one to disturb me-so much the better-what is it Moony?

Moo. A young man, sir, wishes to speak with you, (aside,)

he'll be about as welcome as water in one's shoes.

Sir H. A young man? (jumping up.) Do you know him? Mov. Know him? Is it know him you mean? He says he wishes to give you an agreeable surprise.

Sir H. An agreeable surprise. I'm in a cold shiver! Show him up.

Moo. Show him up? there's no need of that; he's running all over the house after you-(aside) when he sees who it is he'll be about as happy as a live fish in a bag of cinders.

Exit, R. Sir H. Poob, why should I be alarmed? it can't be-

Har. (without.) Hollo! governor.

Sir. H. It is, it's Harry, as I live! I shall drop.

Har. (without.) Hollo! governor? where are you governor? (Enter, c. D.) Ah! ah! I've found you at last, how are you? Why old gentleman, let me have a good look at you; how you are changed!

Sir H. (alarmed.) Changed! what in a few months?

Har. I congratulate you! so upright, so smug, so dandified! If you go on at this rate, you'll soon be as young as myself.

Sir H. Oh, you mean changed for the better? that's another

thing. Yes, thank my stars, I'm hale and hearty.

Har. To be sure you are, that's what it is to be a bachelor: you pass your life free from care, free from domestic broils, eh, governor? (nudges him.)

Sir H. (affecting to laugh, and nudge in return.) To be sureto be sure. (aside.) Come I see he suspects nothing. And how do you do?

Har. I say nunky, now's old Mother Coddlepate, ey-ey-ey?

Sir H. Ha! ha! you wag, you will have your joke, the poor old soul is not here at present; but you must be hungry-Moony! (calling.)

Har. Hey, not here! what, your nurse, your butler, cook,

housemaid, housekeeper, major domo, not here?

Sir H. She has been unwell of late; she's very old you

Har. That's true, she is very old, about your own age I think. Sir H. (winces.) And-did you come on horseback?

Har. And-what? why, surely you have never had the heart

to turn the poor old soul adrift!

Sir H. Who, I? What an idea! (aside.) He pricks me to (aloud.) She's only gone on a death with red-hot needles. short visit to her relations. Moony! confound you, where are

Har. I'm in no hurry, uncle. I want to have a little chat with you. What has come to the old boy? he is out of his

wits.

Enter MOONY, R.

Moo. Was your honour calling?

Sir H. Calling indeed, you are always an hour coming when one wants you; put some luncheon in the dining-room directly!

Har. And in the mean time, Moony, I'll smoke one of the governor's cigars.

Moo. Is it cigars?

Har. Why what makes you stare?

Sir H. How unlucky I haven't one in the house! have I, Moony?

Muo. Devil a one!

Har. No cigars!

Sir H. You must know I've given up smoking some time since. Go, Moony, do, and get lunch ready as I tell you.

Moo. Yes, your honour. (aside.) A nice visit this for m. [Exit, ! ould master: he is in luck to day.

Har. Given up smoking-can I believe my ears-but mercy on me-now I look at you again, why you are the very pink of fashion! you who always poked about in a sort of butterman's jacket and shooting gaiters, one would suppose you were

dressed for a steeple-chase or a county ball.

Sir H. Hey-no-nothing remarkable — it's market day that's all, and one likes to be a little——but I have been anxiously expecting you this month past-I've been quite uneasy about you!

Har. Dear old uncle, always affectionate; but upon my life I can't help looking at you; you've frizzled up your wig somehow.—Why, goodness preserve me! can I believe my eyes! (looking at back of his head.) You've cut it off!

Sir H. Cut what off?

Har. Whatever have you done with it?

Sir H. With what?

Har. That dear, darling little pet of a pigtail.

Sir H. Oh, I don't know! It was so troublesome, always getting under the collar of one's coat.

Har. How very odd! No Mrs. Coddlepate!-no pigtail! I can't fancy you at all, most degenerate, most unnatural uncle!

Sir H. When you have done analyzing me from head to

foot-

Har. Stop! stop!—let me enjoy my surprise : your very house is no longer to be recognised; the stark-staring old wainscot walls have been papered and painted, and curtained and pictured, and mirrored, till the old mansion looks like a fairy palace.

Sir H. (aside.) Every word is a dagger! The thing is soon explained. As a man gets older, he is more inclined to be sociable, to see a few friends and neighbours about him.

Har. That's right! it does my heart good to see you enjoy yourself. Believe me, my dear uncle, I have no selfish feeling in me; to see you canter merrily through a green old age is far more gratifying to me, than to inherit the riches of Crœsus!

Sir H. Poor boy!

Har. Indeed I thought the best use I could make of your last remittance was to post down here to thank you for it.

Sir H. (aside.) A remittance made for the sole object of preventing the visit!

Har. There, we've had sentiment enough; so give me a pinch of snuff

Sir H. A pinch of-

Har. Your snuff, governor, your snuff.

Sir H. What do you indulge in that horrid habit still?

Har. Now and then, out of other people's boxes. I know I can always rely upon a pinch from you!

Sir H. Nonsense, Harry; I will not encourage you, I've renounced it myself altogether.

Har. Given up snuff too!

Sir H. I was just writing to you to inquire what had become

of you-you were to have been here a month ago. (aside.) I darm't touch upon the subject for my life.

Her. Why, in fact, I did set out, but I was detained at Harrowgate—a little adventure. (aside.) I daren't tell him. yet

Sir H. An adventure, you rogue; a lady in the case—ch? Har. I own it uncle; a young lady, the most delightful-

Sir H. Of course—of course—the old story. So much the better, my dear boy, and if you have made up your mind to

marry—why—
Har. I marry? (aside.) The old fox wants to worm it out of me (aloud.) No, no-not I; I'm in no hurry-a flirtation,

nothing more.

Sir H. (aside.) How shall I manage to get rid of him?

Har. But we shall have plenty of time to talk the matter over, for I'm come to stay a week with you.

Sir H. (aside.) The devil he is! I'm ruined!

Har. But you don't seem pleased?

Sir H. Oh, yes, I am.

Her. Well, it is rather shabby after so long an absence; come, I'll make it a month.

Sir H. My dear Harry, you know-

Har. Governor! there's something on your mind; I'm certain there is. Come—come, surely you have no mysteries with me? if you have, I'm off at once.

Sir H. (aside.) I wish he were. (aloud.) The fact is, my dear

boy, I'm in a most embarrassing situation.

Her. What has happened?

Sir H. I have just received a letter from town.

Her. No bad news I hope?

Sir H. (aside.) The case is desperate, so here goes. I'm sorry to say, very bad : my bankers, Messrs. Dabble, Smash and Co.-

Her. Yes, I know them.

Sir H. In whose hands I have cash to the amount of 90001., are on the point of stopping payment.

Her. The devil! that's bad indeed!

Sir H. There's not a moment to be lost, and I am at my wit's end. I cannot undertake so long and rapid a journey myself, and not having any confidential person who could transact the business for me-

Har. What, nunky! No confidential person when I am near

Sir H. Dear Harry! how could I ask you, so recently arrived

Har. Nonsense! Isn't your interest at stake! and wouldn't I fly over half the world to save your little finger from aching?

Sir H. (aside.) Confound his noble spirit! I feel like an old

Her. Come, governor, quick! my credentials!

Sir H. Harry, Harry! You're a good boy, I accept your

offer. (aside.) It goes against me, but it's my only chance. (aloud.) I'll scribble a line to empower you to act for me, and—

Har. And in five minutes, I am off.

Sir H. I've got rid of him at any rate. (going L. 2 E., MOON's crosses from R. to 2 E. R., with a shawl and parasol.)

Har. Hollo! I say, governor?

Sir H. What's the matter?

Har. What on earth has Moony got there, a shawl and parasol!

Sir H. (aside.) Confound that stupid blockhead! Who?

Moo. (coming forward.) Your honour! did you call?

Sir H. Go to the devil.

Moo. I was going, sir. (gives shawl and parasol into door, 2 E. R. aside.) He's in a nice quandary; serve him right—if your head's: made of butter, don't be a baker.

[Exit, R.

Har. Why, uncle, you never told me you had women in the

house.

Sir H. Women, indeed! I never thought about it—a lady of the neighbourhood—she is going away by one of the coaches, and as they pass my door I offered her the convenience of waiting here for it, that's all.

Har. Ay, convenient enough—is she young? (nudges him.)

Sir H. Oh! ha! ha! ha! young enough to be my grand-mother, you rogue—what, you will have your joke at your poor old uncle's expense—young indeed, ha! ha! ha! But come—no triling—to business, I'll be back in two minutes. (aside.) Pheugh! if he doesn't go soon I shall choke with my own lies.

Har. Uncle of mine, there's more than meets the eye in all this. I half suspect this banker business to be only a ruse to get me out of the way—there's a woman in the case beyond a doubt. The old house bedizened from head to foot—my old uncle himself ditto, ditto—a shawl and a parasol—no Mrs. Coddlepate—no snuff, no cigars, no pigtail; all proofs presumptive. Eh! what have we here? a lady's work-table—proof positive! the old fox! Hang me if I didn't suspect as much—poor old Mother Coddlepate has been removed for some buxom young wench—that scourge of old bachelors, a servant-mistress! But where can she be? I must have a bit of fun with the tender couple! Here comes Moony, I'll pump him a little.

Enter Moony with a large trunk, and a basket of flowers.

Moo. Well, next time they come I hope they'll bring a jackass of their own. (puts trunk and flowers into door, 2 E. R.)

Har. Ah, Moony, my fine fellow, have you taken aunty her shawl and parasol?

Moo. Aunty! I don't understand you, Mr. Harry. (aside.) Now, does he know or is he only fishing?

Har. Oh! you needn't look so profound—I know all about

Mo. You don't mean it?—well! I never thought the ould gentleman would have had the courage to confess.

Har. (aside.) I'm on the right scent—Come, come, tell me

Il about it.

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Mo. Sure, if you know all about it, what need I tell you more! That's what I call a puzzler; I'm too prudent for you, Mr. Harry.

Har. Nay, the particulars, the particulars, I'm sure they must be droll; how did he ever manage to pop the question?

Moo. That's what I never could make out, I suppose it was in a moment of inadvertence like.

Har. (aside.) 'Tis then as I suspected.

Moo. I say, Mr. Harry, has the old gentleman shown you his intended?

Har. His intended! oh! then he's not married yet?

Moo. No; not till six this evening.

Har. Six this evening, that will do. Moony, thank you.

Moo. Och, murder, what have I done! have I been standing
with my head under the pump all this time?

Har. You were too prudent for me, Moony!

Moo. I was about as prudent as Rory Hooligan's sister, who bolted her door with a boiled carrot.

Har. Ha! ha! poor Moony; I was too much for you.

Moo. Troth, I can't fight against you; it's no use trying. I think your face is made of a fiddle, it makes every body merry.

Har. Well, then, who is the lady? What's her birth, pa-

rentage, and education—parlour or kitchen bred?

Mos. Och sure, she's a born lady; none of your draggle-tail dairymaids. He's as proud of her as a gardener's dog with a mosegay tied to his tail.

Har. Is she in the house? Can I see her?

Moo. Deed then, I darn't tell no more. (Miss Longclackit speaks without.) But here comes a lady who can speak.

Har. A lady!

Moo. Yes; one who will talk as much as you like, and more; in the matter of words, she's as liberal as the tailor who sewed for nothing and found thread himself.

[Exit, R.

Har. Eh! what if this should be my future aunt? Egad!

that dress looks very like it.

Enter MISS LONGCLACKIT, in a wedding dress, 2 E. R.

Miss L. (aside.) So, so; the nephew arrived. This I suppose is he. (aloud.) Mr. Harry Ringdove, I presume.

Har. At your service, madam.

(Motions to HARRY to bring chairs—they sit.)

Miss L. Pardon the liberty I take as a stranger, in presenting myself without an introduction; but I am a woman of few words—business is business, and as I say on such occasions, ceremony is misplaced. I am charged with the embarrassing task, of breaking to you a secret, with which your uncle ought long ago to have made you acquainted.

Har. Pray, madam, spare yourself the delicate confusion you allude to. I know all; it is of my uncle's intended marriage

you would speak.

Miss L. Oh, what then, he has told you has he? Come that's a weight off my mind, and off his too, poor dear. He's very fond of you, Mr, Harry, and I trust you will not endeavour, either by word or deed, to mar his happiness.

Har. Oh, madam, certainly !-

Miss L. No. of course not-of course not: mind I never thought you would, only it's as well to understand things as I say at once, and if you were to attempt any thing of the sort. I tell you plainly, I'm a woman of few words, and I should consider myself entitled to call you to account.

Har. (aside.) She seems a good sort of woman enough. (aloud.) Why, madam, since candour is the order of the day, I may venture to confess that the first news of my uncle's marrying at his time of life, did fill me with indignation. It was natural enough, I feared some ridiculous ill assorted match; but when I find the object of his affection so suitable, I at once banish every selfish feeling, and determine to do all in my power to promote his views.

Miss L. Spoken like an affectionate boy. (aside.) So far my

fears are at rest, at all events.

Har. Had he now fallen in love with some bread-and-butter miss, young enough to be his daughter, I'd have worked him to an oil: but with a companion for his old age, one whose qualities have been matured and confirmed by time and experience, I feel he has every chance of happiness.

Miss L. (aside.) What is he talking about?

Har. But in thus approving of my uncle's choice. I trust, on your part, you will not attempt to change his affectionate intentions towards me.

Miss L. Good heavens! Why surely he never imagines-Har. To see him happy is the first wish of my heart. madam, I will look upon you as a mother!

Miss L. (rising.) Mother! Really, sir!

Har. (coolly.) Yes, really! and in spite of my natural desire that my uncle should not marry, when I see before me so respectable an aunt, all my fears vanish at once.

Miss L. (aside.) Here's an embarrassing mistake! and if I undeceive him, his influence over Sir Harry might break off

the match.

Har. (aside.) Poor infatuated uncle! who would ever have expected this?

Enter SIR HARRY, L. 2 E.: MISS LONCLACKIT remains a little at hack.

Sir H. Well, Harry, my boy! here's the letter, and—(aside) Miss Longclackit!

Har. (holding out his hand.) My poor dear old uncle

Sir H. Bless me! what's the matter

Har. (taking him on one side.) I've heard of your accident Sir H. What accident?

Her. Hugh!

Miss L. (aside.) I hope Sir Harry will keep up the delusion.

Sir H. (aside.) Hang me if I know what they mean.

Har. Only one question: Are you certain of happiness

Sir H. Am I certain of-

Har. (points to Miss Longclackit.) Hush! she's here! (Miss Longclackit makes signs to him.)

Sir H. Yes, quite certain!

Har. Then, I give my consent. Nay I have had an interview with your bride elect, and I cannot but allow that she appears a suitable match.

Sir H. Is it possible! You have taken a load off my mind, for to tell you the truth, I was afraid you would object to the age of my intended.

Har. Not at all; if she be a few years younger than yourself,

it is better than the other side.

Miss L. (aside.) A few years indeed! a few dozen!

Sir H. Ah! you wag, you will have your joke.

Her. Besides, who knows but you may have known her formerly—only the renewal of some youthful passion, I warrant. (madging him.)

Sir H. (aside.) Hang me if I know what he's driving at!

Har. She must have been very pretty, and when one looks
attentively...

Sir H. Where? looks where?

Har. There, as you just catch her profile, she really is— Sir H. Oh—yes—she, as you say, profile— (aside) Mercy on me!

Har. But speak to her; it looks so odd our whispering to-

getner.

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Sir H. Certainly! (aside.) Here's a dilemma! My dearmy dear madam! It appears you have informed my nephew—
Miss L. Yes, my dear sir, chance brought it about; and so as
1 say, I thought it better to tell him the whole truth, in few
words at once, and so save the trouble of breaking it to him;
and the manner in which the dear boy received the intelligence,

shows how right I was to do so.

Sir H. Quite right, indeed! (aside.) An excellent stratagem! Oh, Harry, if you knew only half out bliss! You don't know the aunt I'm going to give you. She's a love—an angel! (kisses her hand.) (aside.) I'd as soon kiss the prongs of a harrow.

Miss L. (aside.) What a pity I'm only a proxy!

Har. (aside.) An angel! It's as well he should think so. MOONT peeps us c. D.) Come along, my fine fellow, no more mystery. The important secret is disclosed, and we all understand each other perfectly.

Mso. Good luck to you then, you are just in time; for Mr. Surplice, the parson, will be here directly, and I'm just going

to tell the bride. (goes to 2 E. R.)

(MISS L. and Sir H. make signs to him.)

Miss L. Biess the man! is he blind? don't you see me here? Moo. You, ma'am!

Sir H. Of course. Ha! ha! Well done Moony. (uside to him.) Fool be quiet!

Moo. Fool! Sure I don't mean you, ma'am; I mean the young lady.

Sir H. You blundering dog, get out.

Moo. Och, murder! have I put my foot in it again? [Exit. R.

Har. (aside.) Eh! what do I hear-a young lady? Sir H. Well, Harry, the only drawback to this day's happi-

ness now, is the idea of your not being present at the ceremonv.

Har. Not present, my dear uncle! I would not be absent for the world.

Sir H. My dear boy, consider, if Messrs. Dabble, Smash, and Co. should have stopped before you arrive, think of the loss of my five thousand pounds.

Har. Five thousand! why you said nine thousand.

Sir H. Was it nine? True,-a reason for still greater despatch; here are your credentials. (gives a letter.)

Har. Well, then, I'll not lose an instant. (crosses to R.) Good bye, my dear uncle and aunt, for a short time. I'm off at once. (aside.) Not one peg do I stir till I've found the key to this mystery.

Sir H. Pheugh! he is gone at last. Ha! ha! ha! Miss L. Ha! ha! ha!

Re-enter HARRY, hastily; they check themselves.

Har. My hat, my hat! once more, good bye. (aside.) They were laughing at me; I thought as much; but let them dread the vengeance of an ill-used nephew.

[Exit, R.

Sir H. How he frightened me! I felt as if I had picked a pocket.

Miss L. Never mind we've got rid of him for a time, at all

Sir H. I'll not be a moment; all obstacles are now removed, and, in an hour's time, I shall be the happiest fellow alive.

[Exit, 2 E. L.

Miss L. Upon my word it has required some skilful manuœuvring to bring matters right. Stupid old man !-I've no patience with him, and if it wasn't for his money, I wouldn't tolerate him a moment. Why didn't he bring up his nephew as I have my niece. Children have no right to a will of their own, they should be seen, not heard. My Cissy, like her mother, grandmother, and great grandmother, before her-but time flies .- (Enter Cecilia, R. 2 E.) Very nice indeed, have you been very impatient dear?

Cec. No, aunt.

Mis L. Good girl; you have selected the flowers for the bouquet?

Cec. Yes, aunt.

Miss L. Then I'll just go and tie them up. Stay here till I come back.

Cec. Yes, aunt.

Mis L. Stop though. I'm in such a bustle. Moony! have you seen Moony?

Cec. No, aunt.

Min L. Moony! (Enter Moony.) Let me know the moment Sir Harry is ready, and do hurry him, there's a good soul; ah you want me to look after you all; you're a happy girl, Cissy.

Cec. Yes, aunt.

Miss L. You are a darling sweet obedient child, never chattering. No will but that of your parents; but like your aunt a person of few words, and like your mother, grandmother, and—bless me I'm forgetting the flowers.

[Exit, R.

Moo. Poor young lady, there's not much chance of her chattering, while that parched pea of an aunt is popping about her. (Moony going.)

Cec. Moony-(looks quickly round, peeps through door and

beckens him to her.)

Moo. She's making signals sure, is she dumb in earnest?

Cec. Moony, (as rapidly as possible,) I want to say a word to you, Moony; come here quick and listen with all your ears, for I haven't a moment to lose, and what I have to say is of vital importance. Moony, I throw myself on your mercy, I am sacrificed, I am a victim; but there's no time to tell you my sorrows now—only one question, answer me quickly, or it may be too late. I heard a voice in this room, not a moment ago, tell me, oh! tell me, did my ears deceive me, or was it he—my guardian angel—my life—my love—come to snatch me from the gulf of despair, into which I am about to be precipitated—quick—quick.

Moo. Stop, stop—don't go pouring the words into me that way, like bullets out of a steam-gun, or you'll crack the ten-

penny of my ear-dumb did I say!

Cec. Hush! not so loud; let me see that all's safe. (runs to door, peeps in, Moony to the other, enter HARRY, C. D.)

Moo. A chip of the old block, I find.

Har. Moony!

Moo. Mr. Harry!

Cec. Harry!

Har. Cecilia! you here! What does this mean?

Cec. Oh, Harry! Harry, you have fallen from the clouds, I know not how to tell you, the time is short, you must save me; Moony keep watch, there's a dear Moony,—you remember my abrupt departure from Harrowgate—no time even to let you know of it—no means of even sending you a line. I was sent for home at an hour's notice by my aunt, Miss Longclackit.

Har. Miss Longclackit your aunt?

Cec. Hold your tongue, dear Harry; indeed there's no time for questions.

Har. Good heavens! your aunt going to marry my uncle. Cec. Nonsense!

Har. Well. but-

Har. Well, but—
Cec. Now dearest Harry, if you love me. (puts her hand on

his mouth.) There's no getting in a word for you, I declare. I could cry. On reaching home, I found, that an offer had been made for my hand in marriage; conceive my joy at hearing the name of Harry Ringdove.

Har. What do I hear! are you then-

Cec. Hush! now do—you must—concealing my rapture from my severe aunt, for I dared not confess that we had so often met without her knowledge, I joyfully set out with her to make the acquaintance of my future husband. How my heart beat, as I entered this house, now nearly a month ago! I listened for your well-known elastic step, and when instead of my own Harry I saw your uncle hobble out to meet me—need I say, I fell fainting into the arms of my aunt.

Har. So then, the murder's out; I knew I was deceived. Courage my dearest Cecilia—courage! You are not married yet, and it shall be my fault now if you become the wife of another; but the moments are precious, run to your aunt—delay her as much as possible, and be sure you let no change of manner

awaken her suspicions.

Cec. Dear Harry, I said you were my guardian angel; Till run to her immediately, and tired as I am of acting the hateful part of a hypocrite, I will again put a chain on my tongue.

Har. Do. do.

Cec. But I warn you Harry, when once at liberty, I expect in return, to have the first twelve months' talk all to myself.

Har. With all my heart, but you are anticipating your first quarter's allowance; close those pretty lips, or I shall be

obliged to seal them up myself.

Cec. There, I have done, I trust all to you. Oh, how different are my feelings at this moment, to what they were an hour ago. All hope then had vanished, and now—oh! dear me, I could jump over the moon with joy! and—(checks herself at a

sign from Harry, and walks demurely into her aunt's room.)

Har. There's no time for deliberation. A plan has already flashed across my brain, 'tis a romantic one; but, with skill,

may be accomplished. Moony!

Moo. Your honour.

Har. Were you ever in love?

Moo. Never.

Har. Were you ever in debt?

Moo. Often.

Har. Then you know the value of money?

Moo. Don't I! I have a good estate myself, only the right owner keeps me out of it.

Har. Were you ever at school?

Moo. I was, sir, but I didn't bite on to learning—it is not every man's nose that will make a shoeing-horn.

Har. You can read at any rate?

Moo. Is it read? I believe you; haven't I read scores of

books, whether I could or no, full of words as hard as flint-stones.

Har. Look at this note.

Mac. It's a fifty pounder, bless its good-looking countenance!

Her. What do you think of it?

Mo. I think it's better to have than to hear of, any day.

Har. Do every thing I bid you for the next hour, and it's

Moo. It's too good an offer to say no to. I'm not the man to p:t whiskey in a pitcher and throw stones at it.

Her. Transfer your fidelity from uncle to nephew.

Moo. And if he turns me out of his service?

Har. I will take you into mine.

Moo. That's enough; he has brought it on himself. I have advised him long enough; but you may as well try to swallow London, and wash it down with the Thames, as convince him. Har. Where is he?

Moo. In his dressing-room, making himself as spruce as an saion for the wedding.

Har. You have free access to that room at all times?

Moo. In and out like a dog in a fair.

Har. Good. Now tell me, has Sir Harry received any letter to-day from London?

Moo. Devil a one, nor this week

Har. That will do; get me pen, ink, and paper, and a secret corner to write in.

Moo. I'll do that same. Hurrah! I said you were the boy; the ould aunt will cry her eyes out, and to see her do that would be as great a pity as to see a goose go barefoot.

Har. Now then, to execute my plan; since deceit is the order of the day, good uncle of mine, any stratagem is justifiable. My wits against yours; so come along, Moony; no more talking, but let's to work.

Moo. Ay, ay, sir, I know; talk's only talk, but it's the duck lays the eggs. [Exeunt, в. н.

Enter SIR HARRY, from his room, L. H. 2 E.

Sir H. Five minutes more, and I shall be the husband of one of the sweetest girls in Christendom. Now am I an old fool, or am I not? time only can show—but what time have I?—pshaw! I'm only sixty, and I may live to be a hundred, for any thing I know to the contrary. The worst part of the affair is the deceit practised upon poor Harry—he'll never forgive me, nor shall I myself; it is all that odious Miss Longclackit's fault. If ever I hated a woman on earth! If ever I—but it's useless to think about it; the mischief's done; he is at this moment halfway to London; the time is arrived for the ceremony, and nothing now can prevent my happiness, but—

Enter MOONY, R.

Moo. A letter.

Sir H. No letters to-day, Moony, my boy; this is a day of pleasure, and all letters may go to the devil.

Moo. But this is of the greatest importance.

Sir H. It must wait till after the ceremony has taken place. Moo. It's my way of thinking, if you read it, the ceremony. never will take place.

Sir H. Moony, what do you mean? (snatches the letter.)

Who is it from?

Moo. From Mr. Harry-a man on horseback brought it from the village, galloped all the way, and came in steaming

like a dish of hot potatoes.

Sir H. "Private and immediate."-" My dearest uncle, as you value your future happiness, ride over here as quickly as possible. I have just obtained intelligence respecting your intended bride, that must prevent your marrying her, at least for the present-" Good heavens!

Moo. He bites like a hungry gudgeon.

Sir H. " I will wait at the Stag's Head inn"-the Stag's Head! I tremble all over-"till your arrival. Breathe not a word to any living soul, but join me immediately. Your affectionate nephew." Bless my soul! what shall I do? some dreadful calamity awaits me. Moony, come here, listen to me. Business of vital importance calls me to the village inn.

Moo. The Stag's Head?

Sir H. (wincing.) Yes, the Stag's Head. Now, the distance being little more than a mile, I can mount the horse of the man who brought this letter, in half an hour gallop there and back; and if you manage matters skilfully here, no one need even suspect my absence.

Moo. I'm awake: he that has only one eye, still he sees the better for it-In course I'm to let the ladies know you're gone?

Sir H. Not for your life!

Moo. Och! it's well you told me that; they shall remain in

their native ignorance for me then.

Sir H. Now my faithful Moony, manage to avert their suspicion till my return; and I'll make you a present of twenty pounds for your cleverness.

Moo. It's a bargain.

Sir H. Go then, and contrive to get the horse to the park gate, without any one's seeing you, and I will join you there.

Moo. (aside.) We'll succeed, or we'll give him a fright any how; a blow from a frying-pan blacks one, though it mayn't hurt. [Exit MOONY, R.

Sir H. Now then to sift this mysterious affair. Pheugh! if the troubles and anxieties I have endured this morning, be a foretaste of the pleasures of wedlock, I shall certainly die of joy before the end of the first week.

[Exit, R. 1 E., hastily on hearing Miss Longclackit enter R. CECILIA following.

Miss L. Sir Harry, Sir Harry, the clock is striking six! Bless the man, how he ran out of the room! what a singular old gentleman! I hope all is safe with him. I declare I feel uneasy, for positively I do think he avoided me-there's a cheerfulness about my niece too, that. Here Moony! I'll have a few words with him.

Enter MOONY, R.

Six o'clock, Moony, I hope your master is ready?

Moo. For the wedding? Och, ready enough, no fear. He is in as great a hurry as Tim Fogarty, who eat his breakfast overnight to save time in the morning.

Min L. Where is he gone? Why doesn't he come?

Moo. Is it where is he gone, or why doesn't he come you'd be

Miss L. (aside.) He is confused. Moony look me in the face.

Moo. I do.

Miss L. Will the marriage take place to-day?—no prevari-

Moo. Take place! is it take place you mean?

Miss L. You are prevaricating.

Moo. I prevaricating! How can I, when I don't even know the meaning of the term.

Miss L. I am a woman of few words; can you answer a plain question?

Moo. Depends upon circumstances.

Miss L. There's only one way. Is that a ten-pound note?

Moo. It is. Miss L. If the ceremony be concluded, and my niece bear

the name of Ringdove, in a quarter of an hour, that note is yours.

Moo. The name of Ringdove! It's as good as in my pocket.

Miss L. I'd have given ten times the sum for that assurance. Moo. Why didn't you say so? you should have had it at the price.

Miss L. Then, Cecilia, the happy moment is at hand; but where's your bouquet? Poor girl, you can't remember any thing in the midst of your rapture. Ah! it's well you have your aunty to look after you. [Exit into room, R. 2 E.

Cec. Rapture, indeed! Moony, (very quickly,) my aunt has promised you ten pounds if I am married in a quarter of an hour?

Moo. No, if you bear the name of Ringdove.

Cec. The same thing. Prevent my becoming Sir Harry's wife, and I'll give you double that sum.

Moo. I'll take it.

Re-enter Miss Longclackit, R. 2 E., with bouquet.

Miss L. Here it is, dear, give me your hand; and now take example by your mother, grandmother, and great grandmother before you: suppress your emotion, raise your head, drop your eyes, and follow me. (aside.) Moony, don't forget, ten l

Moo. Never fear me, ma'am.

Cec. (aside.) Moony, remember twenty.

Moo. You may take your oath of it. Exeunt. a. dans. Trade looks up; och, murder, if I had but kept a little knowledge of arithmetic by me, sure I've forgotten more than most people ever knew. Let's see, it's only addition I'm thinking, fifty pounds from the nephew to get the uncle out of the waytwenty from the uncle to assist him in falling into the nephew's scheme; that's seventy; ten from the aunt, if the niece bears: the name of Ringdove in a quarter of an hour, that's eighty; and twenty from the niece if I prevent her from becoming Sir Harry's wife, just makes up 100l.; now, if I can manage all this, I shall have got through my work well-like Terence Doherty, the glazier, when he fell through the skylight.

Exit. C. D. Sir H. (without, R. H.) Moony! Moony! where are you all. where are the unworthy impostors?

Enter SIR HARRY.

Scandalous, barefaced imposition. Oh, Harry, Harry, what a situation I should have been in at this moment, but for you. How lucky I determined to go to the Stag's Head before the ceremony! let me see the letter again: " My dear uncle, fearing that the slightest delay might be fatal to your interests, in the affair of Dabble, Smash, and Co., I relinquish my intention of waiting your arrival here. Prepare yourself for a severe blow; you would have deceived me, but, alas, you have deceived yourself; your intended wife is already married to another !" a pretty discovery—execrable Longclackit, not unjustly did I hate you-but my vengeance shall be terrible-Moony!

Enter Moony, c. D.

Moo. Your honour! (aside.) He looks as angry as if he was vexed. Ah! good luck to me, I'm happy to see your honour back, for I couldn't have kept them ignorant much longer, and then I'd have lost the twenty pounds your honour's liberality promised me.

Sir H. True, there. (gives money.) Now, send Miss Longclackit to me instantly.

Moo. I've nailed twenty to begin with, at all events, if I get no more ;-only one meal a day is better than a thump on the back with a stone. Exit MOONY, C. D.

Sir H. Now for it, I must behave with dignity, the lover is

gone, the magistrate remains.

Enter Miss Longelackit, and Moony, c. D.

Miss L. I shall go wild with delight, I quite trembled lest it should never come to pass; there, my faithful Moony, you see I'm as good as my word, all my anxiety is now at an end. (gives him money.) There !

Moo. And ten makes thirty; long life to you, ma'am, that's about the last I'll ever get from her. So when the shoulder of mutton's going it's as well to take a slice. [Exit MOONY, R.

Sir H. Madam, your obedient servant?

Min L. Eh! bless me, how you frightened me, what, have you left Cecilia?

Sir H. For ever!

Miss L. Sir Harry-why-

Sir H. Vile impostor, that you are-dare you look me in the face, after your atrocious conduct?

Miss L. Sir Harry, a few words-

Sir H. Silence, woman, and tremble ! I know all-your niece your quiet—demure saint Cecilia—is—and you know it— Miss L. Mercy on me—what?

Sir A. Married, madam, married!

Miss L. Well, and what then? Sir A. What then?

Miss L. Was it not to add to your happiness?

Sir A. Add to my happiness, patience befriend me! and you coolly, knowing her to be already married, have the impudence to come to me and-

Miss L. Impudence! Sir Harry! I can bear as much as most females, but I cannot refrain from putting in a few words. Have you not raised heaven and earth, to bring about a match with my niece? have I not worked for you heart and soul,

contending against her evident aversion to you?
Sir H. Eh! aversion! What's this I hear?

Miss L. When, I say-that is-nay, since it has slipp'd out, I will not deny it, I repeat-her aversion to you.

Sir H. So, so; another timely discovery.

Miss L. And now that I have brought all this about for you. now that you are married!

Sir H. Not yet-not yet-thank Heaven!

Miss L. Not yet! Why, what does the creature mean?

Sir H. No, no; to commit matrimony is rash enough; but with open eyes to commit bigamy !-

Miss L. I shall faint-my poor Cecilia!-Have you then another wife ?

Sir H. Eh! no, no; I don't mean bigamy, I mean-hang me if I know what. I mean-to marry a married woman!

Miss L. A married woman! Cecilia? absurd-

Sir H. Absurd! Why didn't you admit it yourself, and ask me calmly, what then ?

Miss L. Pshaw! Don't be ridiculous, Sir Harry; you know I alluded to no other husband than yourself.

Sir H. Don't attempt to prevaricate, madam, nor hope that! ever will make her my wife.

Miss L. Ever will-why haven't you? Did not Mr. Surplice join your hands before us all, not two minutes ago, in the drawing-room?

Sir H. You'll tell me next, I am in the drawing-room at this very moment.

Miss L. It's no use talking to you, I see. Moony!

Enter MOONY, C. D.

Miss L. Send my niece to me immediately!

Moo. She is in the drawing-room with Sir Harry—Och, musider! what's that? master of mine how you frightened me!

Sir H. What does the booby mean? Why don't you do sayou are bid?

Moo. Sure I'm going; how ever did you manage to get here? (looks off centre.) Miss Cecilia, you are wanted, if you please.

Enter CECILIA, centre.

Cec. Dear good faithful Moony; there, take the twenty pounds I promised you, and a thousand blessings into the bargain, but, hush! (ualks down demurely.)

Moo. You're an angel, miss, and twenty is fifty.

Exit, c. D

Cec. Did you send for me, aunt? Law, Sir Harry, how you frightened me?

Sir H. I seem to frighten all the family! Cec. How could you manage to get here?

Sir H. What do you mean?

Cec. Why, I quitted you this moment in the drawing-room.

Sir H. I! I have never left this spot!

Cec. Oh, fie, naughty man! didn't you give me a kiss, and call me your dear, darling little wife?

Sir H. Fire and fury! let this foolery have an end. Moony

Enter Moony, c.

Moo. Och, murder! There you are again!

Sir H. 1 shall go mad; come here!

Moo. Here, you are not here; you're in the drawing-room I'll go and see once more.

Sir H. Nonsense, Moony!

Har. (within, calls) Moony! (all stand astonished.)

Sir H. What voice was that? (Cecilia peeps through doors in centre.)

Har. (within.) What voice was that?

Cec. Eh, do I see clear?—yes, here comes my real husband.

[Exit CECELIA.

Miss L. Her real husband, am I on my head or my heels? Sir H. Her real husband—oh, oh! this madam you did not expect. Now comes my triumph! throw open the folding doors Moony, and usher them in.

Moony throws open the doors. Enter CECILIA and HARRY, who is dressed as a fac-simile of Sir Harry.

Tableau.

Sir H. What do I see?

Hur. What do I see?

Sir H. Can I believe my eyes!

Har. Can I believe my eyes!

Cec. Dear husband, defend me from that impostor.

Miss L. I was sure he was a swindler from the first.

Sir H. Silence, woman!

Har. Silence, man! this is the most impudent attempt I ever witnessed. Know, fellow, that I am a magistrate, and instantly shall give orders to have you secured. Moony!

Mov. Your honour!

Sir H. Why Moony, surely—(kicks him back.)

Hur. Silence, rascal!

Moo. Hould your tongue, you terrible ould sinner.

Har. I'll step into my room and sign his mittimus. Farewell, ladies, for a short time.

Sir H. Ay, ay, for a short time, shorter than you reckon upon; we shall soon see who is the impostor.

Har. We shall soon see who is the impostor.

Sir H. Farewell.

Har. Farewell. Ha! ha! a mouth at the treadmill, that's all. [Exit.

Sir H. A month at the treadmill. Ha! ha! ha! damnation! hang me, if this does not surpass all I ever heard of, that execrable Longclackit is somehow worked up in the business. If ever I hated a woman!—but no matter.

Miss L. Now, my good man, I am a woman of few words, but say what I mean; and I will give you a piece of advice!

Sir H. One moment—that one of us is an impostor is evident, but before I am condemned, let me, at least, have a chance of proving my innocence.

Miss L. Well, sir, ridiculous as the contest must be between a detected impostor, and a person of Sir Harry's acknowledged position in the county—between a swindler and a magistrate, I am ready to listen to a few words.

Sir H. I will just take the liberty of locking this door, to

prevent the intrusion of my double. (locks c. D.)

[Miss L. leads Cec. into door, R. h. Moo. That is but fair; a fox shouldn't be one of the jury at goose's trial.

Sir H. First, then madam, a word with my servant, which, perhaps, may save all further trouble. Moony, come here!

Moo. What's the matter, ould gentleman?

Sir H. Look me well in the face.

Moo. I do; and devil an uglier I ever see.

Sir H. I'll break your head, you rascal, if you are imperti-

nent; am I not your master, Sir Harry Ringdove?

Moo. Och, murder! you my master? Be quiet wid you. what's the use of trying it on? every body sees through you; and when all men agree that you're an ass, it's time to bray.

Sir H. Moony!-

Moo. Do you think I don't know my dear, kind timid, ould master, from such an angry, swaggering, noisy, curmudgeon as you? You'd better take a dagger, and drown yourself at once.

Sir H. Zounds and the devil! perhaps these letters may assist me better. (gives them.) They are from my nephew, madam; my much injured nephew.

madam; my much injured nephew.

Miss L. These are not written by the nephew of Sir Harry

kingdove.

Sir H. No, don't I know the hand of my own boy.

Miss L. Your own boy—the man who would dare to present himself in so impudent a manner, would not hesitate to counterfeit a couple of letters.

Sir H. Egad, they'll want to hang me for forgery next!

Moony, didn't you give me one yourself?

Moo. I?-he'll lie through a two-inch deal board.

Miss L. I am quite sure that Mr. Harry Ringdove would not have stooped to so paltry a fabrication as this imputed marriage. Poor Cecilia! she marry, indeed, without my consent! It is plain you never could have known her, her mother, or her

grandmother, or-

Sir H. I give it up. I'm justly punished for my duplicity. For that unworthy girl's sake have I sacrificed my dear Harry, the noblest of nephews; poor kind old Mrs. Coddlepate, the most devoted of housekeepers; given up snuff—left off smoking—cut off my pigtail! But what's to be done? to be robbed of my name—my person—my identity! will no one speak for me? Oh! Harry—Harry—what would I not give to have you here!

Enter HARRY in his own dress, R. H.

Har. What would you give, governor? (pause.)

Sir H. There—there—he owns me—I am in my senses after

Har. You're going out of them I should say. What's the meaning of this joy? any good news from Dabble, Smash, and Co.?

Sir H. My dear Harry! you're just in time to save me, perhaps from a horse-pond.

Har. My dear uncle!

Miss L. One question Mr. Harry Ringdove. (HARRY crosses to L.) Are these your letters?

Har. Madam, they are.

Miss L. How! do you dare to insinuate that my niece has any other husband than your uncle Sir Harry Ringdove!

Har. I do, madam, and will prove it if necessary.

Sir H. There—there—I triumph! your proof, Harry, my boy—your proof!

Har. I have it in my pocket.

Miss L. What can he mean !-what is your proof?

Har. Her marriage certificate!

Sir H. (to Miss Longglackir.) Poor Cecilia! She marry without my consent indeed! I dare say her mother, her grand-mother, and her great grandmother did the same: but who is he!—where is he?

Moo. You just now locked him in the drawing-room.

Sir H. Just as I suspected! Come forth, thou mirror of magistrates! bring in your mittimus!—a month at the treadmill, that's all! Go throw open the doors again, Moony, you rascal, and let us see this redoutable justice of the quorum.

Moone unlocks doors, c., throws them open, discovers an arm-count, with SIR HARRY's wig, coat, boots, &c. &c., on it.

Sir H. Eh! what do I see?

Har. All that remains of the late Sir Harry Ringdove.

Sir H. (stands like a statue for a moment.) Will any body

Har. I will. My dear uncle, behold the fruits of deceit! (Enter CECILIA, R. 2 E.) This is the young lady I spoke to you of this morning. I told you I loved her—you advised me to marry her: it seems you loved her also, which I knew not; by an unworthy stratagem, you tried to get rid of me. Can you blame me for adopting it in my turn to get rid of you? You failed - I succeeded; and at the precise moment you intended to favour me by marrying Cecilia for me, I, presuming on my strong family resemblance, took the liberty of borrowing your suit of clothes, and saved you the trouble.

Sir H. You are very good!

Moo. Yes, sir, you beat the bush, and Mr. Harry caught the bird, that's all.

Miss L. Then the false Sir Harry was-

Har. Sir Harry's nephew, madam.

Sir H. And your agreeable note informing me that Cecilia was already married-was only-

Er. The truth; at the time you received that note she was aiready married to-

Cec. Harry Ringdove.

Har. Would you like to look at the certificate? (to Miss L., handing the paper.)

Moo. And what's more, you (to Miss L.) gave me ten pounds to hurry the match.

Miss L. I gave you ten pounds, on condition that she-

Moo. Bore the name of Ringdove, and doesn't she? Put

on your spectacles, and take another squint.

Sir H. Well done, Harry. Ha, ha, ha! you have fairly outmanœuvred me! (aside.) Thank Heaven! I'm rid of Longclackit. Take her, my boy, and may you be happy. You shall be my heir; every thing I have is yours-wife and all. What say you, madam, now?

Miss L. (fawningly.) Certainly, if dear Sir Harry desires it. Sir H. I thought as much; (aside;) wanted my money, execrable Longclackit!

Moo. (aside to SIR H.) I knew she only wanted to marry the blacksmith for the sake of the sparks.

Sir H. Moony, you rascal, get me my old snuff-box, and a cigar -do you hear ?

Har. That's right, nunky. Can't you get your pigtail back again.

Sir H. Ah, you rogue! But come, no more shall be said about it.

Miss L. I beg your pardon—a few words must be said to explain my part in this business. The fact is, I had set my heart on a good match for my niece; it was natural, you know

(To the audience.) Allow me to ask here.—Now, wasn't it? I'm sure there are those who will feel with me, that it was very

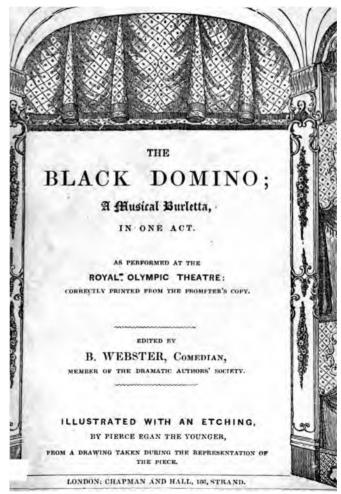
natural; because her mother, her grandmother, and—
Sir H. There—there that will do.
Miss L. I have done. I am a woman of few words, as you know; but, as I have stepped forward, I will just ask one question: May we hope that you will, like myself, forgive their stratagems, and unite with me in bestowing your kind approbation upon the conduct of the Ringdoves.

DISPOSITION OF THE JHARACTERS.

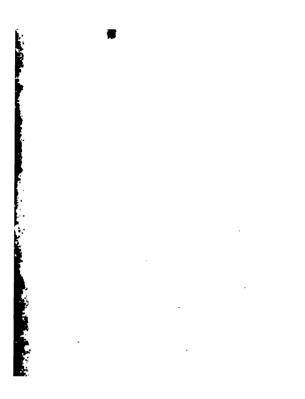
SIR H. MOONT. CECILIA. HARRY. Miss L. 2.

WEBSTER'S STING NATIONAL DRAMA,

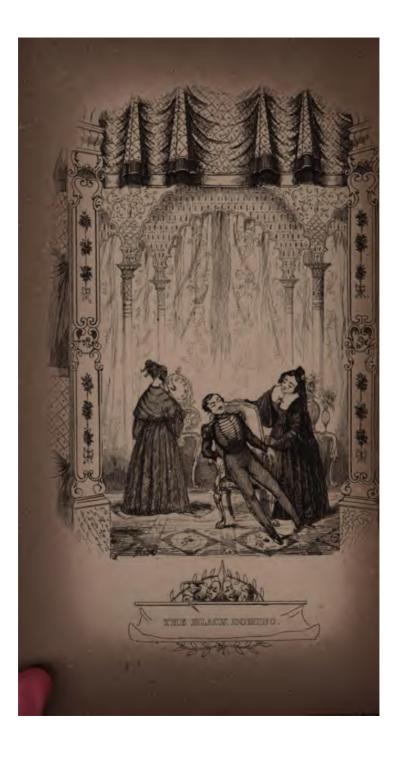
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.



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BLACK DOMINO;

A Musical Burletta,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS,

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

AS PERFORMED AT

MADAME VESTRIS' ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

CRARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND

EXIT, AND EXLATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSON.E.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE REPRESENTATION.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

MDCCCXXXVIII.

Dramatis Personæ and Costume.

First performed, Jan. 18, 1838.

FERNANDO.—Blue military coat, turned up with red, and trimmed with gold lace, crimson trowsers, with a stripe of broad gold lace, cocked hat and feathers MR. J. VINING. MR. SELBY.
JULIO.—Dark blue military coat, turned up with green, and trimmed with gold-lace, green trowsers, with a broad stripe of gold lace, cocked hat
BARON.—Light-blue military coat, turned up with white, and trimmed with gold, white kerseymere breeches, white silk-stockings, shoes, and latchets, cocked hat and feathers
GREGORIO.—Black Spanish suit and cloak, large black hat
ALFONSO.—Court suit MR FIELD.
CAMILLA.—Black silk domino, trimmed with black satin ribbon and lace, black mask, black silk stockings, and satin shoes, black lace mantilla.—Second dress.—Dark crimson skirt, trimmed with black, and a stripe of white, black velvet boddice, trimmed with white and gold buttons, black silk apron, trimmed with lace, light-blue velvet bow on the head.—Third dress.—Novice's costume. —Fourth dress.—White gauze over a white satin slip.
DOROTHEA.—Brown stuff skirt, black velvet Spanish body, and black silk apron, black mantilla, with a red satin rosette, white neckerchief, fixed to the neck by a black lace collar, white hose, and black shoes. Mrs. Macnamara.
ILDEGONDA.—Grey gown, long black veil . Miss Jackson.
OLIVIA.—Light-brown domino, trimmed with blue, mask.—Second d ess—Novice's costume.
TERESA.—A novice Miss Crisp.
OPFICERS.—Spanish uniforms.
LADIES AT THE BALL.—Fancy dresses, dominos and masks.
NOVICES.

Time of representation, one hour and fifteen minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

THE BLACK DOMINO.

SENE I.—An elegant Apartment in the Queen's Palace. Sides closed in. Three Moresque arches, behind which large folding Curtains. A rich old-fashioned Clock, R. H., conspicuous. A Chair, L. H. As the curtain rises, the music of the ball heard. The centre-curtains are opened, and discover a splendidly-illuminated Ball-room. Crowds of dancers, &c.

A BOLERO-after which

Enter FERNANDO and BARON ELSENHEIM, centre. The curtains are closed after them.

Fer. [R.] Well, Baron Elsenheim, what say you to the splendour of her Majesty's masked ball? Are you not dazzled with light? tarilled with music? drunk with beauty? or is your German blood so completely frozen in your veins as to be wholly impervious to the bright sunny rays which are darted upon it from all the sparkling eyes of Madrid?

Baron. [L.] Pshaw! don't talk such nonsense, mein friend Fermando; it is quite clear you never was present at the court balls of Vienna-dere is dignity for you if you please in de tancing. De mechanism of de waltzer is perfect; but here dey make a joke of it, wid deir poleros, vantangos, and gatchuchas. Dere is no

solidity in deir manner.

Fer. Ha! ha! ha! I verily believe you teach dancing in your German universities as a branch of the mathematics: and yet I'd back young Julio de Calatrava in a bolero against a whole college of your waltzing professors.

Baron. Pshaw! I'm sick of de very name of Julio de Calatrava. Julio here, Julio dere, Julio does dis, Julio does dat. I

tink de women is all mad about him.

Fer. To be sure they are. He's a charming lad, and my

Baron. Pshaw! I see noting charming about him.

Fer. But the women do, I tell you; and that's enough.

Baron. Enough to poff him up wid vanity.

Fer. Nay, that I deny. He is so modest and bashful that even I can't make a mauvais sujet of him.

Baron. Dat is saying a great deal, indeed.

Fer. Apropos. After the ball I expect a few friends at my spartments near St. Ildefonso, where we intend to keep it up till day-light. Will you come? A bachelor's abode, you know; but I can promise you a good cigar, punch à discrétion, and a select party of jovial fellows, amongst them the very youth you allude to, my most agreeable friend Julio. So you can make his acquaintance if you like.

A 2

Baron. No. I don't like: I will drink vid you, and I will smoke wid you, wid pleasure; but I will not make acquaintance.

Fer. Why not? Baron. Because I tink-I tink-I will tell you-mein wife-

Fer. Well?

Baron. For two-three days, for week, mein wife talk of noting but Julio de Calatrava: therefore I tink-

Fer. Ha! ha! what, jealous again! Why zounds, man. to my certain knowledge your wife has never even seen him.

Baron. So she says. Perhaps she hasn't, and for dat very reason is dying of curiosity.

Fer. Nonsense! your jealousy blinds you. She might have gratified her curiosity at once, by coming to the ball to-night, had she desired it; but you see she preferred remaining at home.

Baron. Dat is true; she preferred being ill in bed. I appreciate de sacrifice; but I like to keep mein eye open, and den I can see—I can see—Julio de Calatrava coming, so I will leave for de present. De teifel smoder Julio de Calatrava.

[Exit R. H. 1 E.

Enter Julio, centre curtain.

Julio. Who was that who left you, Fernando? My presence seemed to frighten him.

Fer. No other than the Baron Elsenheim, whose lovely young wife you have heard me speak of.

Julio. I thought he looked like a foreigner.

Fer. Yes; though from his near relationship to the Duke D'Alcasada, he is almost a Spaniard. By-the-bye, he is very jealous of you.

Julio. Of me?

Fer. Yes, he fears his wife is too fond of you.

Julio. Why, I don't know the woman even by sight.

Fer. Oh, that's nothing! A jealous husband never reasons, as you will shortly discover, perhaps; for I hear you are about to be married; nay, I am positively informed that the Queen has deigned to select a bride for you herself.

Jul. The Queen! Isabella? why, what can she know of me? I have been only twice presented to her.

Fer. No matter; she took a fancy to you at once, I suppose. Jul. Pshaw! don't be absurd. The Duke de las Galvez certainly did me the honour a year ago to offer me the hand of his daughter.

Fer. Which you of course accepted. My dear fellow, I conratulate you. She's one of the richest heiresses in Madrid, and by all accounts a miracle of beauty. What say you?

Jul. I have never seen her, she is still at her convent.

Fer. How? Your intended wife!

Jul. Nay, nay, Fernando, let me undeceive you. I have refused the proffered alliance.

Fer. Impossible! are you mad?

Jul. You shall judge for yourself, whether my honour will allow me to accept her hand, when my heart is devoted to another.

Fer. Pooh, pooh! transfer your devotion.

Jul. Easily said.

Fer. As easily done. Give up seeing your love for a short time, and-

Jul. My dear Fernando, I never see her at all!

Fer. Then what have you to lose?

Jul. The bliss of thinking of her, of passing the remainder of my life in seeking her, in dwelling on the remembrance of her bewitching smile, the music of her voice-

Fer. Hold, hold. My dear friend Julio, are you in your senses? Will you let the souvenir of some little Parisian coquette interfere with an alliance with the noble house of Las Galvez?

Oh, fie upon you!

Jul. Indeed you are mistaken. 'Twas not in Paris, 'twas here in Madrid, in this very palace, that I first beheld the idol of my soul.

Fer. Here?

Jul. On this same night, last year, at her Majesty's birth-day ball. Imagine to yourself, my dear Fernando-

Fer. I know; a heavenly countenance!

J l. She was masked.

Fer. True.

Jul. But a figure, in spite of the black domino which tried to conceal it-a hand, the dearest little white satin hand that ever was pressed within another—for I did press it.

Fer. Did you, indeed!
Jul. Yes, for once I was bold. Her timidity encouraged me-She seemed as if she had never been at a ball before. Her simple questions, her embarrassment, inspired me with sympathy, and I offered her my arm, led her through the apartments, talked with her, danced with her, heedless of time, till on a sudden another domino approached, and mysteriously whispered, "Midnight." "Already!" said my companion, and instantly started from her seat.

Fer. St. Jago! a second Cinderella!

Jul. In vain I tried to detain her. "Farewell," said she, "farewell. Senor Julio."

Fer. She knew you then?

Jul. Oh yes! I had already told her my name, my family, and expectations; in short, had laid open my whole heart before her.

Fer. And was she equally candid in return?

Jul. No, I had as yet learnt nothing of herself. I was determined however not to lose her thus, and followed her at a distance.

Fer. Good! you improve.

Jul. I saw her with her companion dash into their carriage with such precipitation, that I caught a glimpse of a foot and anclesuch a fairy foot!

Fer. Cinderella.

Jul. In her hurry, by great good-fortune, she dropped—

Fer. Her little glass-slipper?

Jul. No, her mask! and never will time efface the remembrance of that enchanting face, those soft black eyes, that radiant smile! No, her image is engraved upon my heart so deeplyFer. Yes, yes, exactly; but did the triumphal car wait pa-

tiently, while you gazed in costacy upon your goddess?

Jul. Why, to own the truth, I scarcely know how to tell you;

the triumphal car of my goddess was, was-

Fer. Well?

Jul. A hackney-coach.

Fer. A what?

Jul. A hackney-coach.

Fer. Oh bathos! What then, your paragon of perfection turned out, after all, only some smart little milliner in disguise?

Jul. The saints forbid! To be sure, there was something singular in the embarrassment of the two ladies, who seemed consulting as to-now don't laugh,—but fancying, perhaps, they had forgotten-

Fer. Their purse?

Jul. Exactly.

Fer. You offered them yours.

Jul. I did, and instantly took flight, to render refusal inspossible-

For. Ha! ha! ha! Death to the sublime! My dear Julio. upon my life, you must excuse my laughing at this commonplace termination of your brilliant adventure.

Jul. Stay, stay, don't be in a hurry. The day after. I received a small packet, enclosing the sum I had insisted on offering. Fer. An honest little jade, at all events.

Jul. Pshaw! will you wait? In a purse embroidered by her own hand.

Fer. How did you find that out?

Jul. I was certain of it; and in the purse a small strip of paper, containing only two lines—read them if you can, for I have nearly worn them out.

Fer. Signed, "The Black Domino." [Reads.] "At the ball last night, you spoke of a vacant secretary's place in the

embassy_it is yours."

Jul. That evening I was appointed; I, who had not the least chance, the least hope; 'twas inconceivable,-magical! Oh!'I am certain I shall see her again. Fer. Who tells you that?

Jul. A secret something, an instinct; I feel that she is always near me, though invisible to every eye; and I live in constant expectation of -

Fer. A supernatural apparition.

Jul. Why not? we have no Inquisition now; a little superstition may be indulged in with impunity.

Fer. Oh! come, come, this is absurd.

Jul. I know it, but there is something romantic in the notion of good and evil geniuses; I love to fancy her waving her protecting wings around me, and-

Fer. Now. Julio, you are in the clouds, and so I shall leave you. I have a good genius, in the shape of a lovely partner, waving me to the next dance: come, and join us.

Jul. No, I prefer remaining here.

Fer. With your guardian angel?

Jul. Perhaps!

For. Ha! ha! I wish you joy of your invisible innamorata.

Jul. [drawing chair and sitting, L. H.] Ay, laugh at me, I deserve it; and yet I cannot shake off the impression I describe; this night too of all others, the anniversary of our meeting. Here, at this same ball, in this very room, I first beheld the mysterious black domino.

CAMILLA and OLIVIA enter. R. H. 1 E.

Ah! am I deceived?—that figure, that dress!

Cam. You understand—at midnight, in this room; not a moment later, or we are lost.

Oliv. The saints forbid! I shall be punctual.

Jul. 'Tis she!

Cam. Are we alone? Ah! [Puts on her mask.] A listener! Jul. [Closes his eyes and affects to sleep.]

Oliv. [Crosses c.] Nay, fear nothing, he is asleep.

Cam. Are you sure?

Oliv. Certain.

Jul. [Aside, with his eyes shut.] Fast as a church.

Cam. [Taking off her mask and looking at him.] Santa Barbara! 'Tis he.

Oliv. Who?

Cam. Julio.

Oliv. Julio!

Cam. The youth who protected us here last year.

. Oliv. Indeed!

Cam. [c.] What! do you not recognise him? Oliv. No, I did not notice him.

Cam. I should have known him again amongst a thousand.

Jul. [Aside.] Delightful confession!

Oliv. But come, let us join the dancers.

Cam. We had better wait till this dance is over; during the bustle, our entrance will be less remarked.

Oliv. As you please, but we are losing all our time.

Jul. [Aside.] I can't keep asleep much longer.

[Olivia goes up the stage and looks off at the dancers.]

Cam. [Approaching L. H. of chair.] He sleeps, and knows not that I gaze upon him. It is indeed Julio: how my heart beats!

Oliv. What a charming bolero! Cam. Hush! you'll wake him.

Jul. [Aside.] Don't be alarmed, a cannon couldn't do it.

Cam. How soundly he sleeps—would that my slumbers were as peaceful. His lips move-what says he?

Jul. c. [Affecting to dream.] "Thine, ever thine, my unknown love."

Cam. L. [Puts her hand to her heart.] Can it be of me he dreams?

Jul. "Thine, ever thine!"

SONG.

Air-" Une fée, un bon ange."

While repose thus hovers o'er him,
I may gaze on without fear;
Once again I stand before him,
He knows not that I am near.
Ne'er as mine may I proclaim him,
Fate's decree I must fulfil;
But in my prayers I may name him,
And in my dreams may see him still.
Alas! alas! I must not love
No; no, alas! I dare not love.

Cam. I ought not to remain, and yet I cannot tear myself away;
—these flowers—'twill be no crime, at least, to leave him these;
he cannot know from whom they come; and lest we never meet
again [as she is about to place the bouquet near him, Fernando
calls "Julio!" she drops it.]

Cam. Ah! [Rushes from him to her companion Olivia, who

Jul. [Starts up, places the bouquet in his bosom.] Plague on the interruption! Fernando! [Brings him forward, and whispers him.]

Cam! [R. C., who has put on her mask.] How suddenly he woke!

Oliv. R. And quite time too; people don't come to balls to sleep.

Jul. [L. c.] Yes, 'tis she; I die to speak with her. Could you not contrive to get her companion out of the way?

Fer. [L.] Nothing so easy, I'll ask her to dance. [Crosses.

Jul. A thousand thanks.

Fer. Nonsense; you'll do as much for me another time.

[Fer. approaches Camilla.] May I presume, Señorita?—

Jul. [Stopping him,] No, no; the other, the other.

[Cam. crosses R.]

Fer. Oh! with all my heart: one domino is as good as another to me. [To Olivia.] Señorita, you look anxiously towards the ball-room, and I presume are waiting but for an invitation to join the dancers; may I venture to offer you my arm?

[Olivia looks towards Camilla, who signs to her to accept.]

Oliv. I accept it, Senor, with pleasure.

Fer. Come, then. [Exit with Olivia, c. giving a significant glance at Julio, Camilla following]

Jul. [L.] Let me entreat one moment's conversation, Señorita, Cam. [R.] A stranger! what can you want with me, Señor? Jul. Nay, nay; do not affect indifference, you are recognised. Cam. What mean you?

Jul. This bouquet will explain.

Cam. Ah!

Jul. 'Tis your own gift, and I shall wear it next my heart for ever. Cam. You were awake, then?

Jul. I could not get to sleep for the life of me.

Com. I did not give you credit for such ready cunning; I see I must be on my guard.

Jul. If I am guilty, the blame is with yourself. Have you not claded my search for a whole year—mysteriously withdrawn yourself from every living eye? even at this moment, does not that offices mask imply a doubt of my discretion? [Cam. takes off seak.] Ah! 'tis herself! with what correctness my fond memory retained those features!

Cam. Should not honour have commanded you to forget them?

Jul. What mean you?

Cam. Were you not betrothed, a year ago, to a rich young heiress, the only daughter of the Duke de las Galvez?

Jul. Never 1

Cam. Why, I, myself, arranged that alliance for you.

Jul. You, madam! I had been informed, that it was her Majesty's suggestion.

Cam. (smiling.) Indeed!

Jul. At all events, for your sake I rejected it.

Cam. For my sake?

Jul. It is the truth: nay, were further proof required of my perfect freedom, know that the young lady herself has willingly abjured the world, passed her novitiate in the convent of Santa Barbara, and to-morrow, at daybreak, takes the veil.

Cam. Ah! how know you that?

Jul. Her father himself acquainted me of the fact.

Cam. But were she to change her determination and renounce a convent life, there is yet time, and women have been so capricious ere now: how know you that you might not be capricious in your turn?

Jul. Impossible!

Cam. You have seen her then, of course, and dislike her?

Jul. I have never beheld her.

Cam. How! refuse a rich young bride, unseen?

Jul. I think not of her riches. I think but of my own happiness, which is in your keeping; and I here declare, that none on earth, but yourself, shall ever become the bride of Julio de Calatrava.

Cam. Indeed!

Jul. I swear it; you must be mine.

Cam. But who assures you that I can be? how know you that I am free myself?

Jul. Good Heavens! married?

Cam. What if I were?

Jul. I should die of despair.

Cam. Julio ...

Jul. Why have you then so cruelly raised my hopes? why have you come hither?

Cam. To see you for the last time, Julio, and bid you farewell for ever.

[Enter Baron Elsenheim, R. 1 E.]

Cam. [Putting on her mask.] Baron Elsenheim here! Not a word before him for your life. [Crosses L.

Jul. Do you know him?

Cam. Hush! for mercy's sake.

Baron [n] (aside.) Julio de Calatrava again! aha! a tête-à-tête wid one lady in dis retired apartment! [Bows to Cam., sehe appears much confused, and takes Julio's arm.] Vat for ter teifel make de black domino so agitated? [Looks attentively at Cam.] Eh! vat is dis? Mein Gott! dat figure—dat manner. If I was not sure dat de Baroness, mein wife, was fortunately ill in bed, I could swear—

Jul. [c.] What makes him look at you so earnestly?

Cam. [L.] At me ?-I-I don't know.

Jul. [Aside.] How very odd!

Baron. [Aside.] I will proof dis matter. Señora, may I hope for de bleasure of dancing togeter?

Jul. I was just about to make the same request, sir.

Baron. Indeed! den I am de more lucky in making it de first. Jul. But, Sir, I presume you will allow the lady herself to—Cam. [Aside to Julio.] Hush! [Crosses c. and gives her hand to the Baron.]

Baron. [Astonished.] She accept—dat is good. Now, den, I soon discover—

Jul. (Aside to Cam.) I obey, madam; but the next quadrille, I

Cam. [Gives her hand to him in token of consent, puts her

finger to her lip, and exit with Baron, c.]

Jul. She is quite right—silence and discretion—a quarrel might compromise her in some way—and yet she certainly seemed troubled at the sight of the Baron. I'm in a sea of uncertainty; who can she be?

Enter FBRNANDO, C.

Fer. [L.] What! haven't you learnt that yet?

Jul. No, no, no, don't ask me—I'm in despair,—I am never to see her again—to-night she bids me farewell for ever.

Fer. To-night?

Jul. Yes, and the time approaches, for at midnight she departs.

Fer. Are you sure of that?

Jul. I heard her charge her companion strictly to meet her in this room; and when that clock strikes twelve, I see her for the last time.

Fer. Nonsense! my young friend, you are ignorant in these matters,—she gave her orders aloud, of course that you might overhear them, and seek to detain her—let me manage it for you.

Jul. With all my heart.

Fer. First of all, we must separate them—send one away, and keep the other.

Jul. Here comes her companion.

Fer. [pushes the hand of the clock to 12.] I'm prepared for her.

Jul. What are you doing? Fer. Persuading her to go.

Enter OLIVIA, R. H. 1 E.

Oliv. Not here yet? what can have become of her? [Going up c. Fer. Ah, my pretty partner, your twin domino has been anxiously inquiring for you.

Oliv. Indeed!

For. [R.] Yes, she spoke in alarm at your absence, and on casting her eyes on the clock here, she exclaimed-

Oliv. What do I see? 12 o'clock? impossible! can the time have so flown? but the domino you speak of the lady?

Fer. Gone.

Oliv. Gone! what will become of me?

Fer. Flew like an arrow out of the room, and disappeared.

Oliv. She was right, and yet to leave me here alone—

Fer. Can I be of any assistance? Command me.

Oliv. Will you obey?

Fer. I promise.

Oliv. Then allow me free egress from this room, nor seek to follow or observe me. [Fernando bows.] (Aside) The hand is just on 12. I have not a moment to lose; the saints protect me.

Exit L. H. l E. Fer. Ha! ha! ha! now then change sides, and back again. (puts the hand back to 11 o'clock) we're making work for the Court clockmaker; but where is your fair unknown? Jul. The dance is over; I must seek her. [Exit R. H. 1 E.

Enter BARON ELSENHEIM, C.

Baron. [L.] Señor Fernando!

Fer. Why, what's the matter, Baron? you look alarmed.

Baron. Oh, Senor Fernando, mein wife, mein wife!

Fer. Well?

Baron. Is here at de ball.

Fer. Impossible! she is ill in bed.

Baron. Pshaw! I tell you I find her here in tête-à-tête wid dat teifelskin, Julio de Calatrava.

Fer. Oh, you are deceived.

Baron. Pshaw! do I not know mein own wife? do I not know her figure, de turn of her head, her little foot; do I not know de arms of the house of D'Alcasada, emblazoned at de corners of her handkerchief?

Fer. Well, and what then?

Baron. What den! de lady, de Black Domino, have all, I tell you, de head, de foot, de arms, de arms of D'Alcasada, on her handkerchief.

Fer. The devil she had!

Baron. Ya, ter teifel she had-I saw them wid dis very eye, and was about to tear off de mask from her face-

Fer. Folly! what—make the affair public? Baron. Ya, dat was folly—I did not do so.

Fer. Quite right.

Baron. No, I had not time, for she slipped away from mein arm into de crowd, and among a hundred oder black dominos, I could not find her; but it was mein wife.

Fer. (aside) Clear as daylight. My dear Baron, I am sure you are mistaken.

Baron. Well, do me one favour, lend me your carriage, mine will not be here dis two hours-crack, I fly home, and clear up de mistake of mein wife.

Fer. (aside) The devil! how can I save her? Make use of my carriage, by all means, my dear Baron; nay, I will myself accompany you, and lend any assistance in my power.

Baron. Excellent friend! I shall wait deir return, and pounce

Fer. I will get my cloak and follow you.

Baron. I go, I go-Tonder and blitzen! I polverise Julio de Exit L. H. 1 E.

FERNANDO goes towards c. to meet Julio, who enters.

Fer. [L.] Just in time: Julio, you're in a pretty dilemma! you unlucky, or rather you lucky dog.

Jul. [R.] What has happened?

Fer. Happened, indeed! your guardian angel, your invisible beauty, your twelve-months' tormentor—

Jul. Speak, quick! do you know her?

Fer. Is no other than-

Jul. Who? in mercy tell me!

Fer. The lovely Baroness Elsenheim.

Jul. The Baroness! oh, no, no, say not so—it cannot be.

Fer. Oh, you are quite shocked, I dare say. So the bright eves of the lovely Angelina were the stars that-

Jul. Angelina! is that then her name?

Fer. Pretty innocent! does not even know her name.

Jul. A truce to joking.

Fer. Joking! you'll find it no joking matter, for her husband has detected her, and is frantic; but listen to me, and I'll save you yet: conduct the Baroness home, without a moment's delay; in the mean time my coachman shall lose his way, gallop us about, upset us, if necessary, to gain time; you understand, be vigilant, and we succeed. Ha! ha! upon my soul, I can't help laughing, when I think of the waving wings of your protecting genius, ha! ha! ha! Exit L. H. 1 E.

Jul. Death to my hopes! and is it indeed the Baroness? Farewell then to my dream of happiness. The sweet illusion is destroyed, and I must cease to love her; yet hold, I must, at all events, try and save the unhappy woman-she is here. (Enter

Camilla, c.) Fly, fly, madam, all is discovered.

Cam. Discovered!

Jul. Let us begone at once, or you are lost.

Cam. What makes you say so?

Jul Your own agitation, which confirms your friend Fernando's statement.

Cam. Fernando! I know of no one of that name.

Jul. Be persuaded, unhappy Angelina!

Cam. Angelina!

Jul. You see, your name is known.

Cam. Indeed, you are mistaken.

Jul. Ah! could I but believe so—tell me then—what is it?

Cam. Camilla.

Jul. Camilla!—and yet, I repeat, your husband has discovered

Cam. My husband!

Jul. The Baron Elsenheim-

Cam. Baron Elsenheim! my husband! how very amusing-

Jul. Amusing! can you—dare you laugh, Madam?

Cam. Yes, indeed—and not without reason—nay, perhaps you will even join in my merriment, when I assure you, upon my honour, that I am not married.

Jul. Is it possible?

Cam. Nor have I ever been.

Jul. Oh! joy, joy-may I believe this?

Cam. You may: and as a further proof, in spite of the dangers by which you suppose me surrounded, I will quietly remain here with you (looking at the clock) for three quarters of an hour; but not one minute longer.

Jul. I am content—tell me then at once—I implore you, since the time allowed me is so short, who, and what are you?

Cam. Listen.

SONG.

Air-" Ah quelle nuit."

RECITATIVE.

Seek not to know from me
The dangers that surround me; .
A sacred oath has bound me.
My lips I must seal,
I dare not reveal;
A spell is wrought around me.

AIR.

I rove at will,
Through vale, o'er hill,
By lake and mountain rill;
Float o'er the glassy sea,
A spirit free!
Sometimes I fly,
The breeze to try,
Swift through the cloudless sky;
To realms of joy and light,
I wing my flight.
Now midst the moon's bright silver rays,
Now midst the sun's meridian blaze
With eyes undazzled do I gaze;

To me the darkness of the night Appears all brilliancy and light. I rove at will Through vale, o'er hill By lake and mountain rill-Float o'er the glassy sea, A spirit free! On I fly, on I fly! Through the earth, o'er the sky, On I fiv.

Jul. Nav. do not trifle with me. Tell me who you are?

Cam. You ask the only question I cannot answer.

Jul. Indeed! the only one—I waive it—you have sworn to me that you are not, and never have been, married-dare I presume that your heart is wholly disengaged?

Cam. My heart-indeed-

Jul. Let not my question embarrass you-I want no answerbut a proof.

Cam. What is it?

Jul. Accept my hand.

Cam. Julio, listen calmly to the truth; I could not, if I would.

Jul. Heavens! what is there to prevent you?

Cam. An insuperable bar. Jul. Your rank?

Cam. Is equal to your own.

Jul. What obstacle then can exist? oh, disclose the fatal secret-may I not hope?

Cam. No, Julio-my friendship you possess-it shall protect you at a distance, but you see me for the last time. (Gives her hand—he takes it in despair—and is about to press it to his lips when a clock, c. strikes twelve; she snatches her hand from him.) Twelve! and yet this clock points—

Clock strikes, L. H. Jul. Yes, yes, you have still time-Cam. No! no! there again. (Clock strikes, R. H.) Ah! they all strike twelve. What will become of me? where is my companion?

Jul. She is gone; be not angry, I alone am to blame; by an innocent stratagem I sought to prolong my happiness.

Cam. Then I am lost!

Jul. What have I done? confide your secret to my keeping, and if I can repair my fault-

Cam. It is too late. (Going towards L. H.) No I must be gone.

Jul. I will accompany you.

Cam. Impossible.

Jul. Let me at least follow you.

Cam. As you value my friendship, stir not—I entreat, I com-[Puts on her mask, and exit L. H.

Jul. Must I then obey, still remain a prey to all the torments of suspense? No, no, I can bear it no longer, and let what will be the consequence, I follow her. , [Exit L. H.

SCENE II.—FERNANDO'S Apartment, sides closed in, a door at the back R. H., and a large window L. H. looking into the street, two doors, R. H., two doors L. H. A table with wine-glasses, dessert, cigars, &c. A braxiero in the centre of the room. Lights on the table.

Enter DOROTHEA, 1 E. R. H.

Doro. Nearly one o'clock, and no Gregorio yet. The convent gates must be closed by this time: how very imprudent of him! If my master, Señor Fernando, were to discover that the porter of the convent of Santa Barbara were my husband, we should be in a fine scrape! I live in constant fear of detection, through his carelessness; and now, to add to my difficulty, my niece Lucia must take it into her head to come to Madrid in search of a place. Her things are already arrived, and to-morrow she will be here herself. What shall I do with her, in a bachelor's house? as if I hadn't cares enough without having to keep watch over her safety! but. dear, dear, where can Gregorio be? (Goes to the window.) I see nothing of him. Eh! what's that? a figure all in black opposite the window, making signs to me. (Shuts the window in alarm.) I shall die of fright. (A ring at the door.) The saints be praised, there's Gregorio at last.

[Opens the door at the back, Camilla appears in her domino and mask, Dobothea drops on her knees and hides her face.

Doro. [L.] Mercy on me!

Cam. [R.] Cease your alarm (taking off mask); 'tis only a wo-man, and one more frightened than yourself.

Doro. A woman! are you quite sure? where do you come

from?

Cam. From the masked ball, as you see; by an accident, which I have not time to explain, I find myself, a stranger, alone and friendless at this late hour in the streets of Madrid; seeing an open window and a woman's form, I have ventured to ring; may I stay here till morning dawns? 'tis all I ask.

Doro. A very singular story; but if I thought I could rely on

its truth, why-

Cam. How can I convince you? Oh, accept this ring in earnest of my gratitude. Do not refuse me!

Doro. I can refuse you nothing, you have such a winning way with you; so, at any rate until my master returns—

Cam. Your master!

Doro. Yes, don't be alarmed, he's a very nice young gentleman.

Cam. A young gentleman! he must not see me; where is your room?

Doro. That is the door. [Points to the door, R. H.

Cam. There then, I can conceal myself, and remain free from intrusion.

Doro. No, no, Senorita. (Aside.) What am I to do with Gregorio when he comes? You will not be safe; my master

brings with him a party of gay friends, who will turn the very house topsy-turvy, and will discover you in a moment.

Cam. Mercy on me! What will become of me?-must I then

again venture forth alone?

(Goes towards the door; bell rings violently.)

Doro. 'Tis too late—that must be my master and his friends.

Cam. What is to become of me? this domino will at once excite their curiosity; stay, why not lock me into your room—have

you a key?

Doro. Why, yes, to be sure I have a key. (Asiae) But my husband has another. Stay, a thought strikes me: you shall be my niece.

Cam. Eh! What mean you?

Doro. (Opens door, and points in m. 1 m.) Put on one of the dresses you will find in the large scarlet bag yonder, as quickly as possible, and then you may evade detection; though I fear those sparkling eyes can never escape observation.]

Cam. A thousand thanks!

Doro. Remember, you are a servant-girl—your name's Lucia—you come from Arragon, in search of a place in Madrid, and I am your old aunt, Dorothea.

Cam. I'll not forget.

[The bell rings again.

Doro. In with you, and be quick!

Cam. Yes, but come and assist me to dress: blessings on you for your kindness, and now, Santa Barbara, protect me.

[Exit, R. H. D., 1 E.

(Bell rings again.)

Doro. What excuse shall I make for keeping the gentlemen so long? (Opens the door, in flat R. H. Gregorio enters tipsy.) Gregorio, I declare!

Greg. Dorothea!

Doro. Upon my word, a very prudent way of ringing! and where have you been all this time?

Greg. My darling Dorothea, don't be angry: I am a little late, I know, but it's all owing to my prudence.

Doro. Your prudence, indeed !

Greg. Yes. After I locked the convent gates, I thought it prudent to wait a little till all were asleep, so I took just one flask of wine.

Doro. I understand-you have been tippling, as usual.

Greg. Don't call it tippling—I'm the only man belonging to the convent. I can't talk—there's nobody to talk to—I mustn't sing, and I can't read; so there's nothing left me but a glass of companionable wine now-and-then, to enliven my solitude.

Doro. So, while I was fretting here at your delay, you were

quietly enjoying your companionable glass, as you call it?

Greg. It was prudence, my angel: the nuns were so long going to sleep—but all's safe now.

Doro. So much the better: for, as you must go back again im-

mediately, they'll not hear you arrive.

Greg. Go back again!

Doro. Yes: I expect my master and his friends from the ball—they mustn't see you here.

Greg. I'll not go back in the rain, again, without my supper,

for all the masters in the world: so, here I remain.

[Going towards the door, R. H. l E.

Doro. (Seizing him by the hand.) Stay! you can't go in. Greg. Why not? (Looks at her hand, and sees the ring.)

Greg. Why not? (Looks at her hand, and sees the ring.) Eh! what's this? (Taking it off, and putting it on his own fager.) How came you by this fine ring?

Doro. Never mind, now.

Greg. But, I say, I will know.

Doro. (aside.) Dear, dear, this tipsy fit of his will ruin us. Listen, [Gregorio, I'll tell you all about the ring by-and-bye: and since you are determined to remain, go, for the present, into the kitchen; and, when my master rises from table, we will set out our little supper, by the side of a good fire in my room.

Greg. That will do: but won't they come in, and catch us?-

I'm all for prudence.

Doro. No, no: I will keep the door locked.

Greg. Locked! how can I get in, then?

Doro. Have you not your key?

Greg. Oh, yes, to be sure: I forgot that.

[A ring at the bell.

Doro. There, there—(gives him a lamp)—quick! to the kitchen, and don't open your mouth.

Greg. Till supper's ready: don't be afraid, I'm very prudent; so, in case my mouth should happen to open, I have taken care to provide something here to stop it. [Shows flask, and exit, u.

D., L. H.

DOROTHEA opens door, R. H. Enter FERNANDO, ALFONSO, and friends. DOROTHEA goes into her room, R. H.

Fer. Now, gentlemen, you will find cigars on the table to amuse you—

[Execunt, all but three, L. 1 E.

CHORUS.

Air-" Reveillons l' Humen."

Wine! truth is in wine, Fill up the liquor divine. We'll drink and we'll smoke We'll laugh and we'll joke, And all thought of sorrow resign.

Alf. When in wine we have drown'd all our woes,

The pipe balmy slumber bestows;
Then fill up each glass,

Let the wine gaily pass

While the pipe lulls us into repose.

Chorus. Wine, &c. &c.

Dorothea, where are you?—(Opens door, R. H., to call her, and starts back amazed at the entrance of Camilla, aressed as a peasant, who is pushed in by DOROTHEA.)

CHORUS.

Air...." D'eù venez-veue, ma chére?"

Che. Who, are you, maiden, tell us?

Cam. Lucia is my name.

Che. Whence came you, maiden, tell us?

Cam. From Aragon I came.

Che. Then welcome, maiden, welcome!

We are glad to see you here.

Cam. Oh, thank you kindly, thank you...

I have nothing now to fear.

My aunt, I shall here be much nearer:

'Twill be a great pleasure to stay,

And there's only one pleasure dearer,

(Aside)...The pleasure of getting away.

Dore. My niece, Señor.

Cam. I'm terrified to death.

For. And so, my pretty Lucia, you are in search of a place here in Madrid?

Com. Yes, Senor.

For. Then you need seek no further; you shall commence service at once, in this very house.

Com. Oh, thank you, Senor; how happy I shall be-(seids)

-to get out of it.

Affin. Well said, Fernando, we approve your choice.—(Affine vancing towards CAMILLA; DOROTHEA places herself between them.)

Doro. There, there, we need say no more; come to work.

Fer. Ay, true; where's the wine?

Doro. Directly, Senor; I would not bring it up till you ar-

rived. Come, Lucia, we must go into the cellar.

Cam. The cellar! [Exit, with DOROTHEA at door, U. E., R. H. Fer. Upon my life, a pretty little wench; how fortunate for her to meet at once with a nice quiet, well-regulated house, like mine! (A ring at the bell.) Ah! that must be Julio. (Runs and opens the door. Enter Julio.) Here you are, at last; I've been longing to see you.

[Guests group themselves about the room, smoking, &c.

Jul. [L.] Well!

For. [a.] Capitally managed. I trembled as we entered the house.

Jul. But you found out your error.

Fer. Yes: I can't think how you got her home so soon. The Baron found her fast asleep.

Jul. He was deceived.

Fer. Of course, I know that; she only pretended.

Jul. But no, my dear friend, I tell you it was not her at all'; and to prove it to you, she remained quietly at the ball with me, till the clock struck twelve.

Fer. Nonsense!

A Secretary of the second

Jul. 'Tis the strict truth. When she found herself deceived as to the hour, her agitation became dreadful—she flew down the staircase—I followed her to the palace gates, and as I seized her hand, to detain her, this rich bracelet fell from her arm. I stooped for a moment to pick it up, and she was gone.

For. How very singular! From its beauty, as well as its costliness, this must evidently belong to some lady of rank. I wonder if Alfonso can tell us. He is one of the court jewellers, and perhaps may throw some light upon the matter. Alfonso, Julio has a question to ask you.

[Alfonso, down L. H.]

Jul. (Taking him aside) Senor Alfonso, do you happen to

know this bracelet?

Alfon. Unquestionably. I was present when it was purchased.

Jul. Indeed! may I ask by whom?

Alfon. Certainly: by her Majesty.

Jul. The Queen!

Alfon. The Queen.

Jul. (Aside.) Good Heavens! Isabella?

Fer. [R.] Well, any news?

Jul. (Aside to Alfonso) Silence! (To Fernando.) No, he knows nothing of it. (Fer. and Alf. retire).—(Aside) The Queen! impossible! absurd! and yet, did not Fernando say her Majesty had desired my marriage with the daughter of the Duke de Las Galvez? And did not Camilla tell me, that she had arranged it? How very strange—Not married, and yet not free! Could the insuperable bar she spoke of, be the sacred grandeur of her position? (At this moment Camilla enters from the cellar with a basket of wine and a small lamp, Dorothea following. Julio turns and sees Camilla.)

Cam. Julio here!

Jul. Why surely—Oh, this is worse than all.

Fer. [R.] You've found out my pretty little servant already, have you, you rogue?

Jul. [L.] Your servant! Is she really your servant?

Fer. Yes, the niece of my old housekeeper.

Jul. You mean to say, that you positively know her to be so?

Fer. Know her to be so! to be sure I do, and so do all my friends here. Why, what is there so astonishing in it?

Jul. May I ask her name?

Fer. Her name is Lucia-but what can it signify to you?

Jul. (Aside) Lucia! Oh, nothing, nothing, only—tell me you know the features of the Queen intimately. I have only seen her twice, and did not much notice her—but don't you think that little girl remarkably like her?

Fer. Like the Queen? not an atom.

Jul. Are you quite sure?

Fer. Positive! What an odd fancy!

Jul. Well, I declare, I thought I saw a something. (Crosses R.) (Aside.) Oh! I certainly am going raving mad!

(Cam. assists Dorother to bring forward table, &c.)

Fer. But where can the Baron be? sighing, I suppose, under the window of some cruel beauty.

Jul. What! the jealous Baron Elsenheim?

Fer. Oh! his jealousy is only pride in disguise; a common complaint. He is the Don Juan of the green-room, I can tell you -but come, we'll not wait for him, we'll sit down at once.

(All sit-Camilla and Dorothea waiting-Julio lost in amazement at CAMILLA, who affects not to notice him.)

Fill your glasses-(Camilla pours out wine for Julio.) Here's to Julio, and his fair unknown! (They drink.)

Jul. Fernando! I implore you -All. Julio, and his fair unknown!

Alfon. Come, Julio, tell us all about the lady.

Fer. Let me tell you the romance.

Jul. Fernando, not another word, I insist.

Fer. Why, what are you afraid of, man? she is not by to hear us. Jul. Perhaps not, but I have already told you that I fancy her every where at my side; that, visible, or invisible, I look upon her as my protecting genius! Nay, at this very moment, my heart tells me that she is present-

Cam. (Drops a glass out of her hand, which breaks.) Mercy on

me, it's broken.

Fer. Well done-my bachelor's stock of glass seems rather in jeopardy.

Doro. You clumsy girl, you!

Fer. Nay, nay, I won't have her scolded.

Cam. Besides, I can pay for it out of my wages.

Doro. You deserve it.

Fer. So she does; but as I am an indulgent master, I'll forgive her, on one condition.

Cam. And what is that, Senor?

Fer. That you sing us one of your national songs.

Guests. A good thought; a song of Aragon.

Doro. (Aside) Do you know any? Cam. I'll try, and get through one.

ARAGONAISE.

Air,-" La belle Inès fait florès."

Hark! from afar The guitar, The gay castanet! To the dance They advance-What a merry set! Fair Isabel Sings so well, Ay! and dances too-All the beaux, Where'er she goes, Try her heart to woo. First comes a muleteer, Then a farmer draweth near; Next comes an alguaril: Isabel refuses still. Tra la la, tra la la. What! she refuses still! Tra la la, tra la la. Even an alguazil! Tra la la, tra la la. What would she wish for more? Tra la la, tra la la. Perhaps a corregidor? No. she loves him no more---Fair Isabel Sings so well, Ay! and dances too-All the beaux, Where'er she goes, Try her heart to woo. But she prefers to all the rest The lover who dances the best.

Fer. Well done! you have overpaid the broken glass.—And now, Dorothea, carry the candles (all rise) into the next room. Are the tables set out? the dice in order?

Doro. They are prepared.

(Takes two of the candles, and exit L. H. 1 E.)

Jul. It cannot surely be; and yet that face, that form!

Fer. I can't resist any longer; I must be the first to have

a kiss.

Cam. Senor! (aside) I shall die.

Fer. A kiss, I say.

Guests. Ay, ay, a kiss (approaching with Fernando).
Cam. (Rushing in Julio's arms.) Save me! save me!
Jul. (Aside). 'Tis she, I cannot be mistaken.

Enter DOROTHEA, L. H.

Doro. What do I see! pretty doings, indeed. Come here, Lucia, this moment. The tables are ready, gentlemen.

Fer. Come then, to arms; exchange the bottle for the dicebox. Allons. [Exeunt L. 1 E.

Doro. They are gone; your danger is over.

Cam. Mercy on me! what a scene!

Doro. I must now go to my kitchen for a short time. But you have nothing to fear: when once they get to cards, they are safe till daylight.—(Aside) Poor Gregorio must be getting impatient for his supper.

[Exil U. E. L. H.

1 E. L. Re-enter Julio, cautiously.

Jul. Madam, may I venture to ask you . . .

Cam. For a glass of wine, Senor?

Jul. No, no, it is not possible!

Cam. Oh, I beg pardon, I thought you were asking for one.
Jul. Am I to believe that you really are . . .

THE BLACK DOMINO.

1. Lucia, niece of Senor Fernando's housekeeper, at your

vou are recognised. I knew you at once.

Cam. I don't understand you, Senor; so with your permission, I will go to my aunt (Julio takes her hand). Nay, Senor, let go my hand.

Jul. Did you not just now take refuge in my arms, from the

rudeness of my companions?

Cam. I did, because I thought you seemed to have more politeness than the rest. I fear I judged too hastily.

Jul. Fear nothing, Camilla, for it must be yourself.

Cam. Camilla! La, Senor, what a bad memory you must have!

I told you my name was Lucia,

Jul. Well then, Lucia, since you will have it so, let me detain this little hand for a few moments, while I gaze upon you, and fancy you that mysterious being. Let me tell you, for I feel less embarrassed in your presence, that for her I die; she is in my sole thought, sleeping and waking, my idol (Takes her round the waist—she escapes from him).

Cam. Gently, gently, Senor, if you please.

Jul. Fear nothing; 'tis not yourself I am addressing, it is Camilla.

Cam. Yes, but it is becoming rather too difficult for me to draw the distinction.

Jul. Oh, that smile cannot belong to another. Torment me no longer, or I swear—(Seizes her again. A knocking at the door).

Baron. (outside). Don't be frightened, open de door; it is de Baron Elsenheim.

Cam. Heavens! the Baron!

Jul. Ah! this alarm at once betrays you.

Cam. Do not admit him, for your life; if he sees me, I am lost.

Jul. Have you then deceived me? are you the Baroness Angelina?

Cam. Julio, this doubt is unworthy of you.

Jul. Pardon my weakness, I am bewildered: he shall not discover you; I will myself conduct you safely from this place; but you must repose confidence in me.

Cam. I will, I will.

Jul. You must inform me who you are.

Cam: I promise it.

Jul. Enough, wait in this room (Opens the door of Dorothea's room B. H. I E.) I will defend all entrance to it with my life (Julio takes her hand). Remember your promise.

Cam. Conduct me hence, and I will keep my word.—(Knock.)
Jul. As soon as I can get the Baron out of the way, I will
return, and set you free.—(Bell rings violently).

Cam. (Shutting the door quickly). Silence!

(Jul. Double-locks the door, and puts the key in his pocket).

FERNANDO enters L. H.

She is safe.

Fer. Is there no one to open the door? Julio, you here? Jul. 'Tis the Baron's voice.

(FERNANDO opens the door; the Baron enters.)

Baron. I'm afraid I am rather late; Julio de Calatrava again! Fer. Why, where can you have been all this time?

Beron. Oh, mein friend Fernando, dis night bring me ill luck;

ven I had satisfy my mind dat mein wife was safe, I thought I might just as well look in, en passant, on mein little friend Rosalia. You know Rosalia?

Fer. What! the pretty opera dancer? Ay, I'm told you're a great admirer of the bolero, Baron?

Baron. Yes, yes; well, ven I got dere, I discover dat, in spite of my strict injunctions, she deceive me, and go to de mask'd ball without my consent.

Jul. What do I hear! (Looking towards the door, R. H.)

Fer. Ha, ha, ha! is that all?

Baron. No, not all; for I fly into a passion.

Fer. Well, that didn't cost you much.

Baron. I break everything I find.

Fer. The devil! that may cost you a good deal; as of course you'll have to replace everything in the morning; never mind, there is wealth enough in this to repair a greater loss. (Gives him Sice box.) You will find some merry fellows within, ready for you. Baron. You are right; dis is de only philosopher's stone.

[Exit, L. H. Come, Julio; why, what's the Fer. We will follow you. matter, man? you are not ill?

Jul. No, no; I am coming.—(Aside.) Rosalia! should it be so, my revenge-Pshaw, I'm mad, and yet-Fernando, one word.

Fer. What is it?

Jul. Do you know this Rosalia of whom the Baron spoke?

Fer. Intimately.
Jul. Well, don't you think your little servant here is rather like her?

Fer. Lucia? Why, what on earth possesses you to-night, Julio, with your likenesses? Just now it was the Queen, and now an opera dancer, and no more like either than-

Jul. Ha, ha! very true; I'm dreaming, I believe: I've lost

Fer. You had much better come, and lose your money. Allons. (Takes the candle from table, and exit with Julio, L. H. Stage dark.)

Enter GREGORIO, L. H. U. E., with Basket of Provisions and a Lamp.

Greg. All's silent at last; so there's some chance of my supper. I should have died of hunger, if I had not prudently provided that flask to stay my appetite. I wish the room didn't turn so, it makes me giddy. That's the door: I'll wait here till it comes round to me; let's see where is the key. (Takes out bundle of keys.) No, that's the convent-bunch; here it is; why, the door's still there; never mind, I suppose I can walk. What a small keyhole! (Takes his lamp to look at it-opens the door, and is about to enter, when CAMILLA appears before him in her domino and mask-both start, he drops on his knees.) The devil!

Cam. (Aside.) Not Julio! Ah! what do I see, Gregorio, and tipsy too? his cowardice may assist me.—(Solemnly) Gregorio!

Greg. He knows my name.

Cam. Porter of the convent of Santa Barbara!

Greg. That's me.

Cam. Gardener, rogue, drunkard!

Greg. That's me.

Cam. Instantly deliver up those holy keys from your vile keeping, or on your devoted head-

Greg. I'd rather not hear any more. (Gives them.)

Cam. Begone. (Motions him to rise, and enter the room; he tremblingly obeys.)

Greg. Give me my lamp.

Cam. Begone!

Greg. But it's all dark.

[Camilla shuts the door, locks it, and takes the key-at the same moment DOROTHEA enters, L. H. U. E.

Doro. Gregorio!

Com. Silence! take back your key; the moment is critical; accompany me without a word, and I will reward you amply for your protection.

Doro. Yes, but where?

Cam. Hush! some one comes; quick! or we shall be too late. [Extinguishes the lamp_stage dark-enter Julio, L. H. -Fernando and others following, all on tiptoe.

Jul. (aside.) Now, then, to deliver my pretty little prisoner. Fer. (aside to the others.) Gently! make no noise; who brings the light?

Baron. Alfonso.

Fer. Good!

Jul. (opens the door.) You may safely venture out; they are all engaged at play, and suspect nothing.

Fer. (aside.) Indeed!

Greg. Is that you, my dear? (aside.) It must be Dorothea. Jul. My dear! do I hear rightly. (Advances, and as he takes GREGORIO'S hand, FERNANDO gives the signal for ALFONSO to enter, with a branch candlestick.)

All. A man!

Jul. Confusion! (Takes candle from ALF., and rushes into room, R. H.)

Greg. I'm a murdered porter.

Fer. What does this mean?

Re-enter Julio.

Jul. Gone, gone ! she has again escaped me.

Fer. Who has escaped you?

Jul. My mysterious, fascinating sylph, angel or devil! at once the charm and the torment of my existence.

Fer. What! your unknown fair one?

Jul. The same. I saw her here this moment; but she shall not escape my search. (Seizes Gregorio, and drags him forward.) Speak, knave! where is she?

Greq. Who? I'm innocent; I know nothing.

Jul. Where is the female, whom I left in that room but now? Greg. I cannot tell. I was busy drinking. Good Senor. Puts up his hands in supplication.

Jul. Ah! what do I see? wretch! how came you by that ring? -(Aside to Fer.) I saw it on her finger this very night.

Greg. This ring? it was given me by-

Jul. By whom? do you know her?

Greg. To be sure I do; known her this twenty years.

Jul. Oh joyous news! quick then, her name: Camilla? Isabella? Angelina? Rosalia? Lucia? which is it, what is it? speak.

Greg. Her name is-

Jul. Well?

Greg. Dorothea.

All. Dorothea!

Jul. And who is she?

Greg. (Aside.) The secret's discovered; must I tell?

Jul. This instant!

Greg. (Aside.) I'm a dead man—well then she's—Jul. Who?

Greg. My wife!
Jul. Your wife? Distraction! (Rushes out.)

All. (Laugh.) His wife, ha, ha! poor Julio! Scene closes.

SCENE III.—Convent Garden, projecting wing of building, with door in it, R. H. Small garden door, L. C. in flat, with lock and key.

Enter OLIVIA, L. H., in the dress of a novice.

Oliv. What will become of us? The day is breaking fast, and in an hour's time the whole court will be here to witness the ceremony of taking the veil, and she not here! Where can she be? At midnight, the convent gates were locked, and will not be reopened till after matins. I have still the key of the garden door by which we went out. (Unlocks and opens the door and listens.) Not even the rustling of a leaf. A pretty outcry there will be ! It is lucky she has not yet taken the veil, or her very life might be in danger. (Locks door.) Ah! who comes here?—one of the novices; sister Teresa, I declare. What shall I say?

Enter Teresa from door, R. H.

Ter. Good morrow, sister Olivia.

Oliv. Good morrow, sister Teresa, you are early.

Ter. Like yourself. Where is sister Camille?
Offic. [Aside.] Morey on me, can she suspect her absenced =

Oliv. [Aside.] Mercy on me, can she suspect her absence? Sister Camilla!

Ter. I must see her instantly. (Going, s.)

Oliv. [Stopping her.] Impossible.

Ter. Is she not in her cell?

Oliv. You know she was excused from vespers yesterday, on account of illness, like myself; and must not be disturbed, at least until the hour appointed for the ceremony.

Tw. But I have news for her. Her uncle, the Duke D'Alesseds, is no more, and she becomes heiress to one of the finest

fortunes in Madrid.

Oliv. A great subject for congratulation truly, when she is about

to take the vow of eternal poverty!

Tor. No matter, it is necessary I should see her; here is a letter for her, brought last night; the royal arms are on the seal; so sister, with your permission—[Going—a topping is heard at the garden-door.] Who can be knocking thus early at the garden-door?

Oliv. Knocking? [Aside.] Should it be Camilla!

Ter. You have the key.

Oliv. I?

Ter. I saw you take it down yesterday from among the others. Come, bring it quick.

Oliv. For what?

Ter. To see, of course, who is at the door.

Oliv. [Aside.] How curious she is !—I have not the key,

sister; I put it in its place again.

Ter. Then I will fetch it; for know I will, who it is that knocks at this strange hour; there's some mystery here, or I am much mistaken.

[Exit door R. H.

Oliv. There is, [taking out the key,] but you shall not discover it. [Runs to the door and opens it.] In, in! lose not a moment. [Shute Cam. out again quickly, and withdraws the key.] No, no, not yet. [Teresa returns.] Well, sister, have you found it?

Ter. [Aside.] She's confused! No, sister, for as you know where it is better than myself, 'twould be as well that you should fetch it.

Oliv. With all my heart. [Aside.] How provoking!

Ter. [Aside.] I'll not leave her, I am determined. Come, we'll go together, dear sister Olivia.

Oliv. I follow you, dear sister Teresa. [Excunt R. H.

Enter Camilla, pale and exhausted, through the garden.gate, the bunch of keys in her hand.

Cam. I am saved, though nearly worn out with agitation and fatigue. Had not Dorothea supported me to the gate, my courage must have failed me. How to let Olivia know? Ah, here comes Ildegonda, our attendant nun.

Enter ILDEGONDA, L. H.

Ild. Oh, Senorita, Senorita, what have we not suffered no

your account! Poor Olivia has been half distracted. But how did you pass the gates?

Cam. (Shows the bunch of keys.) Look!

Ild. What! did Gregorio-?

Cam. Hush! let us lose no time; you shall know all presently. Take these, and let, him in when he returns. I have sent him word that you will do so.

Id. What, is Gregorio out?

Cam. Silence! I must to my cell, or I may yet be discovered.
Came, and I will tell you all about it.

[Exeunt, R.
Refectory bell ringe. Enter Novices L. H. 1 E. hurriedly.

CHORUS.

Air—"Les cloches argentines."
Come, come, the bell has rung,
So, sisters, let's go in;
The bell has rung
The matins too are sung
So, sisters, let's go in.

[Exeunt R. H.

SCENE IV.—Spacious Cortile in the Convent. Through the arches, a view of the Manganares. Entrance gutes up steps, L. H. 2 E. Folding doors opening into Chapel at the back. Door to the Refectory, R. U. E.

Enter Teresa, Olivia, and Ildegonda. L. H.

Ter. Well, Ildegonda, will not sister Camilla join us in the refectory? The bell has rung.

Ild. By the licence she still can claim as a novice, she takes

refreshment in her own room.

Oliv. Poor thing! her privileges will soon cease. How I pity her. Thank the saints! my term of suffering is nearly at an end, and in another month I shall take the vow myself.

Ter. You take the vow?

Oliv. Yes! to love, honour, and obey my husband!

Ter. For shame, sister Olivia; I cannot listen to you. Ildegonda, take this letter to sister Camilla. 'Tis of importance. Come. let us to the refectory.

Oliv. I follow you.

[Exeunt at v. R. H.

A knock at the gates L. H.

Ild. That must be Gregorio. (Opens it. Enter Julio.) A

Jul. What excuse shall I make for my entrance! Ah, I have it—The daughter of the Duke de Las Galvez takes the veil to-day?

Ild. She does, Senor.

Jul. Let your superior know that I have her father's sanction to demand the honour of a last interview.

Ild. Your name, Senor?
Jul. Julio de Calatrava.

Ild. Indeed! I will deliver your message. [Aside.] Before I go to the superior, I must acquaint sister Camilla with this visit.

Exit R. H.

Jul. So then, thanks to my lucky meeting with Dorothea, who directed me hither, I have at last traced my flitting fair one to her hiding-place. But now I am here, hang me if I know how to set about unravelling the mystery! The interview I have requested with the heiress of Las Galvez will, of course, be refused; at the very moment she is about to take the veil, a tête-à-tête of the sort is out of the question; so far I am safe, and shall gain time, at all events, by the pretence; the rest I leave to fortune. Ah! the nun returned so soon! Death to my hopes—

Enter ILDEGONDA, R.

Ild. Senor, the interview you desire cannot be granted—
Jul. [Aside.] I should have been very sorry if it could—
Ild. Except in my presence. Approach, sister. [Enter CaMILLA, in the dress of a novice, her veil concealing her face.]
Jul. [Aside.] The deuce! what an unexpected blow!

Ild. Senor, ten minutes only are allowed, to take your last
farewell:

Jul. [Aside.] Here's a pretty situation! what on earth can I say to her?—

Cam. [Aside to Ild.] Keep watch, Ildegonda— Ild. Never fear me; but you forget your letter— Cam. I'll read it presently—

[ILDEGONDA retires to the back.]

Jul. [Aside.] I must make the best of it—I know not how to excuse my intrusion upon your attention at such a moment; but I felt that an explanation at least was due from me regarding—

Cam. You are mistaken, Senor Julio; I require it not. Jul. What do I hear! does her sweet voice haunt me every-

where, or do I really-

Cam. The time has arrived when the past must be forgotten,

with all its blighted hopes-its wounded vanities.

Jul. Yet hear me—the resentment of the Duke of Las Galvez naturally followed my refusal of an alliance with his house; and your own pride was doubtless hurt at my rejection of your hand—for you had not then decided on a cloistered life—but, alas! you did not know how much at variance with my own anxious wish, was that refusal—

Cam. (aside) What do I hear?

Jul. Had I been my own master, unbiassed, uncontrolled, I had joyfully accepted the proffered happiness.

Cam. Indeed! (aside) he has deceived me then. You were

forced to this refusal?

Jul. Be not offended at the truth; against my wish, my reason, my conviction—I loved another.

Cam. (aside) I breathe again.

Jul. Yes, a stranger—an unknown, mysterious being, from whose fascinations I could not, cannot escape. Nor would I, if I could—I see her, hear her, everywhere.

Cam. Can I believe you, Julio?

Jul. There, there, your own voice is hers—speak to me again in pity; remove that veil, and let me gaze upon those features.

Ild. Senor, the ten minutes are expired.—(Aside to CAMILLA)

They come! take your letter, and begone.

Jul. (as CAMILLA is going) As a last boon, let me once look apon you, ere you depart. [CAMILLA removes her veil.

Jul. Camilla!

Cam. Julio, farewell for ever. [Exit with ILD. R. H.

Jul. Am I the dupe of some maddening delusion, the sport of some malignant demon, or is my misery real? The heiress of Las Galvez is then my own Camilla, and I have blindly rejected her, for whom alone I live. But no! she must, she shall be mine.

[Chorus of Nuns heard.

CHORUS.

Air,-" Mes chères sœurs."

Sisters, rejoice!
Rejoice!
With heart and voice
Applaud her choice.
Rejoice
With heart and voice.

Jul. It is too late.

(The doors of the chapel are opened, enter FERNANDO and BARON.)

Bar. Julio de Calatrava again!

Fer. Oh, you are here, Julio; come, the ceremony has commenced, you'll be too late—the victim is already at the altar.

Jul. Is all my happiness then destroyed for ever? Say! is it indeed she?

Baron. The beautiful daughter of the Duke-

Jul. De las Galvez!

Fer. Exactly! your rejected bride.

Jul. Camilla!

Baron. Camilla!

Fer. Pshaw, man, still raving?

Jul. I tell you it is she. I have seen her here but now, and bade her farewell for ever.

Fer. Who?

Jul. Camilla, the daughter of Las Galvez.

Fer. Julio, I give you up; you certainly are mad; why, man, the name of the heiress of Las Galvez is——

Jul. What?

Fer. Ursula!

Jul. Ursula? distraction! this is the acme of my despair-my

head will bear no more—will my terments never end?—who can this tempter be?—Camilla, Isabella, Angelina, Rosslia, Lucia, Dorothea, Ursula, servant or Queen, Baroness or housekeeper, nun or opera-dancer, angel or demon, what are you?

Enter Camilla, R. in a simple dress of white mustin, orosses to Julio.

Cam. A woman!
Jul. Ursula!
Cam. No!
Per. Lucia!
Cam. No!
Jul. (Losbing at Baron) Angelina!
Baren. No!
Jul. Camilla!

Cass. Yes, Camilla D'Alcasada! did I not tell you so, Julio? You doubted my truth, and you have been amply punished.

Baron. [11.] Vat does dis mean? Camilla too, know Julio de Calatrava! Ter teifel—de very convents are not secure from him.

Cam. My dear cousin Elsenheim, my fears are now at an end, and I may own the truth. Our relation, the old Duke D'Alessada, is no more, and his enormous wealth descends to me. This welcome letter from her Majesty, my kind, protectress and friend announces the good news, accompanied by her commands, that I at once quit this convent and repair to Court.

Jul. Can it be possible?

Baron. What! not take de veil, after a whole year's noviciate? Cam. It is the year's noviciate that makes me rejoice in my emancipation. Believe me, my dear Baron, your mad little cousin was never born for a convent life. Twice have I eluded the vigilance of my starch guardians, thanks to their drunken porter, and last night joined, as I believed, for the last time, in the gaieties of the Court.

Baron. What! you dared to quit the sacred precincts?

Cam. Are you shocked! take my handkerchief to hide your face.

Baron. Eh! de arms of D'Alcasada! was it den you, who...?

Jul. Angelina!

Baron. Julio, give me your hand; I apologise to you for my suspicions—

Jul. Well, but Lucia?

Fer. Julio, give me your hand, I congratulate you on your good fortune—

Jul. Well, but Ursula!

Cam. Julio, give me your hand, if you can forgive me the torments I have occasioned you?

Jul. Forgive you? on one condition.

Cam. Name it.

Jul. That you give me yours for life.

Cam. Take it; last night's adventure will serve you to laugh at hereafter, and let your future confidence in me atone for your past distrust.

Jul. Rely on me: henceforth, I will doubt even the evidence of my own senses.

Baron. I will do the same—dat is vay to be happy husband. Fer. But hark! I hear the nuns rejoicing at the reception of their new sister.

Cam. And let us hope that her joy at entering the cloister may be as sincere as mine at quitting it.

[Gates of the Chapel are thrown open. Nuns appear, Novices advance B., and crowd through gate L.

FINALE.

Air-" Au réfectoire, à la prière,

Cam. Joy shall shed its lustre o'er us Loudly let us join their chorus. Here no longer will I stay Pleasure beckons me away. And let us hope while we rejoice We may hear no discordant voice. Chorus. Joy shall shed, &c. &c.

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.

NOVICES.

GENTLEMEN AND OFFICERS.

BARON.

CAMILLA.

JULIO. FERNANDO.

R.

L.

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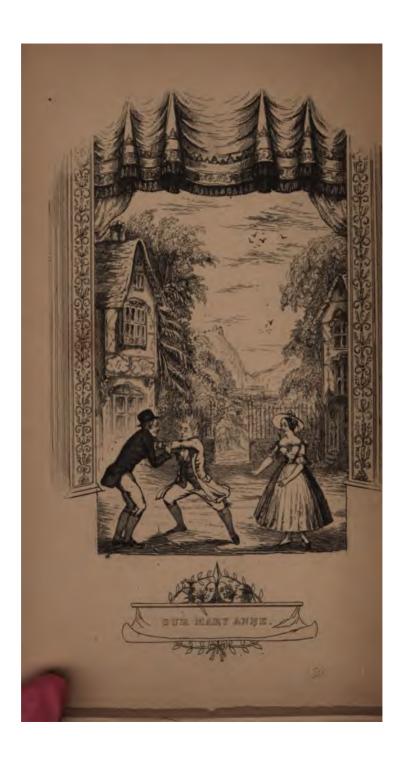
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In One Act.

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AS PERFORMED AT THE

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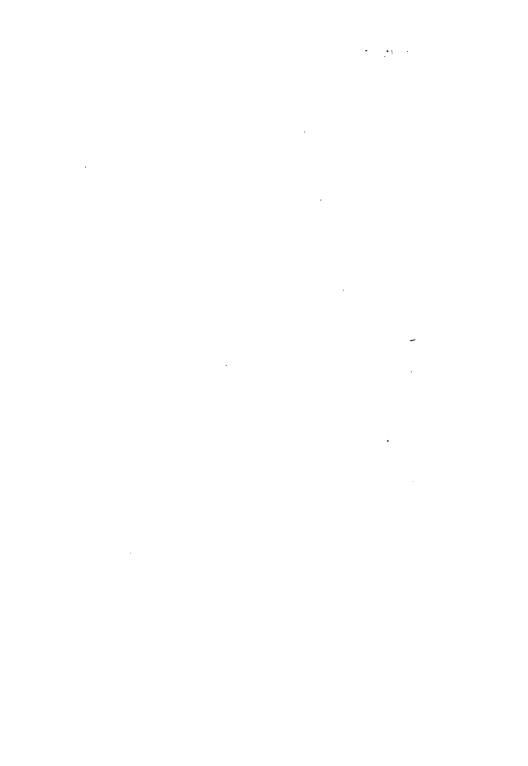
First performed, January 18, 1838.

COLONEL ALBERT. Riding-frock, with sable collar, travelling-cap, tight light pantaloons, hessian Mr. Correst. boots White oldfashioned coat, JONATHAN TUNKS. trimmed with white buttons and broad lappels, long backles, blue stockings, shoes and silver buckles, white laced neckcloth, flaxen wig, white hat and favour, white gloves SOLOMON. Light blue oldfashioned coat, white double-breasted waistcoat, light blue knee-breeches, red stockings, black shoes and buckles, red wig, black hat, white favour. Mr. COMPTON. THOMAS. Brown coat, white waistcoat, blue breeches, and male peasants similar dresses to Tho- Mr. MEARS. mas and Solomon ERNESTINE. First dress. Travelling cloak, riding hat and feather. Second dress. Hair dressed with blue ribbons, dark jacket, striped petticoat, light blue Mrs. Ternan. stockings, shoes and buckles MARY ANNE. White muslin dress, white hat Miss Pools. trimmed with white ribbons AUNT WINIFRED. Blue dress with black laced monte, red petticoat, blue stockings, shoes and buckles MBS. BRINDAL. Female peasants in holiday dresses, wearing white favours and bouquets Peasants, male and female Scene-A village in Germany.

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

Time of representation, fifty minutes.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L., second entrance, left. S. E. R., second entrance, right. U. E. L., upper entrance, left. U. E. R., upper entrance, right. C., centre. L. C., left centre, R. C., right centre. T. E. L., third entrance, left. T. E. R., third entrance right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.



OUR MARY ANNE.

>

11 1 1.40

SCENE.—A garden, gate, and iron railings at the back, in the distance the country—On R. H. 2 E., a farm-house—On L. H. 3 E. a cottage—A garden-gate, occupying the 2 E. L. H.

Laughing heard, SOLOMON and THOMAS enter at the back, from R. H., with a party of peasants, male and female, all in holiday costume, and decorated with bouquets and white favours.

Sol. Come along, my friends, come along—it's almost time the happy couple were at church—what a beautiful morning for the wedding!—I hope the evening will be like it, for our dance on the lawn; then perhaps the little delicate girl, who will then be honoured by being my partner—may become my partner for life—who knows? eh? ba! ha! Now, where's Jonathan, he ought to be dressed by this time.

Tho. He invited me, and all of us, here to breakfast.

Sol. Did he, indeed?—how noble of him! he certainly has been very generous since he has been in love—but that always makes a change in one's disposition; for my part I have breakfasted, I was too hungry to wait.

Tho. Here's aunt Winifred.

....

Enter Dame Winifred, from R. H. cottage.

All. Ah, aunt! good morning, aunt.

Sol. How well you look, aunt!

Win. Now, my friends, my nephew, Jonathan, will soon be among you, he's just shaving, and has desired me to give you your breakfast, it's quite ready for you in the harbour—come, follow me.

Sol. How's Mary Anne, isn't she a little nervous?

Win. Not more than is becoming in a young girl, on such an occasion as being married.

Sol. She is also getting ready, I suppose?

Win. Yes; her two maids are with her, and we must be at the church in twenty minutes, so there is no time to lose—come along—stop—Solomon, Jonathan wants to speak to you, about something, very, very particular.

Sol. Then I'll wait here, because I've had my breakfast. Win. Come along, my friends, we have no time to lose.

[Winiffed, Thomas, and all the party go off, R. H. 3 E. ol. Jonathan wants to speak to me, very, very particular. Um! I don't know what to make of him, lately—since his widding day has been fixed, he seems to have someth g on his mind—to be sure, matrimony is a very great risk, and

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UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.



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CORRECTLY PRINTED PROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY.

EDITED BY

B. WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING.

By Pierce Egan the Younger,

From a Drawing taken during the representation of the Piece.

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"MANSAU STEAM PREST;" MEISRE, SHREWOOD, GILBERT AND PIPER; WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER ROW; SASTE, BRYDGER STREET; WISSERART, SUFFOLK STREET, DUBLIN; AND ALL BOORSELLESS. Thomas, offer your arm to Mary Anne, and conduct her tochurch. Solomon, will you stay and take care of the house? Sol. Certainly.

Jon. We shan't be long. The ceremony is sooner gone through than the consequences of it got rid of, you know. Come along. Now, aunt, take my bachelor's arm, for the last time-forward to the nuptials.

> [THOMAS and MARY ANNE, JONATHAN and WINIFRED, followed by the party, go off at gate, and turn R. H.

Sol. I thought that Jonathan had something on his mind: but he needn't worry himself. The colonel made the promise when he never thought to be such a great man as he is now; and when people get up in the world, it's astonishing how it impairs one's memory. Hollo! a travelling carriage?—it stops here. (looking off, L. H. U. E.) Who can this be?—a lady alights—a very fine lady, too—who can she be?

Enter ERMESTINE in a travelling-dress, by the gate at back, L. H.

Ern. I beg your pardon, my friend. This, I believe, is Golden Green, the estate of Colonel Albert?

Sol. Yes. madam.

Ern. Is he here?

Sol. No, madam—hasn't been here for many years.

Ern. Can I speak to his representative?

Sol. Yes, madam. $E_{\tau n}$. Where is he?

Sol. Here, madam.

Ern. Are you the steward?

Sol. I stand in the steward's shoes, just now, because I'm taking care of his house. Do you particularly wish to see him?

Ern. Most particularly.

Sol. Can't just now, madam; because he is most particularly engaged, and mustn't be disturbed.

Ern. Indeed!

Sol. Yes, madam, he is being married; and a man is never disturbed at a moment like that, because it may be the only quiet one he may ever have after.

Ern. If I wait till the ceremony is over, can you accommo-

date me with an apartment?

Sol. You can walk in there, madam, if you like; (pointing to L. H. cottage;) you'll find nobody at home, for they are all at the wedding.

Ern. I thank you.

Sol. And, in the mean time, I'll go and tell Jonathan a lady wants him on very particular business: it's your own, I suppose, madam?

Ern. It is.

Sol. I thought so. When people want to see you on particular business, you may be pretty certain the particular business is entirely their own.

[Exit Solomon at the back, and turns to R. H.

Ern. Well, this is a strange impulse to which I have so readily yielded; if my friends knew of my little act of folly, they would indeed shake their wise heads, and wonder what had possessed mine.-My uncle, too, would never forgive me.-But now that I have entered upon my whim, I have resolved most conrageously to proceed with it.-My uncle meets with a (one: Albert—he is described to me as a soldier of rank and fortune, and a most eligible match—it is named to the colonel. -who, without condescending to see me, rejects the proposition in a most determined manner-raves about a rustic beauty to whom in boyhood he was betrothed, and regarding whom his conscience tells him he has been most shamefully indifferent. Now. with the usual perversity of human nature, I am most anxious to see and become acquainted with this colonel, and revenge myself for the slight he has put upon me; a widow of good fortune, and a few personal pretensions, is not to be slighted so cavalierly by the best colonel that ever strutted in regimentals.

Sol. (without.) Here she is, come along.

Enter Solomon bringing in Jonathan, R. through gate.

Jon. It's all over, I'm a married man; and every body is so happy, that I've left them all crying their eyes out in the churchyard; go back to them, and say, that I shall be with them again directly, to take a quiet walk after so much excitement. Is that the lady who wants me?

Sol. Yes.

Jon. Away with you, and tell them to wait till I come.

Exit Solomon through gate, 2 L. Who is she, and what does she want, I wonder?

Ern. Are you the colonel's steward?

Jon. Yes, madam; Jonathan Tunks, son of Abel Tunks, who held that high office for many years; he is dead, I'm alive, and in his place.

Ern. You are just married, I hear.

Jon. Yes, madam. I've just been bound in Hymen's rosy chain; we poor people, you know, have our weaknesses as well as bettermost folk.

Ern. I wish you every happiness.

Jon. Same to you, ma'am, whether you're married or single.

Ern. Your choice is some young peasant, I presume.

Jon. Yes, ma'am; only eighteen, no relations, no motherno brothers-no sisters-no marrying a whole family for me. Oh, no! never do that ma'am, never do that.

Ern. Has your master written that he intends to make a visit here?

Jon. Eh!

Ern. Are you aware that your master is coming here?

Jon. Lord! no-he-he can't mean it.

Ern. He has already left Paris, and is on his road here.

Jon. You don't say so!

Ern. 'Tis most likely that he will arrive to-day.

Jon. Oh! I am annihilated-

Ern. What is the matter? you seem excited.

Jon. Yes, I am a little; it's the effect of the weather—the weather's so close—coming here! Oh, good heavens! are you his wife? (eagerly.)

Ern. Oh, no! he's a perfect stranger to me.

on. Is he married?

Era. He is not married; of that I can assure you. I merely wish to remain here till his arrival; your friend informed me that I might rest for a short time in that cottage.

Jon. O yes, you may; don't notice me-are you sure he is

coming?

Ern. Certain.

Jon. I'm a murdered man; go, if you please, make yourself quite at home.

[He remains in a fit of abstraction, ERNESTINE goes to the gate, and beckons on a female servent, who carries a purcel.

Ern. (returns, looks at JONATHAN.) A very odd little fellow-surely he has not been dishonest, and afraid to meet his mas-

ter? Now for my project.

[Exit into cottage, L. H., followed by servant. Jon. I feel as if an avalanche of tiles and chimney-pots had fallen over me—the colonel coming here, and on the very morning that I have married his Mary Anne—he can't call her his Mary Anne now, because she's mine—lawfully and bon's fide mine—yet she was promised to him, before she promised herself to me, then perhaps after all she may be his Mary Anne—but I am her husband! Her husband—sha—no getting over that—at all events, my claim must be considered a little—then at present it must remain in this position—she must be our Mary Anne—zounds, that sounds like a partnership—l'm bewildered—I don't know what to think or do—but he won't come, the lady must be mistaken—I'm frightened at a shadow. Ha! ha! ha! he won't come. Ha! ha! (noise of a carriage.) Eh! a carriage—holloa! holloa! 'It stops—here—servants—a gentleman—I'm petrified!

[COLONEL ALBERT enters through gate R. H. JONATHAN tears the white favour from his hat, and puts it in his pocket.

Col. Take out the horses, and put them in the stable there. Ah, with what pure delight do I once again behold this charming spot—the little cottage of my uncle, the dear scene of my boyish days—where I used to tumble into ditches and have my ears pulled—sweet recollections!

Jon. That's he, sure enough!

Col. Ah, Jonathan, my dear friend—you are Jonathan, I presume?

Jon. Yes, sir.

Col. At length you behold your long absent master.

Jon. Delighted to see you, sir. (aside.) What a hypocrite I

Col. You have succeeded to your poor father, I hear? good fellow. I have now a perfect recollection of your youthful

A service of the serv

bonest face—excellent servant that you are—you are a treasure -a treasure. (shaking JONATHAN cordially by the hand.)

Jon. Here's a situation I am in! (aside.) I must face it out. So, sir, you've been in the wars, eh? dreadful things these battles—you've known what it is to have a bullet whiz by your ear, eh? (aside.) If one had but popp'd into it now-he never

would have come back then.

- Col. Yes, Jonathan, since you last beheld me, I have faced death in a thousand shapes. I have seen the world-have learned to despise its glittering gauds; and now, my wearied heart, turns in fondness to the dear spot of my youthful daysbow delicious are all its old familiar scenes to me!-and how delicious will be my meeting with the queen of this pastoral region-my own betrothed Mary Anne!-Where is she, Jona-
- Jon. Oh! she's about somewhere—I know she's not at home now.
- Col. How weary I am of the meretricious charms of polish'd society—the rouged cheek—the pencilled eyebrow—the vermilioned lip that it is utterly impossible to kiss.—Oh. Jonathan, pure nature after all is only to be loved and prized, go-goand send her!

Jon. Who? our Mary Anne?

Col. Our Mary Anne? How familiar-how natural is the expression-how it illustrates home and friendship, and every social delight—tell me, Jonathan, is she handsome? have years fulfilled the promise of beauty, that her sweet infancy made? she is lovely, is she not?

Jon. Why-pretty well-she's not ugly-nor is she so mighty beautiful—she is a—you know what I mean?

Col. Yes-yes-perfectly. Ah, you rogue, she is an angel! you know she is-and you are preparing a delightful little surprise for me-where does she reside?

Jon. There, along with aunt Winifred. (pointing L. H.)

Col. In my dear old uncle's cottage.

Jon. Aunt has brought her up.

Col. Dear creature-filled her heart with fine primitive notions, no doubt.

Jon. Yes-she is a little prim-in her notions.

Col. Where is she, Jonathan?

Jon. Eh!-Oh!-I forgot-she's gone to the fair.

Col. To the fair?

Jon. You know it, you used to go to it when a boy-once made yourself ill with gingerbread there.

Col. Run and tell her I'm arrived.

Jon. Run sir-it's six miles-six mortal miles!

Enter Solomon, running from gate, R.

Sol. Marian wants to know-

Jon. (c.) Silence—donkey!

Col. Ha! is she here?

Sol. (confused.) No -yes - no.

Jon. (eside to Solomon.) Tis the colonel! Sel. (alarmed.) No! Jen. Yes;—don't tell Mary Anne. Sol. Oh! Jon. Arn't I in a hobble? (Colonel crossing to Solomon.)

Cel. You mentioned the name of Mary Anne.

Sol. I only said-

Col. What, sir?

Jon. (shakes his head at SOLOMON.)

Sol. She wanted to know-

Col. What, sir ?

Sol. That is, when I saw her last week—she wanted to know

-if-if-twice four wasn't eight?

Col. Fool! (throwing him off, and turning to JONATHAN.) Tell me, sir, (Solomon runs off alarmed, at back,) there is some mystery in her absence—if you dare to trifle with me, I'll kill you on the spot!

Jon. Oh!

Col. Explain !

Jon. Well, sir-I will-she's like me, very nervous-very startlish-and being told all at once-of your sudden arrivalmay be too much for her-so-I-I-wish her to know of it by instalments.

Col. (violently.) Where is she?

Jon. She is at a wedding, sir-Col. A wedding -who is married?

Jon. If you please, sir—it's me.

Col. You! I wish you every joy, my good fellow-now your nervous excitement is explained—I hope you'll introduce me to your wife.

Jon. I shall be proud of the honour, (aside,) and take to my heels the next minute.

Col. Return, I beg, to your blushing bride—the duties that may be due to me, shall not to-day interfere with your happiness-return to the future partner of your days-and send our Mary Anne to me-tell her-that I am impatient to fold her in my arms.

Jon. Yes, sir; I'll run-I shall never be able to tell himwhat shall I do ?

Col. Why don't you go?

Jon. Yes, sir; yes, sir-I'm going, sir. (aside.) I'll do something dreadful.

[As the Colonel turns to survey the cottage, on the L. H., JONATHAN runs into farm-house, L. H.

Col. Let me contemplate the happy home of her youth—the spot where her charms-her natural graces, have developed themselves.

> [JONATHAN reappears from farm-house, with a large pistol in his hand, which he puts to his ear, and rushes off wildly, R. H. 1 E.

Col. Dear Mary Anne-how often in my wildest hours have

I thought of you—and my eyes have filled with unrestrained term, as I have dwelt upon your orphan lot.

[He turns towards n. H., with a sentimental air—Ennes-TINE appears in the dress of a German peasant, from cottage on L. H.; crosses behind to n. H., comes down on that side, and meets the COLONEL.

Ha! my pretty one—'tis Mary Anne! my heart tells me 'tis she!—Hem! I beg your pardon, my dear, is that cottage the place of your residence?

Ern. Yes, sir, for the present.

Col. It is my Mary Anne—she is lovely—all that my fancy anticipated—allow the companion of your childhood to fold you to his heart. You look surprised. Do you not know your Albert—your own betrothed?

Ern. Are you Albert?

Col. I am that happy man. Happy, because he looks upon beauty that will soon he all his own. Pray forgive my apparent neglect; for though the world has occupied much of my time, my thoughts have often dwelt with fondness upon you. Don't retreat from me; but I forget—you are nervous.

Ern. I confess I feel a little embarrassment at meeting you; for though we might have been playmates in our youth, yet Jour long absence, makes you almost a stranger to me.

Col. How well she expresses herself—you remember me, don't you?

Ern. I think I do.

Col. I used to bring you birds' nests, and make faces at you. to frighten you—

Ern. Till one day you went away-

Col. To finish my education, and enter the army.

Ern. You've been very brave, I hear, and have gained honour and promotion.

Col. Yes, dear. (aside.) What a love it is!

Ern. And have since been much among fine ladies. How I should like to be a fine lady!

Col. You are happier as you are, dear Mary Anne.

Ern. Oh! but to be a fine lady must be so delightful. To wear whatever you please—to walk upon soft carpets in beautful rooms—have servants to wait upon you—and eat and drink every thing nice. I like good eating and drinking.

Col. What delicious candour!

Ern. Then think of riding in your own carriage—of going to balls—of dancing and being admired—to hear sweet music—and talk to people that can understand all one's thoughts and feelings—which is not the case in the country here. People are so stupid.

Col. What a mind she has, and how it's striving to burst the

trammels of a limited knowledge of the world!

Ern. How delightful it must be to meet with friends who can explain all one is longing to understand—who can talk of the earth—of the sky—the beautiful stars—the sweet moonlight—the voice of the breeze as it comes whispering in one's

Jon. Expect in a month or two! What ought your conduct to lead you to expect?

Mer. Oh! Jonathan, what's the matter with you? You are as pale as death—and what do you mean by my conduct?

Jon. Go along—I am ashamed of you. I could never have believed it of a little girl like you—you, that I thought the most virtuous—the most—oh!

Mar. What do you mean?

Jon. You know what I mean—the colonel—

Mar. Well, what of him?

Jon. He has arrived.

Mar. I know it.

Jon. Solomon told you. (aside.) I'll murder him. You've seen the colonel?

Mar. I'm sure I have not.

Jon. Oh! what a-well, I never!—Here's cool impudence? Oh! these women, these women!

Mar. Upon my honour!

Jon. Your honour!—where is it? Go away, go away—don't come near me! Go and understand the colonel—go!

Enter Solomon at the back, Jonathan seizes him.

Villain! you have betrayed me.—You, that I thought my friend!—you, that I confessed all to!—never mind—I'll double your rent—I'll be revenged! As for you, Mrs. Tunks—come along with me.

Mar. Oh! don't be so violent-Jonathan, now-

Jon. Come along with me—no more colonels—you've cut me to the core. Come to your aunt; she will teach you your duty to your husband. Come, Mary Anne, come. (JONATHAN

drags her off at back, at gate turn R. H.)

Sol. Double my rent, will he? I don't see so much harm in having told Mary Anne of the colonel's arrival. I've kept his secret safe enough. I might have told that if I had liked. What ingratitude! Double my rent, will he? Now, I'll be spiteful, and tell all—I'll be hanged if I don't.

Re-enter COLONEL ALBERT, L. H. 2 E.

Col. I'm a happy fellow!—she loves me!—I've seen her again, and she loves me. She says she has something to confess before she consents to marry me, and requests a previous five minutes to herself. What can it be! Surely there can be no provincial sweetheart, that, in the natural philanthropy of her soul, she may have encouraged! Zounds! if I thought that—ha! this bumpkin here!—I'll sound him. My friend!

(beckons Solomon.)

Sol. Sir!

Col. When I had last the pleasure of an interview with you, you were about to allude to Mary Anne.

Sol. I was, sir.

Col. Are you acquainted with her?

Sol. Bless you, yes! I've played at kiss in the ring with her an hundred times.

Col. Indeed! were you ever so favoured as to be allowed a salute?

Sol. Oh, yes; she used to fight and pull my hair; but after kissing her nose and her ear, I managed somehow to get to her lips at last.

Col. I don't like to hear this; yet in pastoral life these little pleasures are pure enough. Well, well, I pass that over. She has ever been considered a well-conducted girl?

Sol. Oh, yes; I never heard any harm of her.

Col. Has she had many lovers?

Sol. Oh, yes, dozens!

Col. And has rejected them all, of course?

Sol. Not all.

Col. Oh, then -then there has been a favoured one?

Sol. Very much favoured.

Col. Ah! but all in innocence, I hope?

Sol. I don't know what you call innocence; I only know she has married one of them.

Col. Married! what do you mean?

Sol. I mean, that she has a husband.

Col. Our Mary Anne?

Sol. Our Mary Anne.

Col. Good heavens! who is her husband?

Sol. Jonathan Tunks.

Col. What, my steward?—has he dared? When were they married?

Sol. This morning.

Col. Oho! this, then, is the real cause of that scoundrel's wild looks and agitation; this is the confession that Mary Anne wants five minutes to prepare for making. That I should have been so deceived. Is there no truth to be found in the world? Thank you, my friend, for your information. You are a tenant on this estate?

Sol. Yes, sir.

Col. Henceforth, you live rent free.

Sol. Tol-de-rol de-rol,—who cares for the man when he can have a friend in the master?

Col. Go, my friend, go.

Sol. Any where you please, sir. Huzza, I'm rent free! Now, Mr. Tunks, what becomes of your threat? tol-de-lol-lol, I'm rent free—rent free and independent. (dances off at back.)

Enter ERNESTINE, at gate, L. H. 2 E.

Ern. I have made up my mind to remove his error—it is ungenerous to deceive him further.

Col. Well; Mary Anne, you've had your five minutes to yourself; what is the result?

Ern. A determination to tell a little truth.

Col. I'm happy that I've not been deceived in my idea of your candour—

Ern. You have made me an offer of your hand?

Cel. I have—in obedience to the wish of my poor uncle-

Ern. Without any reference to the dictates of your heart?

Col. I confess freely, when I beheld you, that my heart had no little share in the act of obedience I came here to perform. I should be a dissembler, were I to deny, that you have not interested me. Indeed, I may say, that a few minutes since, I really loved you.

Ern. And was your love so light, that a few minutes only

could see it disappear?

Col. Permit me to take your hand? your left hand.

Ern. (aside.) Now for the discovery!

Col. (takes her left hand and immediately lets it fall.) You

haven't played at kiss in the ring for nothing.

Ern. Kiss in the ring! (asids.) I am a widow, and that is a delicate allusion to the fact. May I be allowed to ask you a question?

Cel. With pleasure.

Ers. Did a certain friend of yours ever name a niece that he wished you to marry?

Col. How could she have heard of that? (aside.) Oh, yes.

Ern. You rejected the proposal?

Col. I did.

Ern. And without condescending to see the lady?

Col. Precisely. Ern. May I ask v

Ern. May I ask why you would not see her?

Col. I was afraid.

Ern. Of what?

Col. Of marrying a widow. If a man would not be a slave, he would avoid a widow.

Ern. (piqued.) Indeed, sir—and if a woman would not be a slave, she should never permit herself to be compelled to marry.

Col. Now she's coming to her confession—I am to under-

stand you do not love me?

Ern. I am still candid enough to acknowledge my love will ever equal yours.

Col. You speak of compulsion in accepting my hand: allow me to say I release you from every obligation.

Frn. And without a pang to your own heart?

Col. Pray let me keep the knowledge of a great weakness to myself—but why this duel of words? when first I beheld you I considered you free—I looked upon you as my own—there was an air, a manner about you that attracted me, and at once I loved—and that is the healthiest plant of affection that suddenly takes root, whatever your advocates for long courtships may say.

Ern. Undeceive yourself, colonel, I am free.

Col. What?

Ern. Perfectly free.

Col. Perfectly free? Jonathan Tunks—some one send Jonathan Tunks to me.

Enter JONATHAN at the back.

Jon. I never could have believed it of our Mary Anne; and to stick to her falsehood in such a barefaced manner. Oh! dreadful!—shocking!

Col. Oh, sir; you are come most apropos—so you are married it seems.

Jon. I can bear my guilt no longer—I must tell all—yes, sir—I am, sir.

Col. Well!

Jon. Well!

Col. Why don't you introduce me to your wife?

Jon. Because you have introduced yourself already.

Col. Are you aware that I could punish you both.

Jon. It's not hanging, is it?

Col. Will you resign her?

Jon. I suppose I can't if I would.

Col. (to Ennestine.) And you, what shall be said of you—that such dissimulation should exist in this pastoral spot?—But l'Il be charitable—poor human nature requires many allowances to be made for her—give me your hand—(takes the hand of Ennestine)—I ought to be indignant, but in regard to the secret struggles that both of you must have endured, I will be indulgent, for I have been a little to blame—I ought not to have been absent so long. (taking Jonathan's hand, and placing it in Ennestine's.) There, I forgive you, you love one another. Be happy—be happy. (rushes off, R. H. 1 E.; JONATHAN and Ennestine look at one another in astonishment.)

Jon. Here! hollo! come back, here's some mistake.

Ern. Call him back—call him back!

Re-enter the COLONEL.

Col. (coming between them.) Before I leave you for ever, take a word of advice from one who is well acquainted with the world—

Enter MARY ANNE at back, crying, followed by Aunt Winifred Solomon, Thomas, and the peasants.

Mar. (running to Jonathan, and putting her arms round his neck, Jonathan at same moment looking most ruefully at the Co-LONEL.) Oh, Jonathan, how can you treat me in this manner?

Jon. (crying.) You see, sir—you see—this is the way we got into this delicate position.

Col. Who is that young lady?

Jon. Our Mary Anne-your Mary Anne, that ought to be.

Sol. Lawful wife of Jonathan Tunks.

Jon. And now, sir, cut my throat, and put me out of my misery, for you know every thing.

Col. What does all this mean—who do I behold in you? (to Enverture.)

Ern. The niece of your friend, the general—whose proposal in my behalf you so disdainfully rejected.

Col. (falling on his knee to ERNESTINE). Forgive me! For-

give me! Widow as you are, and slave as I may be, I love you well enough to brave every danger for you.

Ern. You are betrothed. Col. To Mary Anne—(looking for an instant at MARY ANNE)-Jonathan, my dear friend, keep her-keep her-you are heartily welcome to her.

Jon. Am I? Oh, tol-de-rol-lol. (dancing with joy.)

Col. Allow me to present Mrs. Tunks, with my uncle's little estate as her dower.

Jon. There. (embraces MARY ANNE.)

Sol. Please to remember the incumbrance. I am reot free, you know, sir.

Col. Yes, my friend, yes. Now, madam—(to Errestine.)

Ern. My revenge is indeed complete. Well, colonel, though it is in my power to retaliate and reject you, yet we are taught to return good for evil, and there's my hand. (she presents her

hand to COLONEL, who kisses it.)

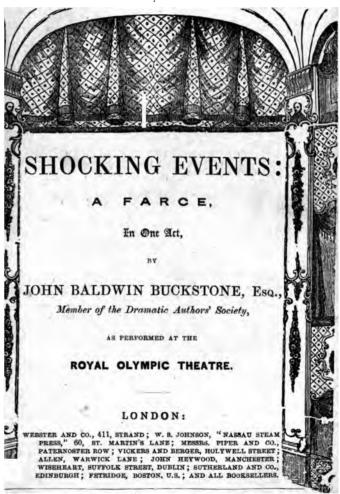
Jon. Now, I am safe out of my hobble. Huzza! huzza! yet one little anxiety still remains. (to the audience.) May I hope that after all the worry of mind I have endured this day, you will make me completely happy, by giving one smile of favour on "Our Mary Anne."

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

PRASANTS GOLOSON, MARY ANNE. JONATHAN, COLONEL, ERNESPINE, THOMAS, WINIFAM R.

WEBSTER'S FING NATIONAL DRAMA.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

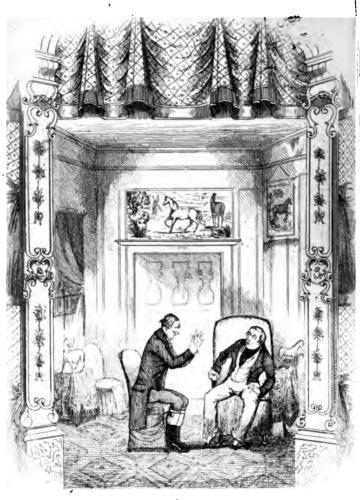


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SHOCKING EVENTS.

A FARCE,

In One Act.

BY

JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, ESQ.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As performed at

MADAME VESTRIS'S

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING, BY
STERGE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:

WEBSTEE & CO., 411, STRAND; W. S. JOHNSON, "NASSAU STRAM PRESS," 60, ST. MAETIN'S LANF; MESSRS. PIPEE & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW; VICKERS AND BERGEE, HOLVWELL STREET; ALLEN, WARWICK LANE; JOHN HEYWOOD, MANCHESTER; WISEHEAET, SUFFOLK STREET, DUBLIN; SUTHERLAND & CO., EDINBURGH; FETRIDGE, BOSTON, U.S.; AND ALL BOOKSELLESS.





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Transtis Personae and Costume.

First performed January 15, 1838.

GRIFFINHOOF (a horse doctor). Large square cut dab body-coat, with white buttons, red waistcoat, cordurey knee-breeches, large top-boots, flaxen George wg, and broad-brimmed hat

CAPTAIN SPOFF (of the Yeomany). Blue frock oct, buff waistcoat, buttoned to the throat black Mr. J. Bland. tock, and trousers

MR. PUGGS (a professional gentleman). Light blue body coat, with figured buttons, white waistcoat, nanker trousers, and white hat

DOROTHY (Griffinhoof's daughter). White muslin Miss Crist.

KITTY. Coloured diess and cap . . .

. Miss LEE.

Time of representation, fifty-five minutes.

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L., second entrance, left. S. E. R., second entrance, right. U. E. L., upper entrance, left. U. E. R., upper entrance, right. C., centre. L. C., left centre. R. C., right centre. T. E. L., third entrance, left. T. E. R., third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

SHOCKING EVENTS.

SCENE.—An apartment—Door at the back—Doors the L. H. and R. H.—A window in S E. on R. H.—The door in the second— Tables, chairs, &c.

KITTY discovered looking out of window, on the R. H.

Kit. I cannot be deceived—it must be—ves, it is—what can have brought him to Dover, I wonder! 'tis his figure, I am sure—just his fall in the back—and smart manner. (calling.) Mr. Puggs, Mr. Puggs! he don't hear me-how provoking! Dear, dear, now he's gaping at Punch and Judy—silly fellow. why don't he look at me! He mingles with the admiring crowd -ah! I've lost sight of him. (coming forward.) I surely could not have been mistaken—it must have been Puggs; he has come from London purposely to see me, and perhaps his natural timidity will not allow him to call-or may be he is engaged professionally here at Dover-what a splendid voice he has-I really think, without exception, he is the finest bass singer I ever heard, what a double G the little fellow has-where it comes from I can't divine-and as for his "Wolf," it's delicious! Well, now, he has turned his attention to singing at public dinners-I hope he will soon make money enough to furnish a little house and marry me—we only want twenty pounds, and then-

Enter DOROTHY, R. H. D., 2 E.

Dor. Well, Kitty, has he arrived?

Kit. Who, miss?

Dor. The son of pa's old friend.

Kit. I beg your pardon, my head was full of something else—you mean the dumb young gentleman that master is to see safely on board the packet going to Dunkirk? No, miss, he is not yet arrived: you appear as impatient to see him as master.

Dor. To me they are very interesting people—and the efforts that some of them make to be understood are extremely striking; for though they cannot speak, there is an eloquence in their gestures—that I consider very pleasing.

Kit. I would rather see a young gentleman who can be eloquent, with his hands in his pockets. There is your cousin, now, Captain Spoff, of the yeomanry cavalry—what a flow of words he has.

Dor. Such a flow, that his meaning gets drowned in it some-

times-though his conversation is by no means disagreeableand if he would not take offence so readily, I have no doubt he could make himself very pleasant.

Kit. Since his corpse has been called out.

Dor. His core, Kitty, not his corpse.

Kit. It seems so odd to call it a core: makes one think of an apple all the time. Well! since his core has been taken

Dor. Called out?

Kit. Called out! Your pa has allowed him to take up his quarters here.

Dor. Yes, Kitty, and I think he takes up his quarters in the kitchen a little too often!

Kit. La, miss-he only comes to play with the kittens.

Dor. You are aware that, in proper time, my father intends him to be my busband.

Kit. Yes, miss; and so be comes into the kitchen to get a

little insight into domestic economy beforehand.

Dor. And learn how to scour the coppers, no doubt; if he is so frequently taking such lessons, I must mention his studies to

my father.

Kit. How very impatient master seems for the arrival of this dumb person. Why does he wish to see him so particularly? He has been running backwards and forwards to the coach-office every minute, and is so restless and so anxious you can't think! Dor. Hush! here he is.

Enter GRIFFINHOOF, from the back, c. D.

Gri. He's not arrived yet! What can have detained him? the coach has come in-I've asked all the passengers if they were dumb, but couldn't get an answer from any of them-so I don't know whether he was among them or not; he's not here, is be?

Dor. Not yet, papa.

Gri. What can have detained him? there is only the new patent-safety anti-railway fast coach to come in now; if that don't break down, he must be here in a few minutes.

Dor. You seem to interest yourself very much about this

young man?

Gri. I do; the poor youth is dumb, that speaks in his favour: besides he is the son of a dear old friend. When I was at Dunkirk, twenty years ago, his house was my home; since that time I have not seen or heard of him till the other day-it appears by his letter to me, that his son has been residing in London! but is now hastening home to his parent, and he has requested me to receive him at my house-see him safely on board the packet, and direct the captain to take care of him. Now I intend that he shall remain with me for a month or two, in return for the hospitality I once experienced from his father.

Kit. Ah, gratitude, is a delightful virtue!

Gri. It is, Kitty; and I will prove mine, by attempting to cure my friend's son-if I should succeed, what a triumph it will be for me; how it will increase my practice as a veterinary-surreon!

Ku. I should like to see you cure him!

Gri. I have been absorbed in the idea night and day; my profession has confined me so entirely to dumb animals, that I have been enabled to make observations, which no other medical practitioner has had the opportunity to do. I almost made a horse speak the other day.

Kit. Lord, sir!

Gri. I effected it by a shock, having to administer a draught to the animal, I approached him suddenly, when the creature was so startled, that it absolutely, when I offered the medicine, uttered a negative.

Kit. Uttered a negative!

Gri. Yes, it gave a loud neigh! and I am now convinced if a sudden emotion could have such an extraordinary effect on a borne, what would similar experiments accomplish with a human being?

Kit. It's quite impossible to say, sir!

Gri. I have arranged the whole theory in my mind. The voice is an instrument given to us by nature—a wind-instrument; for without breath we cannot articulate, that's clear. A flute or a flagelet are wind-instruments: without breath, they are mute; but blow 'em, fill 'em with a violent current of air, they speak—that's clear. Now, the human frame is a species of flagelet. If it be not filled with sufficient air, the organ of sound is silent; and that, I feel convinced, is the cause of human dumbness;—want of sufficient air to fill the tubes of the organ.

Kit. Quite right, sir; can't play the organ without the

bellows!

Gri. There!—do you hear? do you hear? The girl has unconsciously illustrated my theory. You're right, Kitty; you're right in you're premises.

Kit. Always shall be, I hope, sir.

- Gri. Now—now—how is the necessary current of air to be obtained?
- Kit. Open all the doors and windows, and let the man stand in the draught.
- Gri. No—now you're wrong, Kitty—no; by sudden emotions, violent shocks!

Kit. Dear me!

Gri. They suddenly inflate the organs of speech with auxiliary gas; and, as the shock subsides, the human frame naturally strives to express its feelings. You know the fish-pond in my garden—

Kit. Yes, sir; you have just had it dug eight feet deep.

Gri. Well, when the young man arrives, I will ask him to walk into the garden. I will engage his attention until we arrive at the edge of the pond. I will direct his eyes to the gold and silver fish. While he is absorbed, I will suddenly push him into the pond. He will naturally use every effort to call for help. Fright will assist, nature will fly to his aid, and if he

once cries out, "Oh! I shall be drowned!" my cure will be complete.

Dor. Suppose you should drown him.

Gri. Then we can but look upon him as a necessary victim, sacrificed at the shrine of medical science. Now, away with you, and look out for the youth. Is his room ready?

Kit. Yes, sir; he will sleep in the next apartment to you.

Gri. Good! In the middle of the night, I can discharge blunderbusses close to his ear.

Kit. Lord, sir!

Gri. The shock may make him exclaim, "What's that"—don't you see—don't you understand? now, away with you, and leave me to my studies.

[Dorothy goes off, R. H. D., Krrry at the back, c. D. I shall succeed! I have a presentiment of my certain success—then my fortune is made—the lectures of Professor Griffinhoof will be listened to with admiration, in every town in the united kingdom—already I behold them in the public papers—already I hear the voices of my grateful patients, uttering their thanks to me at provincial meetings—then, will the dream of my life be fulfilled—admiration while living—a statue when dead. What's that? a noise in the street. (looks out of window.) Ah! the crowd pursuing a man—they cry, "stop thief"—he darts down an alley—they follow—now he appears again by another—bless me, he has run into my house—who can it be?

[Mr. Pugos runs on at the back out of breath, and falls fainting in an arm-chair—Griffinhoof regards him with astonishment.

Gri. My dear sir-what is the matter?

(Puggs makes signs, he is so out of breath he cannot speak.)

Gri. He can't speak! it is he—it is the son of my friend.

Dorothy, my dear, he is here—he is arrived. (knocking at R. H. D.)

Pug. (uside.) Who the deuce does he take me for?

Enter DOROTHY, R. H. D.

Gri. He is here, my love-he is arrived.

Dor. What a very interesting creature! what a pity he's

Gri. My dear boy! (about to advance towards him.)

[Puggs looks up astonished—is about to speak, when Cap-

Pug. (aside.) Oh, dear-here he is-not a word.

Spo. (in a rage.) An insolent scoundrel!

Gri. What is the matter, nephew?

Spo. Matter! a most atrocious, and never to be too much abused villain.

Gri. Be cool, Mr. Spoff-what is the matter?

Spo. You shall hear. I was about to dismount from my horse—some ladies were admiring my equestrian evolutions—when suddenly my horse threw me over his head—just as I had so dismounted, I managed by an extraordinary effort to descend without hurting myself—a fellow uttered a loud laugh—I ad-

vanced to punish him-he called me by a ridiculous epithet, in a most remarkably deep-toned voice—and dashed between my legs. I again found myself prostrate on the earth. Boiling with rage I called out, "stop thief"—the mob chased the scoundrel from street to street—he eluded pursuit—and—(seeing Puggs.) By heavens, here he is !

Gri. My dear nephew!—he call you by a ridiculous epithet!

and in a deep-toned voice-impossible!

Dor. He is dumb, cousin!

Gri. The son of my old friend?

Dor. Certainly.

Pug. (aside.) Oho! I'm dumb, am I?-well, I will be so.

Dor. Are you not, sir? You can't speak, can you, sir?

[Puggs points to his mouth, and shakes his head. Gri. I knew I was right-it is he-the instrument of my future fame! (crosses to Puggs.) I'm glad to see you, my dear boy-glad to see you.

Spo. I never beheld such a resemblance, in all my days!

Gri. You could not have heard him speak, when he tells you s plain as he can, that he can't. Dorothy, take your cousin away, and leave me alone with my young friend.

Spo. I could not have been so mistaken. Let me but once hear his voice, and then I shall be certain. Let him but

speak, and I'll cut his throat!

Gri. You were bewildered by your summerset, and incapable of identification.

Spo. I'll keep an eye on this fellow.

Gri. Now, go. Take him away, Dorothy; -- play him the Battle of Prague on the pianoforte, to compose him

Spo. Never could have made such a mistake! (GRIFFIN puts DOROTHY and SPOFF off, R. H. D.)

Gri. Go-go!

Pug. (aside.) Luckily, he will have it I'm dumb-and the borseman will cut my throat if I speak! Then I must and will be dumb, till I see Kitty.—To think that a bass singer!—a professional gentleman!—(GRIFFINHOOF advances on tiptoe, and hollas in Puggs's ear.)

Gri. Booh! (Puggs starts.)

Gri. (watching him.) No-he don't speak !- the shock was not violent enough. Before I discharge a blunderbuss, I'll try the effect of a pistol.

Pug. (aside.) Try the effect of a pistol! What does he

Gri. How can I express to him that I am glad to see him? (makes signs with his fingers to Puggs.) He don't understand me. I don't spell my words correctly, I suppose. Perhaps he may not be deaf. Happy to see you, my dear boy—glad to hear your father's well. (Puggs draws back.) Don't be alarmed—the kindest attention shall be paid to you—nothing but the gentlest treatment awaits you. I wish you, by signs, to reply to my questions. Ab! your father and I were old friends; though, to use a veterinary phrase, you were foaled since I last had the pleasure of seeing him. Now, answer me, if you've heard what I have been saying.

(Pugos makes signs that he can't speak.)

Gri. I know-I understand you; the study of my life has been dumb animals, and I shall comprehend you-were you born with this lapsis lingua? I beg your pardon, of course you can't know Latin?

Pug. (nods his head.) (aside.) I should think so; I've sung

the bass of non nobis Dominoes, often enough!

Gri. Wonderful, a scholar! knows Latin! a dumb knowledge of a dead language.

> [GRIFFINHOOF looks at him a moment, flourishes his hands before him, then suddenly exclaims,

Young man! How long is it since you lost the use of your speech?

(Puggs makes signs, since he was a boy.)

Gri. Oh! he hears me it seems; now I shall be able to get on. I understand you; lost your speech when you were small. Can you remember any events of that period?

Pug. (aside.) I'll tell him I recollect being breeched. (makes signs of being breeched.)

Gri. Can't comprehend him. (GRIFFINHOOF repeats signs.)

Something about pulling on his boots.

(Puggs shakes his head, then indicates spinning tops.) Gri. Ha! ha! ha! that I understand, he recollects Peg in the ring-since you have been away from your father, of course you have met with a friend?

(Puggs nods.)

Gri. In London?

(Puggs nods.)

Gri. One of your own countrymen, or a cockney ?

(Puggs imitates a dog, running, wagging his tail, &c.) Bow, wow. Gri. Poor fellow! his friend was his dog. Has he followed

(Puggs indicates that he has lost him—whistles, looks about—shakes his head, and falls in chair, weeping.)

Gri. Lost him?

(Puggs nods.)

Gri. How well I comprehend him! By what accident or cause did the functions of your vocal organs become suspended?

(Puggs seems bothered.) Gri. In plain words, how did you lose your speech?

(Puggs indicates a pugilistic encounter.)

Gri. Fighting-eh?

(Puggs nods.)

Gri. Received a blow

(Puggs nods.)

Gri. Where?

(Puggs gives Griffinhoof a tremendous blow in the stomach.)

Gri. Oh! there, eh! bless me; that's the way you lost your voice; no wonder it has almost deprived me of mine-his gestures are very striking!

Enter DOROTHY, R. H. D.

Dor. Well, papa, do you understand him?

Gri. Better than if he spoke.

Dor. Then why attempt to cure him?

Gri. For the advancement of science, my dear !

Dor. I wonder if I can understand bim?

Gri. Ask him to sit down, while I consider a gentle shock; I must arrive at violence by degrees,

Dor. (crosses to c.) Are you fatigued?

(Puggs nods.)

Dor. That means yes; how intelligent he is!—Pray sit down.

[She draws a chair for him; he thanks her.—GRIFFIN-HOOV creeps on other side—suddenly pulls it from under him, and he falls.

Dor. (L.) Pug. (C.) Oh!

Gri. That isn't violent enough—ah, silly girl—you have spail the effect. Why did you cry out and mingle the sounds? You have ruined the experiment; I thought I heard him utter an expression.

Dor. Merely a plaintive cry, and no wonder, poor crea-

Pug. (aside.) What has he done that for?

Cri. Gentle shocks are useless—rise, my dear friend. (assisting him to rise.) Rise—this is nothing to what you must suffer shortly.

Pug. (aside.) He had better not do that again.

Gri. He looks angry; I must soothe him a little now, Kitty! (calling.)

Pug. (aside.) He calls Kitty! she will discover me perhaps.

Enter KITTY, C. D. comes down, R.

Kit. (astonished.) Oh! dear, bless me—(aside.) why it's Puggs!
(Puggs winks at her, puts his finger to his mouth.)

Gri. Why-eh-what's the matter?

Dor. What's the matter, Kitty?

Kit. I—I wasn't aware that a stranger was here—and when —when I see one—I'm always so shy.

Dor. 'Tis the young man that we expected!

Gri. The dumb youth-

Kit. Eh!-dumb youth. (concealing a laugh.) Oh, my gracious!

Gri. Don't laugh, Kitty, you don't know what you may come to be—and then I may have to shock you—(Pugos winks at Kitty—Griffinhoof sees it.)—Hollo! hollo! he's winking his eye at my maid. Sir—(to Pugos.) I'm accountable to your father for your moral conduct, and I cannot allow any telegraphic dispatches with my female domestic—no winking here.—

Kit. Winking, sir-perhaps the gentleman only had some-

thing in his eye.

Gri. Then I desire he'll extract it himself, without your A

assistance. Go, and prepare him some refreshment-have you breakfasted?

(Puggs shakes his head.)

Kit. Ha! ha! that means no-how well I understand him. Gri. Now I want some one to go-(enter Sporf, R. H. D.) oh! you can go, nephew.

Spo. Where?

Gri. To the captain of the Dunkirk steamer, with this letter to the youth's father, explaining my wish to detain the boy here-Dorothy will accompany you. (giving letter to Sport.)

Spo. (to DOROTHY.) Are you susceptible of a promenade?

Dor. I shall be delighted.

Spo. Accept my arm-

Dor. Is there not an interesting je ne sais quoi about the youth? Spo. I've not yet arrived at any conclusion respecting himexcept that he strongly resembles the individual that made a colossus of me.

Dor. Oh! no, no-impossible!

Spo. He is very like-very like, indeed.

Exit with DOROTHY. C. D.

Gri. (having kept his eyes fixed on Pugos.) There is an intelligence in his countenance that indicates great volubility, were the anti-vocal obstacles removed-violence alone can do that-while he is getting his breakfast, I will prepare my great shock-then he must-he will not be able to help expressing his agony-and in words too-it will almost take his leg off-but violent diseases require violent remedies.

[Exit, B. H. D., looking at Puggs. Pug. That old fellow frightens me-what does he mean by

taking my leg off?

Kit. (listening at the R. H. D.) Hush! all's safe-master has gone into the garden, young missus, and the captain, have gone to the packet, and now we can talk without fear of interruption. My dear Puggs, how glad I am to see you—caught a glimpse of you this morning-knew it was you-now, tell me the meaning of all this?

Pug. Oh, Kitty! that's the very question I was going to ask you-but before we say any thing more, pray, allow me just to let twenty or thirty words rush out of my mouth, for my tongue is quite cramped with long silence. How d'ye do ?-how have you been this last half year? - so glad to see you-can't thinkbeen waiting about the house some hours to get a word with you. Bless me, how well you look—I'm very well—only half starved how d'ye like your place—how's uncle ?—and aint you surprised to see me ?- ther :- oh, what a relief that has been to my poor tongue-now give me a kiss, and that will be a relief to my lips. (kisses her.) There.

Kit. How familiar it does seem to have a kiss from an old friend-saw you this morning from the window-knew you by

the fall in your back.

Pug. But you won't know me—for the fall in my stomach, if you don't soon get me something to eat.

Kit. I will, in a minute—how came you hers—and into this house?

Pag. I laughed at a man who would try a new way of getting off a borse—he was offended—I knocked him down—he cried, "Stop thief"—of course, I ran—every body after me—got away—your door open—darted in—your master saw me—told me I was dumb—and he was glad to see me.

Kit. Ha! ha! ha! well, the best thing you can do—is to continue speechless—don't utter a word on your life—I'll explain why—by and by—if you do you'll be well taken care of.

Pug. Shall I? then I'll never open my mouth again, except to put something into it.

Kit. Well, and have you come from London on purpose to see

Pug. Almost—I was brought down to sing at a public dinner, vesterday—you know I'm the bass—got such a double G now—get down so low I can hardly find my way up again.

Kit. I know; it has often made my hair stand on end.

Pug. Just the thing, thought I—combine business with pleasure—see Kitty, and tell her how I'm getting on. I've quite done with harmonic meetings, that was low—dinners are respectable.

Kit. I should think so.

Pug. Yet, my trip here has been an unlucky one.

Kit. Unlucky!

Pug. There are two clubs in this town, "The Philanthropic Buffalos," and "The Noble Nondescripts." I was brought down to sing at the Buffalos.

Kit. Sing at the Buffalos!

Pug. Yes—a charitable affair—give away worsted stockings to poor people with wooden legs.

Kit. Very praiseworthy object.

Pug. Well, some of the Nondescripts, who hate the Buffalos, managed to get into the room, and cough down the chairman's speech. The cry was, "Turn 'em out!" I had been hem—ming to clear my voice previous to my giving 'em "The Blood-red Bandit's Bride," and they would have it I was a Nondescript.

Kit. How insulting!

Pug. My friend, the tenor, who brought me down,—a tall, fat man, with a small voice,—tried to explain who I was; but, as he could only speak in the key that he sang in, nobody heard him, and I was carried out of the room by two waiters, who banged the door in my face. So I lost my two guineas, and have scarcely had any thing to eat since yesterday.

Kit. Then I'll go and get your breakfast.

Pug. Do! there's a dear! One word,—what is the cause of your master's strange conduct to me? Is it the result of a play-

ful disposition?

Kit. Ha! ha!—yes! he's quite a boy. He'll play at leap-frog with you, if you humour him. Do so, Puggs, and you are sure to be well treated. (aside.) I won't let him into the secret yet, or he may turn coward, and go. Now, Puggs, don't forget that

you are dumb. I'll make haste with your breakfast; so sit down, and hold your tongue. Exit. C. D.

Pug. Well, I've seen Kitty, and that's some consolation for losing my two guiness. Very odd, to think after watching the house so long, and being afraid to knock and ask for Kitty, in case I should get her into trouble, (for she wrote to tell me that no followers were allowed,) that I should be hunted into it, and received by her master, in the most affectionate manner. He plays at leap-frog, does he? How delightful it is to contemplate a youthful heart in an old body!

Re-enter KITTY, in alarm, C. D.

Kit. Oh, my gracious Puggs, now we are in a hobble!

Pug. What's the matter?

Kit. The real Dummy has arrived.

Pug. What do you mean?

Kit. We expected a dumb gentleman. You have been taken for him.

Pug. And now he has arrived, give me my breakfast, and let me go.

Kit. You are safe for a quarter of an hour, for I have locked him up in my room. Now, go into the parlour; your breakfast is waiting.
Pug. Which way?

Kit. (pointing L. H. D.) That way. Follow pose.

Pug, Eggs and ham! I smell them. All right! My nose will indeed direct my steps. Wait a moment—(crosses to R. H. D., where GRIFFINHOOF went off and calls through the keyhole.) Stupid old medical adviser to four-footed animals.

Kit. What are you about?

Pug. Old fool!

Kit. Gracious! he will hear you.

Pug. Then he'll think it's you, because I'm dumb. Now, for breakfast. (runs off, L. H. D. 2 E.)

GRIFFINHOOF suddenly enters, R. H. D.

Gri. Who's that?-Who's that abusing me? Medical adviser to four-footed animals !- and, old fool! It must have been you. How dare you make use of such epithets to me?

Kit. Never said a word, sir.

Gri. Must have been you. There are no other persons in the house, now, that can talk, but you; and it must have been

Kit. Called you an old fool! Lord! sir, it wasn't me. It was you talking to yourself.

Gri. No. I'm never personal in my remarks, whoever may

be the object. Silence! where's the young man?

Kit. At breakfast, sir, in the parlour. Oh, dear! I had quite forgot. Here is a letter for you, sir; the postman left it five minutes ago. I have been in such a bustle, that I did not think of it. (gives Grippinhoop a letter.)

Gri. Go, and buy me half a pound of the best gunpowder.

Kit. Tes, sir?-five-shilling black?

Gri. No, no,—exploding gunpowder.

Kit. (aside.) What can he be going to do with that?

Gri. Be quick. I want it immediately.

Air. Yes, sir. (aside.) What can he be going to do with that? Exit Kitty, c. d.

Gri. One single shock I have shought of, that can do no harm if it does no good. Close to the steel-trap I have placed a spring-gun. I of course avoided loading it with ball-for the sudden passing of a circular leaden weight through a vital part of the human frame, may render the patient incurably dumb-at the very moment that his leg is seized by the steel-trap the spring-gun will go off; and if that shock is not violent enough, I must have recourse to another. (opening letter, and reading in astonishment.) Heavens!-Can I believe my eyes?-Bless me!

He falls into a chair. CAPTAIN SPORT and DOROTHY

enter at c. D.

Dor. What is the matter?

Spo. Uncle !--why this indication of astonishment?

Gri. I am astonished !-- galvanized! Do I read correctly? (reading.) "The dumb person, who is at your house for the purpose of going to Dunkirk, is not what she seems."

Spo. Not what she seems!

Gri. " It is but right that you should know that, that person is a woman-her father, for reasons that he will one day explain, has compelled her to assume male attire for some years"-bless me, a female! all my shocks have been too violent—it is a wonder I have not killed the delicate creature.

Dor. Finish the letter, there is more.

Gri. (reading.) "She is my wife—and though she is dumb, we unfortunately one day had words—she resolved to return to her father, and in the same attire in which she quitted him-as to our quarrel—I have discovered, that I have been in the wrong -and will shortly arrive at your house to claim her; therefore I request you will detain her till my arrival.

"Your obedient servant, "JOHN PERKINS."

Dor. A woman! I thought there was something very interesting in the face.

Spo. A woman! how extraordinary I did not discover the fact! a married woman, too! Egad I'll make myself agreeable.

Gri. (absorbed.) I might try the fish pond—there is no ingredient so simple as water. The gun and the trap may be too violent for a female-but a sudden immersion can do no harm.

[Puggs suddenly enters, 2 s. l. H., eating an egg-they GRIFFINHOOF all survey him from head to foot. beckons to Puggs, who advances towards him; GRIF-FINHOOF smiles graciously.

Gri. My dear Mrs. Perkins! (Pugos looks astonished.)

Gri. Ah, you may look astonished, my dear madam-you have d words with your husband, eh? Aha! you're discovered, Mrs. Perkins.

Spo. Decidedly a female.

Dor. She seems perfectly at home in her dress.

Gri. Worn it for years you know. Now, Mrs. P., let me beg of you to quit these masculine vestments, and put on apparel more suitable to your sex. (Puggs looks alarmed and retreats towards L. H.)

Pug. It is a private mad-house-and that old fellow is one of

the lunatics, (aside.) I'll run for it.

[He is about to run off, when GRIFFINHOOF catches him by the skirt of his coat, and brings him back.

Gri. You don't stir Mrs. Perkins—your husband has placed you in my charge—and I shall still persevere in my experiments—he will I am sure be grateful when he hears you express your anger in words, instead of actions. (aside.) I must now try other shocks, as my patient is a female—mice—spiders—daddy long-lega may be useful. Dorothy, my dear, (apart to Dorothy,) go to Kitty's room—in the closet there, you will find a horse's head—bring it to me privately.

[DOROTHY goes out at the back, c. D .- Sporr is paying great

attention to Puggs, who tries to avoid him.

Gri. (to the Captain.) Nephew, amuse the poor thing while I prepare an experiment; our shock I'll try immediately. (beckoning to Puggs, who crosses to him.) Pray, excuse my previous violence, I dare say you wonder what it may mean; but don't be alarmed, I have every confidence in my theory—good bye for the present, Mrs. Perkins. (crosses to R. B.) I'll make a happy woman of you—restore your organ of speech for you; then when you again quarrel with your husband, you may have what all ladies like—the last word—eh! Mrs. Perkins?

[Exit, R. B. D.

Pug. (aside.) Perhaps that old fellow is a mad doctor, and pretends to be mad himself to keep his patients in good humour. Oh! I'm left alone with the wonderful horseman—how he is looking at me!—I suppose he's one of the incurables; he looks very

like it.

Spo. A woman by Jupiter, and a remarkably fine creature too! (goes up for chair.)

Pug. (aside.) Why didn't Kitty tell me what a place it was? Poor devil! (boking at Sporr.)

Spo. (placing chair.) Sit down, Jemima.

Pug. (uside.) Jemima?

Spo. Don't be alarmed—I am a perfect gentleman; and as such,—and an officer besides, of course I know how to treat a lady.

Pug. (aside.) A lady! he's facetiously insane. Spo. Do you love your brute of a husband?

Pug. (aside.) It's best to humour these people.

(Puggs shakes his head.)

Spo. Permit me, then, to take up your quarrel. Allow me to call him out; women are not to be treated like brutes, whatever my uncle may think—dear delicate creatures.

(Puggs jumps up, and runs to R. H.)

Spo. Does my ardour alarm you?

Pag. (aside.) My ardour shall alarm you in a moment-1 wish

I had a carving-knife-what shall I do? I'm frightened, though it's a bad thing to show fear to these poor creatures.—I'll humour him until I can get away.

(Sport falls on one knee, L. C.)

Spo. Behold me at your feet-

Pug. (aside.) He's been crossed in love, and that has deprived him of his wits.

[Puggs motions Sporr to rise—goes to him and takes his hand to assist so to do, but in great alarm.

Pug. I'll try to soothe him with my low G.

[Puggs advances to him, and runs a short bass cadence-GRIFFINHOOOF comes from his room on tiptoe, produces a pistol which he discharges near Puggs's ear-KITTY screams without, and a crash of china is heard-Spore jumps up alarmed, and Puggs stunned with the report. falls into a chair,

Spo. What's that?

Gri. (anxiously watching Pugos.) Um! eh! what? not a word—that ought to have had an effect. But she is alarmed and astonished. I see the cause of the failure. (to the CAPTAIN.) You were on your knees, sir; it shocked her-and being an opposite cause to mine, neutralized the effect of both.

Enter KITTY, in alarm, at the back.

Kit. Gracious! who's firing guns? I've let the whole tray of

tea-things fall.

Gri. Silence! don't interrupt—I'm waiting for the effect—she looks wildly; I perceive internal spasms, 'tis nature struggling to express itself, hush! hush! no noise!

> [They all look intently at Puggs, who expresses great alarm at their looks; he jumps up, and is about to run off, when GRIFFINHOOF seizes him by the arm, and drags him back again.

Gri. No, no; you must not escape; I shall be sorry to use coercion, but I have every faith in my theory, and I will carry it out to its fullest extent. (to Puggs, very tenderly.) These events have shocked you, I know it-I intended they shouldbut compose yourself, dear Mrs. P. (putting Puggs's arm within his own,) settle your nerves, and walk with me quietly round the garden. (aside.) Now for the shock of the Fish-pond.

Kit. (aside to Puggs.) He's going to drown you.

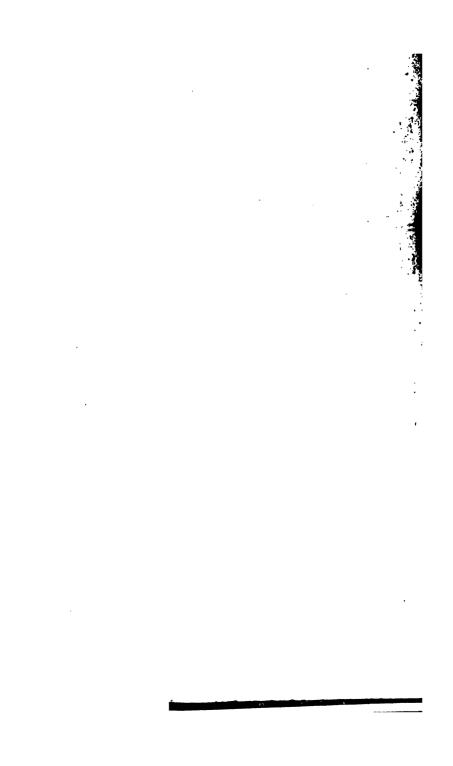
[Puggs breaks away from GRIFFINHOOF, and runs behind SPOFF.

Spo. You see my protection is implored, and I must observe, that your treatment of this gentle creature is too violent-very well for a horse, but for a human creature, too violent.

Gri. How dare you interfere with my theory—give me my

patient!

Spo. Your patient is under my protection. Gri. Yours! give ber to my care, sir.



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THE CULPRIT;

In Original Farce,

+ IN ONE ACT.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

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CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COOK.

EDITED BY

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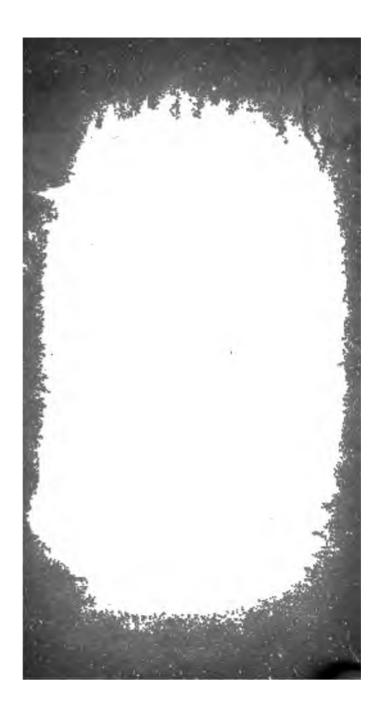
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LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 196, STRAND.







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MDCCCXXXVIII.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS,
WHITEPRIARS.

Dramatis Personæ and Costume.

First performed, Jan. 18, 1838.

CAPTAIN HUSSEY, R. N. Fashionable brown frock coat, black velvet collar and lappelles, cuffs, and buttons; dress white waistocat, fashionable nankeen pantalons, and boots, black stock, and white gloves. Second dress.—A morning gown and Greek cap

BOB. Buckskin smalls, top-boots, striped waistcoat, and blue coatee, with gold at the collar

MRS. HUSSEY. First dress.—White muslin morning dress, lace cap. Second dress.—Pink fashionable dinner dress.

MISS WYNDHAM. First dress.—Crimson silk cloak trimmed with ermine, black silk bonnet and black feathers, green veil, winter boots, and worsted gloves. Second dress.—A yellow silk brocade dress, old fashion; high fan cap, high-heeled shoes, black mittens, and neckerchief

Time of representation, one hour.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

THE CULPRIT.

SCENE I.—A Chamber in Captain Hussey's house—door, o. p. 2 E.—Mrs. Hussey making breakfast—Mrs. Hussey, R., looking at her watch.

Mrs. H. A quarter past nine! the muffins will be cold. I wonder how any body can walk before breakfast. It's an odious practice. Where can Hussey be? (A knock at the street-door, l. H.)

Hussey. (without, L. H.) Well, Bob, has your mistress left

her room yet?

Bob. Oh, yes, sir; she has been down some time.

Hussey. Oh! she has; very well, very well.

Mrs. H. Oh! that's his knock; now I may pour out the tea.

Enter Hussey, L. H.

Hussey. I hope I am not late, Polly! Here I am—had a charming walk—nice breezy morning.

Mrs. H. Charming walk, indeed ! pooh, nonsense; I've been waiting for you this hour.

Hussey. (aside.) Oh! the morning's more breezy than I was sware of. (Looking at his watch.) Nay, Polly, this hour! Come, come, it's only a quarter past nine. (Sits.)

[Mrs. Hussey giving him his tea. Mrs. H. Well, and I have no notion of waiting a quarter of an hour; you wouldn't have dared to be behind time when you were a midshipman.

Hussey. A midshipman !- No. But what's the use of being a

Captain, if I mayn't have a little privilege?

Mrs. H. Well, I do hate this habit of walking before break-

hat; it puts every body out.

Hussey. I am sure it puts nobody out but myself. It would be easy to put you out; that is, outside your warm bed, at even in the morning. But, now, to change the subject, Do you know what day this is?—your birthday.

Mrs. H. Is it? So it is, I declare!

Hussey. Yes, yes; I did not forget it, if you did. Many happy returns to you, Polly.

Mrs. H. Thank you, Harry.

Hussey. And to myself, too, that I may live to see them.

You could not get on so well without me, after all-could you, my girl?

Mrs. H. No, no, indeed, Harry.

Hussey. Though I do stay out a quarter of an hour too late-

hey?-and put everybody out of a-morning.

Mrs. H. Oh, nonsense, Harry; I believe I was a little cross. Hussey. You should never be cross with me, for I love you better than I loved my ship. There, I cannot say more than that; and what I say is true, and can't be disputed, for I gave up the ship for your sake, and have become quite a landsman.

Mrs. H. So you have, indeed, Harry; and I am sure it's lucky

for me; for, if you were at sea, I should die of fright if the wind blew ever so little; but, you know, when I married you, I stipulated that you should give up all your old habits.

Hussey. Hem! all, all my old habits?-really.

Mrs. H. Oh, yes !-all; and, indeed, there was a time when I could not have believed I should ever marry a sailor. But you solemnly promised me you would give up all such ways, and I

Hussey. You seem to think sailors terrible bad men, Polly,

Mrs. H. Oh, shocking! the swearing, for instance; I never could bear that.

Hussey. Well, I'm sure, I very seldom pop out an oath now.

Mrs. H. No, to do you justice, you do not.

Hussey. No, not unless I am put out in a terrible way by some infernal son of a-hem! and you admit, my dear, I have kept my word, and abstained from that vice.

Mrs. H. Yes; then I told you, at once, that tobacco to me was poison. I never could have married a man who smoked,

and you used to smoke horridly before you married.

Hussey. I-ves-I confess I did.

Mrs. H. Your very clothes were pestiferous. But, however, you promised to give up smoking, and I became Mrs. Hussey. Then there are twenty horrid habits besides; for instance-

Hussey. The habit of loving one's wife dearly-hey! that's

not horrid; even smoking don't spoil a man's heart.

Mrs. H. I don't know that. I am sure it addles their brains, makes them dull and heavy.

Hussey. Not wicked though?

Mrs. H. Yes, indeed, I believe it does. It always goes with strong liquors, and house-breakers, and all other bad people-all smoke.

Hussey. But you don't mean to say that the smoking is the

cause of all the robberies and burglaries?

Mrs. H. I shouldn't at all wonder. But, dear me, you gave up smoking when we married! We've been married two years, and now what's the use of defending the habit. It must be for the sake of contradiction and-

Hussey. No, no; let us drop the subject. I never smell of

smoke now-hey?-no, you don't say that?

Mrs. H. No; if you did, I should hate you; but you make me angry when you argue in favour of such a nasty thing as a

pipe! But, to do you justice, I must say, that in most things you are vastly improved. I don't like the walking before breakfast though.

Hussey. Nay, consider it was my habit at sea.

Mrs. H. And the walking after dinner is worse.

Hussey. And that was my habit at sea too. You know I always used to fall asleep in my chair, and was so dull and listless all the evening till you permitted me-

Mrs. H. Permitted! don't say permitted. (They rise.)

Hussey. Well, till you saw the propriety of going out for a little air, and, and-

Mrs. H. And said you had better go-yes-still I never could understand it; and in the winter time, at this time of the year, for instance, your walks after dinner are necessarily in the dark.

Hussey. You are not afraid of my being run away with, I hope? I'm old enough to keep out of mischief.

Mrs. H. Indeed, my dear, I don't know that. But, tell me, am I to have no birth-day presents to-day?

Hussey. Wait and see; never be impatient. (Aside.) I've ordered her the prettiest new cap!-such a shawl! and such a love of a muff!

Mrs. H. I should like to know what I'm to have.

Hussey. Wait and see. (Aside.) I always like to give my presents when we're snug and cosey of an evening. (Aloud.) As it's your birth-day, we must have something very nice for dinner, dear.

Mrs. H. Yes, yes; I'll take care of that; and then, you

know, you won't walk out after dinner to-day.

Hussey. Oh yes, love! or I shan't enjoy my evening. Don't ask me to give up my walk to-night, because on your birth-day I should be so sorry to be dull and dosey.

Mrs. H. Very well, you must have your own way, and so I'll

go and order dinner.

Hussey. And I've a letter to write, and then I'll go and look at the papers. Good bye, Poll-a nice dinner, mind.

Mrs. H. Yes, yes, never you fear, and at four o'clock precisely. If you make me wait I shall be furious. [Exit, R. H.

Women really are Hussey. What a dear creature she is! charming! We men ought to have no concealments from them; and really, at times, I feel such compunction, such an odd sensation here, that I'm ashamed to look her in the face; not that I'm so very bad, not worse than ten out of every dozen of other men. All men, that is almost all men, have some little something they hide from their wives; but then the dread of being found out is shocking, and it comes over me sometimes in my happiest moments. (Enter Bob, L. H. with a tray.) Who is that? What do you want, Bob?

Bob. Come to take away the breakfast things, sir.

[Bob places breakfast things in the tray, and goes off with them, L. H.

Hussey. Oh, very well, make haste; clear the deck, and then I want to speak to you. (Takes a chair in front, R., sits and talks to himself.) If she were to find me out, I don't think she would ever forgive me. Certainly she would never feel towards me as she has done, and any change in her would break my heart. I'm sorry I ordered the muff and the shawl to be sent to the secret lodging.

Re-enter Bob, comes forward, L. H.

Bob. I've put away the crockery, sir.

Hussey. Oh, well, now attend to me, Bob; nobody suspects-

Bob. Suspects !-what, captain?

Hussey. The-the little secret I entrusted to you, Bob. I know you and Bridget keep company, and such girls are very apt to get hold of their lovers' secrets.

Bob. Aye, captain, but this here secret an't mine.

Hussey. True, Bob; remember it is mine, and if Bridget got it out of you, Mrs. Hussey would be sure to get it out of Bridget, and then I should be a lost man.

Bob. Well, for my part, your honour, I must say— Hussey. I don't want your opinion on the subject. I only insist on your being discreet, and now I've something else to say. I've been this morning and ordered two or three little elegant presents, which I do not want your mistress to see-a muff and shawl are gone, you know where.

Bob. Another secret?

Hussey. At present, not until the proper moment; so if anybody comes here to ask for me, be sure you are in the way to speak to the person, and pay for the things. I would not have them sent here for fear she'd see them ;-and now my hat and BOB goes to side-table for hat and gloves.

Hussey. I declare, I often catch myself taking a long breath, when I think of the mystery in which I've wrapped myself up !-Have I wrapped myself up, though?—there's the question! Has she no suspicions?--no inkling of anything wrong? Sometimes she's a little irritable—and possibly that may be caused by—

BOB, L. H., comes forward with hat and gloves.

Bob. Here they are, sir.

Hussey. Oh! that's right; now I'm going to the Junior United Service Club, and then I shall take a walk in St. James's Park, and then home. Bob, remember what I said to you-prove yourself worthy of my confidence. (Aside.) I'm in that fellow's power -if he don't black my boots well, I don't dare to scold-he might betray me; it's very miserable. If my water for shaving don't boil, can't venture to say so.

Bob. Did you speak, sir? Perhaps you want a cloak?

[Bob turns up Stage.

Hussey. Hey! what? no. (Aside.) A cloak? that's an innuendo; my hat's badly brushed—but I don't dare mention it.

[Exit, L. H. Bob. Master seems in a twitter to-day; what an odd man he is, surely! one would think he had committed murder. He's so -why, if there an't Bridget. I say, Mrs. Bridget-



Enter BRIDGET, R. H.

Brid. Well, now Bob, what do you want with me? Missis wants her needlework done, and idling here won't do it.

Bob. Well! but Bridget, you can stay and give me a word and

a smile-hey! can't you?

Brid. Oh dear, no—as I told Dr. Jones's butler the other day, when he asked me to accept a ticket from him, for the St. James's Theatre, to which he wanted to accompany me. Mr. Philpot, says I—

Bob. Rot Mr. Philpot!

Brid. Law, Bob! what a word! you're really not so genteel as I could wish.

Bob. Don't say so. To please you is the burthen of my life. Brid. Oh! you're much too wild—you go out too much of evenings for me.

Bob. When I do, it's along of master, or after his errands.

Brid. Well, and master too—not that it's any business of mine, in course not; but if I were missus, I should not like the captain's going out reg'lar every evening after dinner for a matter of two hours. I'd inquire into it, that I would.

Bob. Why, you don't suspect?

Brid. What?

Bob. Oh! why? that is—anything.

Brid. I see it clear enough—there is mischief, and you're up to it. You're in his conference; you'll never do for me.

Bob. You wrong me, Mrs. Bridget.

Brid. Oh no! like master like man—unless you at once tell me all you know. I'll never—Law, here's missus.

Bob. (aside.) Lucky for me, and precious lucky for master.

Enter MRS. HUSSEY, R. H. door.

Mrs. H. (R.) Where's your master? I thought he was here.

Bob. (L.) He's just gone out, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Gone out? (Aside.) Gone out again already. Out before breakfast. Out immediately after breakfast. Sure to go out as soon as dinner is over. It will end in his being never at home.

Brid. (aside.) How missus walks up and down! Begins to be uneasy in her mind. I'm glad of it; poor thing! Very glad—she took it much too quiet.

Bob. (aside.) I'll sneak off; for if missus is in as catagorical a mood as Bridget is, I shall get regularly cleaned out, and blab all I know.

[Exit, L. H.

Brid. (aside.) If she would but tell me her troubles, I might add all I suspect to them, and she'd find herself much more comfortable. (Aloud.) Did you want me, ma'am?

Mrs. H. No, not at all—go and finish the work I gave you.

Brid. Very well, ma'am (Aside.) work—work—nothing but work; how I do wish darning was done by steam. [Exit, L. H. Mrs. H. (sits.) Heigho! perhaps after all, I wrong myself unnecessarily; if I had but some judicious female friend to consult, all

might be well; but here I am alone, with nothing to do, and—
(Enter Bob.) Well, what do you want?

Bob. (gives a card.) A lady below wishes to see you, ma'am;

here's her card.

Mrs. H. (reads.) Miss Wyndham (Rises.) My old friend! show

her up directly.

Bob. (aside.) Old enough, I'll answer for it; and the last person, from the look of her, I should have thought anybody would be glad to see—no accounting for tastes.

[Exit, L. H.

Mrs. H. I have not seen her since I was a child; and then, being the poor companion of my aunt, she acted as a sort of nursery governess to me. I hope she has got the better of her deafness—poor dear thing!

Enter Miss Wyndham and Bob, L. H.—Mrs. Hussey goes and kisses her.—Bob places seats.

Mrs. H. My dear Miss Wyndham, I'm so glad to see you.

Miss W. (courtseying.) Ma'am—why—no—you can't be—
little Mary Summers! Yet, I do believe you are. Oh! my dear
pet.

Mrs. H. Pray sit down.

Miss W. Thank you, thank you, dear; and so you're married? How comfortable! I'm not. You'll wonder at that, accidental; and your name's Hussey—odd name, very odd name.

Mrs. H. And now you're come to stay?

Miss W. Going away? O dear no.

Mrs. H. (louder.) That's right, you'll pay us a visit? You'll take a bed here?

Mrs. W. Go to bed? No-no.

Mrs. H. You must let me send for your trunk, and you'll make our house your home while you're here.

Mrs. W. I hear you perfectly—you're a dear thing. Well, as you're so kind as to press me—your man, is that your man?

Mrs. H. That's my man.

Miss W. Then, my good sir, if you'll go to the Golden Cross, Charing-Cross, you'll easily find it—

Bob. I knows it by heart, ma'am. Miss W. What does he say? Mrs. H. He'll go there directly.

Miss W. Very good, ask for my things,—Miss Wyndham's things; my name's Wyndham—a black trunk, a yellow portmanteau, (count on your fingers as I go on) a carpet-bag, two band-

boxes, and an umbrella.

Bob. Six articles.

Miss W. Bring 'em here.

Bob. (aside.) Rather heavy work. I hope she wont forget to tip the porter. [Exit, L H.

Miss W. So, my dear, let me look at you—looking charming; eight years since we met, and you've been married two years? How comfortable!—and who have you married?

Mrs. H. Captain Hussey.

Miss W. Hussey-av, I know his name's Hussey, but what is he?

Miss H. A captain.

Miss W. Oh! a red coat.

Mrs. H. Oh no-the navy.

Miss W. Knavery! Sorry for that.

Mrs. H. Oh dear no-nautical.

Miss W. Naughty, more shame for him-men are apt to be-

Mrs. H. He was captain of a man-of-war.

Miss W. Dear, dear! I hear now-a man-of-war, what will he say, when he hears you have asked me to stay here without consulting him?

Mrs. H. He will be very glad—he indulges me in every thing. Miss W. How comfortable!—So you've nothing to complain

of?

Mrs. H. Oh no!—I made it a point with him, that he should give up old habits.

Miss W. Ay, very right—the sailor's jacket and—

Mrs. H. Oh no !- Swearing-drinking grog.

Miss W. What! entirely? I shouldn't mind a little grog.

Mrs. H. Then smoking?

Miss W. Oh shocking!—he does'nt smoke, I hope?

Mrs. H. Oh no—he promised when we married to give up swearing, drinking, and smoking—he promised faithfully.

Miss W. And has he no awkward, old quarter-deck ways, my

Mrs. H. None; at least, none that I ought to complain of. He walks out without me certainly, for two hours before breakfast;

do you hear?

Miss W. Yes! well?
Mrs. H. And for two hours after dinner.

Miss W. After dinner?

Mrs. H. Yes.

Miss W. What, this time of year?

Mrs. H. Yes, always.

Miss W. What, in the dark?

Mrs. H. Yes, quite dark now.

Miss W. Oh my dear, you're very wrong to allow it.

Mrs. H. Oh no! he is so good, so excellent.

Enter BRIDGET, L. H.

Brid. Please mem (MRS. HUSSEY rises, and crosses to BRIDGET), there's the door bell ringing like mad. Cook's out, mem, and Bob's gone for the lady's baggage. I suppose I must answer the door?

Mrs. H. Certainly.

Brid. (aside, grumbling.) Very well! it's not my place to answer the street-door; I never bargained for it, and it's a thing I am not accustomed to. [Exit, L. H.

Miss W. Well my dear, you were speaking-

Mrs. H. Yes, of my husband, he is such a very good creature.

Enter BRIDGET, L. H.

Brid. It was a young girl, mem.

Mrs. H. Well! show her up.

Brid. Oh! 'twas not to speak to you, mem.

Mrs. H. Indeed ! to whom then Brid. To master, mem-to the captain.

Miss W. How tantalizing ! I can't hear a word; how people do mumble!

Brid. (aloud.) A young girl, mem, to speak to master; but as master was out, she didn't want to see missus.

Miss W. Oh! dear me, do you hear, my dear?

Mrs. H. Yes, yes, nothing particular, I dare say.

Brid. Oh! dear me, no. She came to ask master, she said, whether he thought she'd better put blue bows in her cap, or

Mrs. H. How very odd! did you hear?

Miss W. To be sure! you'd better send away your maid.

Mrs. H. You may go, Bridget.

Brid. (aside.) Oh, to be sure, always snubbed and huffed, wouldn't give a fig to stay, not I.

Miss W. I am sorry, dear, to hear this, and yet glad you had me with you-pink or blue-hem,-for his evening visit, I suppose!

Mrs. H. You think so. Oh I've had my misgivings.

Miss W. You have; well, take my advice, say nothing to him to make him suspect that anything's suspected, for that would look suspicious.

Mrs. H. I'll be guided by you.

Miss W. There's a dear; and now show me my room, and we'll talk matters over there in quiet. Poor thing, pink or blue!

Mrs. H. I'm afraid I'm much to be pitied.

Miss W. Hey, my dear?

Mrs. H. I'm much to be pitied, ma'am.

Miss W. So you are dear, and it's lucky that I'm here to pity you; come along, it's very pitiable.

Mrs. H. To ask how her cap was to be trimmed !

Miss W. We'll trim his jacket for him, dear-pink or blue, [Exeunt, R. H. l. E. indeed !-come along with me.

Enter HUSSEY, L. H.

Hussey. Well, I've had a very nice walk, just the sort of walk I like; sunny, yet not too hot; balmy, breezy, and reviving; I wonder if the girl has been here with the cap, the shawl, and muff, I ordered to be sent. (Looks around.) Hem, elsewhere! There now, what a glow comes over me when I think of my concealment. (Rings the bell.) I must speak to Bob. (Sits R. of table.)

Enter Bob, L. H.

Bob. Did you please to ring, sir? Hussey. Yes; has any one called, Bob? Bob. Not that I know of, sir.

Hussey. Well Bob, if anybody had called you would have known it.

Bob. I should have known if I had been at home.

Hussey. Well Bob, and you were at home.

Bob. Oh no, missus sent me to the Golden Cross, Charing-Cross.

Hussey. And you went?

Bob. To be sure I did.

Hussey. And what for?

Bob. Let me see; six articles, a black trunk, a yellow portmantle, three paper-bandboxes, and a gingham umbrella—not at all a nice umbrella.

Hussey. Bob (Rises), you've taken a little too much this morning.

Bob. Why, 'pon my life, 'twas more than I could carry. I took as much as I could, and gave the rest to the porter.

Hussey. If you are not crazy, tell me what you mean.

Bob. You know about the old lady?

Hussey. What old lady?

Bob. Why deafy, a friend of missus's.

Hussey. Who do you mean?

Bob. Oh you don't know,—why a Miss Windy, I think her name is, and she's come on a visit, and missus sent me for her baggage, and by the quantity I should think she meant to stay a precious long time.

Hussey. This is sudden, indeed. (Aside.) A female friend, two heads instead of one to spy out my secret. (Aloud.) She's deaf, I think you said?

Bob. Miss Windy? oh very.

Hussey. That's a comfort, but the loss of one sense only sharpens all the others; I dare say she sees double. Bob, you ought not to have gone out until the person I spoke to you about called. Bridget may have seen the messenger, and may have mentioned it to Mrs. Hussey; you were very wrong, and I am exceedingly angry.

Bob. When missus told me to go, sir, how could I help it? I think as I don't seem to suit, I had better go at once, sir; have the goodness to look out for another servant, and I'll take my discharge.

Hussey. (aside.) He's actually turning me off!

Bob. It's very awkward living in places where there's secrets.

I am always afraid of getting into trouble.

Hussey. Nonsense, Bob, nonsense, don't say another word; on second thoughts, I am not angry, you were quite right. (Aside.) This comes of putting myself in his power; if he were to tell all he knew, Mrs. H. would execrate me, I know she would.

Bob. I suppose I had better lay the table for dinner?

Hussey. Yes_yes_Bob, if you please—you're quite right.

[Bob, aside, putting table back.

· Bob. How civil we are! this comes of being in a master's secret. Can't be angry, for fear of consequences. (Aloud.) I suppose I am to lay for three?

Hussey. Three-no-two, my wife and I dine tête-à-tête.

Bob. Dine what? two-law! isn't old Windy to have any dinner?

Hussey. Who the devil's old Windy? Bob. Who? deafy-missus's friend.

Hussey. Yes—yes. (Aside.) Who can this be! a sort of misgiving comes over me, that whoever she is, her visit bodes me no good. (Bob goes off L. H. to get dinner things.) Windy—Miss Windy, I don't remember the name, it can't be Windy—I dread the sight of her. Here comes my wife.

Enter MRS. HUSSEY, R. H.

Mrs. H. Oh, you are come back! well I'm glad we have not had to wait dinner for you.

Hussey. (aside.) We, that means herself and old Eolus. (Aloud.)

we, my dear?

Mrs. H. Oh yes, a dear old friend of mine, who was in fact my nursery-governess, is come to pay me a visit.

Hussey. Ah ! Miss Windy ?

Mrs. H. Miss Wyndham-a woman of great acquirements; was

I not right to ask her to stay?

Hussey. Decidedly. (Aside.) Never was such a bore! but a man who has a secret, such a secret as I have, dare not deny his wife anything. (Aloud.) Is it near dinner-time, dear?

Mrs. H. Yes, and here is my friend.

Enter MISS WYNDHAM, R. H.

Mrs. H. Miss Wyndham, my husband; Captain Hussey, my old friend, Miss Wyndham.

[Miss Wyndham having adjusted her spectacles.

Miss W. Captain Hussey, I hope I may venture to say, I'm glad to see you.

Hussey. I trust so, madam.

Miss W. Must, sir! no, sir; but I hope it—the man who makes one of my old pupils happy, will indeed be welcome to me. Hussey. Well then, ma'am—I—really hope I—I—answer the

description, Eh? Polly, what say you?

Mrs. H. I hope so too, with all my heart. Hussey. (aside.) How she looks at me! indeed they both look at me, in a very peculiar way—a suspicious way I think—hem, (Aloud.) I a—, that is—

Miss W. Sir!

Hussey. (confused.) I—I—I'll ring for dinner. (Rings bell.) No news to-day—nothing in any of the papers;—dull—very dull—execrably dull.

Miss W. Do you mean me, sir? Dull!

Hussey. No, ma'am, by no means. (Aside to Mrs. Hussey.) Tell her what I said, Poll. This is an ill wind indeed.

Enter Bob, L. н.

Hussey. Dinner? [Ladies retire to sofa, R. H. Bob. Cook's dishing it.

Hussey. Well; when it's dished, let us have it.

Bob. (aside.) To be sure. What's the use of ringing one upstairs to tell one what one knew before.

[Bob returns immediately with table spread for dinner, BRIDGET helping, then exit BRIDGET.

Hussey. (aside.) How those two women talk together, and eye me! She's putting mischief in my wife's head. And what would that signify, if there was no mischief ready made for her to put? If there was nothing that I wanted to conceal, what would it signify how they rummaged? I must talk to her, and try to give her a favourable opinion of me. (Aloud.) You see we're quite in the family way.

Miss W. Sir! Louder, if you please.

Hussey. We're quite in the fami I mean, we've made no stranger of you.

Miss W. You'll think me stranger before I go, perhaps.

(He hands her to a seat.) Thank you.

[HUSSEY and MRS. HUSSEY sit opposite each other, o. P. and P. S., MISS WYNDHAM in the centre, facing the audience.

Hussey. (R., carving.) I hope to win your good opinion.

Miss W. Yes, a pinion, if you please. Bob, R. (aside.)

Bob. Oh, she's wonderful! A pinion!—ha, ha, ha! I don't think she's likely to take wing, though.

Hussey. Poll, a merry thought for you.

Miss W. Ah, I hear, a merry-thought. Poor thing! not before she wants one. Poor dear thing! I want vinegar!

Bob. (handing it, aside.) That I'm sure you don't. Sour old

Hussey. (aside.) What the devil does she mean? (Aloud.) I say, ma'am, I hope you will approve of your friend's husband when you know me better. I gave up all old habits that she objected to.

Miss W. All?

Mrs. H. Aye, all?

Hussey. All! Yes, all. Why, damn it, what do you look so at me for? Didn't I give up the swearing at once? I'll be-Miss W. Yes, yes; and the smoking?

Mrs. H. Oh yes, he gave up the smoking readily enough. But

Hussey. But! What do you mean by but?

Mrs. H. I said that I should hate a husband that smoked, but there are worse crimes than smoking, bad as smoking is.

Bob. Poor master. I wouldn't be he for something.

Hussey. Well, but my dear! Miss Wyndham, you've only a drumstick. (Aside.) I wish she'd beat a retreat.

Enter BRIDGET, with a note, L. H.

Brid. A note, ma'am.

Mrs. H. (takes note.) Directed to you; I may open it, I know. Opens and reads.

Hussey fills Miss Wyndham's glass.

Hussey. Your health, my dear madam.

Mrs. H. What is this ?- "To Captain Hussey .- Muff, ten guineas; a shawl, five pounds." Fifteen pounds ten shillings. for things I've never seen! it's a mistake.

Hussey. Oh no, it's all right; presents for you.

Mrs. H. Oh how kind! Let me see them.

Hussey. I-that is, they-they are not here. (Aside.) What a pity I had 'em sent elsewhere!

Mrs. H. Why, the bill says they are delivered! Where are they, then ?

Miss W. Yes, where are they? I like people to talk loud; I wish you'd always converse in this key. Where are they? You've no other house, have you, captain, where they could have been delivered?

Mrs. H. No other establishment? Hussey. No, no; it's all a mistake.

Mrs. H. Bridget, go and stop the man, and ask him, where the muff and shawl were delivered. Go; make haste!

Exit BRIDGET, L. H. Hussey. No, no; let me entreat you-I have the most particular reasons

Mrs. H. Oh! no doubt! So have I for my curiosity!

Miss W. I'll trouble you for the back-bone to pick. I've a great fancy for picking bones.

Hussey. (gives it aside.) I wish 'twould choke her. I should like to see the crows picking her bones.

Enter BRIDGET, L. H.

Brid. Dear, dear! the man's gone!

Hussey. I breathe again.

All rise. Mrs. H. Will you tell me where these things are?

Miss W. Costly articles! Very becoming. By-the-bye, my dear, hadn't you better ask the captain which he prefers, pink or blue?

Hussey. I wonder what she means by that!

[Bob takes away the dinner, and puts table back. Bob. (aside.) They've done for the captain's appetite this day; he hasn't picked a drumstick. [Exit L.

Mrs. H. I think, my dear friend, we had better retire. The captain will take his customary walk, and will join us.

Hussey. (aside, L.) What a devil of an emphasis she put on customary. She does suspect.

[Offers his arm to MRS. H. who turns from him.

Miss W. What did you say, my dear? You don't mean that the captain will really go out this evening, after all that has happened! Well, poor thing, I do pity you! Lean on me.

Mrs. H. I will. Bridget, come with us. Thank you for your kindness. Come.

[Exeunt Mrs. Hussey, Miss Wyndham, and Bridget, R. H.; CAPTAIN opens the door to them.

Hussey. Here's a pretty business! If that spinster had not been here, all could have been softened down and explained. It's my own fault. That mysterious secret! I can endure it no longer. I will give it up. She does suspect. She asked if I had another house—another establishment. I can bear it no longer. I'll go and give it all up. Yes, for the last time, I'll go there, and then have no more concealments. Bob!

Enter Bob, L. H.

Bob. Sir.

Hussey. You must come with me to-night—you know where—for the last time.

Bob. I'm glad of that, sir; for Bridget begins to be very

'quisitive.

Hussey. Yes, yes; you shall bring away any property of mine which is there, and then I'll have done with it. I shall be much happier. I haven't dared look my wife in the face for a long time. Get me my hat, cloak, and gloves. It's dark. So much the better. Is there any one near? No. Now for it. Hush!

[Puts on large cloak and hat, looks cautiously round, and then goes out, followed by Bon.—Bridget, with bonnet and shawl, passes across from R. H. to L. H.—Scene closes.

SCENE II. Another Chamber.

Enter MRS. HUSSEY and MISS WYNDHAM, R. H.—Two chairs brought on.

Miss W. Calm yourself, my dear; we shall soon know the very worst; and that's always a great comfort.

Mrs. H. But she promised to return immediately. However, all will now soon be explained. Have you any salts, my dear?

Miss W. Salts! Oh, I know, to sniff at. Yes, dear, here's my bottle.

Mrs. H. I'm getting very faint.

"Miss W. Sniff hard, dear, at the bottle. Don't faint now, 'twill be all thrown away before nobody but me; but by-and-by, when the captain's present—Oh, if I were you, how I would faint then!

Mrs. H. I'm a little better. I think if I move about I shall recover. (Rises.) I'll tell you what, that no time may be lost, I'll go and get my bonnet and cloak; for if Bridget traces him, I shall go instantly, to convict him on the spot.

Miss W. Quite right; and pray get my cloak and bonnet, there's a dear. Keep up your spirits, and bring my clogs.

[Exit Mrs. HUSSEY, R. H.

Miss W. How very opportune my visit was! Poor dear thing!
What could she have done without me. When there's a misunderstanding between a husband and wife, that woman's in luck who meets with a disinterested spinster to back her up, and make her sift matters to the very bottom. These Husseys never can be happy together again; that's quite impossible: so I dare say the

captain will go to sea again, and Mrs. H. and I shall live together. It will suit me exactly—so comfortable. Ah, my dear!

Enter R. H., MRS. Hussey, in bonnet and cloak, and with a cloak, clogs, and a large calash, for Miss Wynd-Ham, which she puts on.

Mrs. H. Is not Bridget returned? How I tremble! I almost wish I had never meddled with this mystery. There's somebody coming. Ah! 'tis Bridget!

Enter BRIDGET, L. H., in bonnet and shawl.

Mrs. H. Well, tell me, speak at once. [Crosses to BRIDGET.

Brid. Oh, Ladies! oh, ma'am! oh, my poor missus!

Mrs. H. It is so, then—I knew it—I felt it! Go on.

Miss W. Elevate your voice. I would not lose a syllable for the world.

Brid. They left this house-

Miss W. Of course-we know that.

Brid. And I followed at a distance, and they turned into two or three streets, till they got to one off Oxford-street.

Mrs. H. Well?

Brid. I saw master take out a latch key.

Miss W. Oh, those latch keys!

Mrs. H. If there's a latch key, I'm undone!

Brid. He undid the door! and Bob and he went up three stories, and then master had another key.

Miss W. Another key!

Mrs. H. Two keys! I dare say he has a bunch!

Brid. He unlocked that door, they both went in and shut it after them.

Mrs. H. Then you saw no more?

Brid. Oh yes I did, for I peeped through the keyhole.

Miss W. Admirable girl !-well ?

Brid. When I got there, master had got on a large dressing gown, and a sort of Greek cap, like them as one sees in the shops, round, you know, with 'broidery like, and a dangling tossel at top.

Mrs. H. His dressing gown —oh—evident, who was with him?

Brid. I couldn't see far enough into the room, and I lost sight of him in a minute, so I thought I had best come away to tell you.

Mrs. H. You were right; we will go there at once; you two shall remain on the stairs, till I call you—I will go in to the culprit at once.—Come, Miss Wyndham—Bridget, lead the way—now, indeed, we shall know the worst.

Miss W. And that's always a great comfort.

[Bridget goes out first, Mrs. Hussey and Miss Wynd-Ham follow, all weeping bitterly.—L. H. C. and w.



SCENE III.—A mean-looking room in a lodging-house—a table on which are a muff, shawl, and woman's cap—a large closet at back—Hussey dressed in a dressing gown—a Greek cap—is holding the closet door nearly closed as if afraid of some one coming-Bob listening at a door in centre.

Hussey. (R. H.) Hush !—I'm certain I heard somebody at the

Bob. (looking out.) No. sir—there's nobody there whatsomever. Hussey. You are sure? well, perhaps, it was only my fancyat all events, I will turn the key in the closet. (Locks closet.) I will not again venture to look even-hush!

Bob. Law, sir! you're all of a tremble!

Hussey. I am, Bob. (Softly.) When I think of the contents of that closet, and remember that my wife may trace me hither !-I'll tell you what, Bob, you must go home; and be sure if I am asked for-I'm only at the club-the United Service!

Bob. Ah! but missus don't like them clubs-they think matrimony is the only proper united service, and they're not far wrong. Hussey. Hush! Bob!—no occasion to speak so loud! make haste, and I shall soon follow.

Bob. Very well.—I'll try and keep matters quiet; but the sooner you come the better, captain. Exit at door in flat. Hussey. Yes.—I know it—I feel it; the sooner the better.

> [Hussey comes forward.—The centre door is seen to open. and Bob and Mrs. Hussey are visible.—She puts her finger on her lips and enters.—Bob looks in consternation.—She shuts him out gently, and then comes forward, L. H.

Hussey. I will renounce these bad habits. I shall be a happier man; that closet now conceals all that has caused this mystery between my wife and me.

Mrs. H. (aside.) That closet!

Hussey. I'do value all that the closet contains; yes, love it-

ardently love it; but I will give it up for ever!

Mrs. H. (aside.) Miserable woman that I am, he loves another. (Comes forward, L. H.) I have heard you, sir,—I have discovered your vile haunts, and I come to say farewell for ever.

Hussey. What will become of me?

Mrs. H. That closet contains the object of your love: and see, were proofs wanting, a cap-a muff-a shawl! Ah! the very muff and shawl which he said were bought for me!

Hussey. And so they were, upon my life they were.

Mrs. H. For shame, sir; there was a time when I did not think you capable of a falsehood.

Hussey. A falsehood! Zounds, madam-

Mrs. H. Swearing - Oh! when we married how readily did you promise to renounce all bad habits, which are trivial compared with these atrocities.

Hussey. Trivial, my dear!

V.

Mrs. H. Don't presume to call me my dear, in the presence of that cupboard.

Hussey. Don't talk of the cupboard; but tell me what you

mean by trivial. (Taking her by the hand.)

Mrs. H. You promised not to swear, and swearing is a bad habit; but in a sailor I could have excused it, for early habit is a palliation.

Hussey. You are generous as well as just.

Mrs. H. You promised to give up smoking, when I said that

I would never marry a man that smoked.

Hussey. Yet early habit might have palliated that, for I could almost as easily have given up eating and drinking.

Mrs. H. But had you smoked I could have forgiven it.

Hussey. Could you?

Mrs. H. Yes; but your present conduct is-

Hussey. Oh, Poll! you don't know what you require, when you bid a sailor give up at once, that which has been his solace in days of storm and peril, and in the dark night watch, when he paced the deck, and thought of home.

Mrs. H. What do you mean? Hussey. I mean to show you all!

Mrs. H. Oh-no-no! not for the world!

Puts handkerchief before her eyes. [Hussey throws open the closet - takes out a large Turkish

pipe, which he lays at her feet.] Hussey. Won't you forgive me?

Mrs. H. A pipe!—is that all?

Hussey. Yes; all!

Mrs. H. And these things on the table?

Hussey. Your birth-day presents.

Mrs. H. And the girl, who called this morning to ask if she should trim a cap with pink or blue?

Hussey. Your cap, dear; and here it is.

MRS. HUSSEY embraces him.

Mrs. H. Oh, my dear Harry, how happy I am.

Husesy. And so am I, I'm sure, my own dear Poll! Enter MISS WYNDHAM and BRIDGET.

Miss W. (comes down, R. H.) I could not wait any longer ;___ why, embracing !-- Oh, you weak woman!

Hussey. All is explained—and all forgiven.

Miss W. Don't tell me. I'm sure you have a secret flame here.

Hussey. (loudly.) No, ma'am, only a secret smoke. Miss W. What does the man mean, my dear?

Mrs. H. I will tell you all. When I married I exacted too much. I required my husband to give up an innocent indulgence, which long habit had rendered essential to his comfort.

Miss W. Very wrong indeed! I quite side with you now,

Captain Hussey.

Hussey. Thank you, ma'am; but as we're to have no fight, I require no second; this is "the piping time of peace!"



Mrs. H. Thank you, Harry; and to reward you, I will let you bring home your pipe, and you shall fit up a room for yourself, where you may smoke whenever you please; indeed, I don't think I now dislike the smell at all!

Enter BOB and BRIDGET.

Bob. (L. c.) What not at loggerheads!—dear me, (Aside.) what a disappointment for Windy!

Brid. (L. H.) Law, Bob, all this here has ended in smoke!

Miss W. (aside.) Poor thing, she believes him!—Ah, for my part, I suspect there's more closets than one in the room! I'm sure he has a cupboard love! (Looks about suspiciously.)

Hussey. Well, Miss Wyndham, congratulate me, I'm to take

home my meershaum. (Showing the pipe)

Miss W. A mere sham !—yes, indeed, you may well say that!

Mrs. H. Bridget, give Bob your hand, and take my advice,
never make a fuss about trifles.

Brid. No, mem,—I won't, mem. Law, Bob, I'll not find fault with backy!

Bob. To be sure not, Bridget. Backy's genteel!

Hussey. And now my mind's at ease;—yet stop a bit—at ease did I say?—not quite, for unless my little mysterious peccadillo is pardoned by all around me, I am still The Culprit!

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.

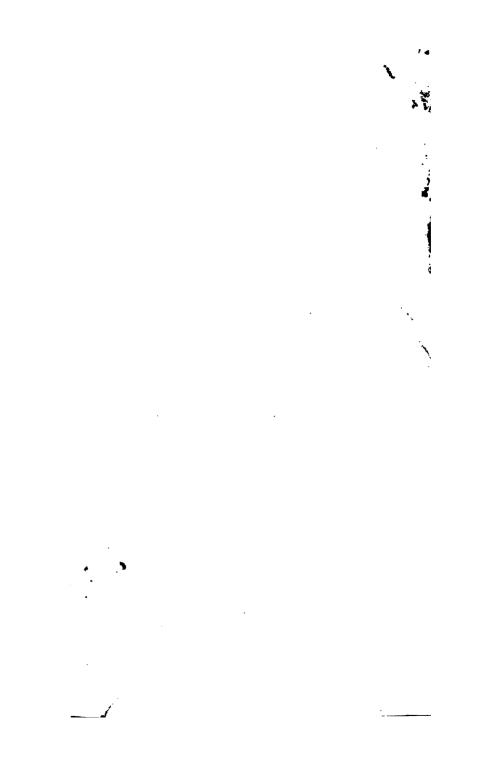
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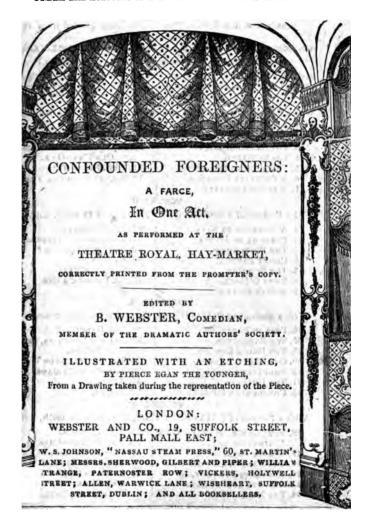




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Bramatis Personae and Costume.

First performed January 6th, 1838.

MR. WESTERN (astockbroker). Blue coat, white Mr. StriceLand. waistcoat, mankeen small-clothes, and gaiters

LIEUTENANT O'PHELAN (on half-pay). First, dress. Military blue frock-coat, white waistcoat, and trousers. Second dress. Light-brown body-coat, flowered velvet waistcoat, tight canary-coloured pantaloons, hessian boots, French-shaped hat

MONSIEUR LA FOLIE (aBoulogne fortune-hunter).
First dress. Black frock-coat, silk waistcoat, and light-drab trousers. Second dress. Green Newmarket cut coat, scarlet velvet waistcoat, large loose white trousers, white hat, and red wig and whiskers

SERVANT, Plain livery .

. Mr. RAY.

MISS MARTHA WESTERN (un old maid). Figured French muslin dress and bonnet, à la Française Mrs. TAYLEURE.

ROSE WESTERN (her niece). Mavender coloured $\Big\}$ Mrs. Nisbert. silk dress

KATTY (an Irish waiting-maid). A figured cotton gown, green silk apron, and cap trimmed with green Mrs. Humby, ribbons

Scene. In the suburbs of London.

Time of representation, forty minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

CONFOUNDED FOREIGNERS.

SCENE I.—A room in Mr. Western's house, Mr. and Miss Martha Western, discovered at a table, with a cloth cover, playing écarté; decanter and glasses, &c.

Wes. (R. H., rising from table.) Poh! poh! it's no use my attempting to learn this infernal game of écarté.

Mar. (L. H.) But why assayez vous-why do you quit your

seat so hastily? It's a French game, brother.

Wes. A French game, indeed! I value you, Martha, but your ten days' trip to Calais, has turned your head round and round, till your neck looks like a corkscrew. You can only eat French dishes, can't bear any but French gentlemen, insist on French beans, and, now and then, confuse us with French phrases; and I couldn't understand 'em, only you are always so good as to translate 'em.

Mar. When shall we go to the French play, as you won't indulge in this of écarté?

Wes. I like a play I can understand.

Mar. Ah! a piece in dumb-shew—with a tenpenny book to explain it. Brother, you are too English in your taste—you want foreign refinement—your wretched sharemarket haunts you in private life—you ought to look up.

Wes. Birmingham's looking up.

Mar. Birmingham! degradation! Bolougne is up—etherial Bolougne! continental Calais!

Wes. Bolougne!—I must say, Martha, you wear me out with your French nonsense!

Mar. Oh, go on—taisez vous—talk away, pray go on—I'm continental, I can endure—

Wes. Continental! come, come, let us look at home; let us in plain English, see what will ensure a happy life, for my daughter, and your niece—you seem to forget, that if Rose is not married with our consent, by her birth-day (and it's fast approaching), she forfeits the 500l. a year, left her by our sister Dorothy.

Mar. True! and then it goes to form five dowries, for five young women; what a whim of my dear maiden sister! However, Rose must marry à la Française.

Wes. A la fiddle-de-dee!

Mar. Oh! I've such a man in my eye, a real chevalier.

Wes. A chevalier?

Mar. I can also settle 500l, a year, if she forms a graceful and refined union; so, soyes tranquille—take care, that's all.

Wes. True, Martha, true! but why-why go so far abroad?

won't St. Dunstau's do as well as Dunquerque

Mar. St. Dunstan's, poh! City—to any marriage proposed by me, City's a positive bar.

Wes. A bar! eh! oh! Temple-bar. Ah! well, if St. Dun-

stan's won't do-

Mar. Your head is full of English bubbles.

Wes. You are all for being out of doors without a bonnet—you want all the neighbourhood to waddle about in mob-caps—you . . .

Mar. Come, come, Mr. Western, apprenes ceci.

Wes. Eh! penny what?

Mar. Apprenet ceci. That is, let us cease—let us cease—let us turn the conversation. Now, hear, brother; have patience, now. I have, during my stay at, and on my return from, the continent—

Wes. The continent again? Mercy on me! Six hours of head over the side of a Calais washing-tub! Well, go on,

Martha

Mar. Pray, hear me. I have met with a Frenchman, a finished gentleman-

Wes. Oh, in these times, it is easy to meet with a finished gentleman!—trade keeps'em ready made.

Mar. Hear me out, dites moi! Do hear me out! He is a gentleman—tall, dark, polished!

Wes. So is a life-guardsman's boot. (aside.) Go on !

Mar. Easy manners-full of bows-Frenchy-Bolougny-

Wes. Calaisy — Dunkerky! It's all ke and ky: no word snaps short off, like good brittle English. I—1—Martha, am for no French husband. I have no prejudices—don't misunderstand me—but I was suckled by my mother, as Lord Nelson was, to hate a mounseer; and I can tell you I'm full of that sort of milk of human kindness.

Mar. You pretend to like the Irish.

Wes. Pretend, I don't; but like, I do. Martha, I honour'em. So full of heart, so full of jollity, so full of love! Such courage, such hospitality! I spent six weeks in Dublin once, collecting for Wiggins and Co.; and I never was sure whether I stood on my head or my heels, the whole time. No cash, but plenty of spirits. If their credit had been as strong as their whiskey, what a trade they would have driven, eh?

Mar. There-you stun me-parles haut-pray be quieter.

Violent, warm men, brother.

Wes. Violent friends! violent pleasant fellows! violent brothers! If you will have a foreigner, why not let Rose have a good specimen of a gentleman, with a large round O right in the front of his surname?

Mar. I should like a Lé or a Dé. Le Fleur, Le Jeune; De Ville, De-

Wes. De stuff—Le nonsense! O—O—O'Flaherty, O'Doherty, O'Dogherty, O'Rafferty, O'Shaughnessy!—that's the name for a husband

or a husband.

Mar. O, O, don't kill me. Je le crois. I can't agree with you, Rose, eh? (Rose sings without, and enters, L.) Ah, Rose, dear! slways carrying about with you a warm, light heart! Bless your foreign spirits! Your father and I have been agreeing—

Wes. No, no. we haven't! No, no, not quite! We have been disagreeing to our heart's content about the best mode of disposing

of vou.

Rose. (crosses to c.) Disposing of me, sir—la! By public auction, or by private contract? Going, going, gone! Miss

Western is yours, sir .-

Wes. By the best of contracts—the marriage contract—your aunt is all for a frog-eater, or a toad-eater, or something in that French victualling department.

Rose. Oh, mercy! I shouldn't like to marry a toad-eater. Oh!

(shudders,) shocking, Pa!

Mar. But you'ld like a French Apollo, with a flowered waist-coat, and embroidered mustaches!

Rose. What a pretty man! embroidered mustaches!

Wes. French Apollo! give me an Irish Hercules, with a soft heart, and a hard head; patriotic—love of woman—land of my birth—emerald isle! you understand—eh! Rose?

birth—emerald isle! you understand—eh! Rose?

Rose. (aside.) Oh, I do! It's just to my taste—a young Irishman—they do always talk so close to one's cheek—one never loses a word.

Mar. Politesse-airy carriage!

Ros. Gallant address-generous heart!

Wes. True—dashing and daring—and with a voice that would wheedle a tom-tit from the highest poplar, into a mouse trap—Rose, Rose—you are of my way of thinking—you are, I see!

Rose. I, sir! la! la! I was only helping you on with your great Irish picture! How you do colour up—I was thinking for my part, of a respectable English actor—one in the regular heavy business, as our friend, Mr. Tomlinson, the manager, calls it—the pay is so sure—every week, I hear—and all day long, so nice and idle—and he gets so looked back at, in the streets—and has his name so mentioned in his own hearing in Sydney's alley—"Jones, that's Jones!" Oh! what fun?

Wes. An actor—I'd rather you married a gouty tax-gatherer, and had to go about daily, with an inkhorn in your bosom, to

ask respectfully for the water rate!

Rose. Oh, I like calling on people with a white handkerchief, and a card-case—bang, bang, bang—Miss Rose Western!

Enter SERVANT, L.

Ser. Sir, Mr. Chivey, the secretary of the Grand Strand Hand-in-hand Tunnel Railway is below.

Wei. Chivey! Bless me, he's earlier than he appointed.

Tunnel through town! a sure hit! Bill for taking down St.

Paul's—and lay the monument sideways, up Cheapside. Tell him, I'll wait on him, instanter!

Ser. In a what, sir ?

Wes. Instanter—in a minute. [Erit Servant, L. u, There, sister, I never try a French word, to please you, but it's sure to put somebody out. Now, Rose, in my absence don't be Frenchified—don't be parlour-wood out of your heart—stick to our view of the sort of foreigners, to make a woman happy. Dublin, before Dunkirk—Cork, before Calais.

Rose. I'm young and inexperienced, but I'll try to keep to the side I like.

[Exit MR. WESTERN. L.

Mar. Rose, your aunt, poor soul, who is "qui vive,"—dead—no more—respected marriage! she left you a pretty fortune, on the terms you know—now I can double that fortune—if you go to the land of the Louises, the Quinzes, and the Quatorzes, I can, and shall double it.

Rose. Dear aunt! well! as I am to be disposed of, this is good—here's a bidding in two places—"and if any dispute should arise between two or more bidders, the lot so in dispute, (that's me!) to be put up again, and resold,"—there!

Mar. Giddy girl! (aside.) but it's nearly time for me to receive Monsieur La Folie! the gentleman who came over on some special mission from Boulogne! so elegant! so light! Rose! dear—I'm going out for a short time, for your good I trust: I shall have a friend to introduce to you—a refined foreigner—un Cabaret—a private gentleman—put your hair to rights!

Ros. That I will—Oh, good, there's nothing like a new intro-

duction-it requires one's furbishing up so.

Mar. Good bye! that is—adieu! as the French gentleman said at Nicholson's wharf!—don't quit the house, good morning—

or as we say-bon repos.

Rose. Rely on me-(exit Miss Western. L.) to go out, dear aunt. Have I not to meet the dear Captain O'Phelan-by stealth -the peculiar way the Irish have of making love! I dare'nt trust my father, because he's all on my side-and then, my aunt, would be all the harder on the other side—as far as I am concerned. however, I here make myself a very particular position-solemn promise—that I will be dutiful and choose for myself —O'Phelan! what a name on a large straw-coloured card, with a glossy ground. and four shining, embossed, chubby little cupids, at each corner -Mrs. O'Phelan! Oh, I must give my dear little lieutenant a hint as to these prejudices against the French, by my fatherand in favour of them, by my aunt-he's a national honour to any young lady-and I don't think he'll be easily deceived, or trifled with - La! I like this war between two great countries for me!—The Irish army will be drawn up at the back of the garden gate, in the rope walk-I must relieve guard! eyes right, left shoulders forward—quick, march!

[Exit Rose, R.



SCENE II.—A rope-walk with the palings of a garden, and a

O'Phelun. (solus, L.) (speaks.) Rose! Rose! punctuality, my darling! By my soul, it's very light for these duties! However, it's a blessing the ropemakers and stringmakers have left work. Here it is, then, where they make the materials with which they tie up burglars and brown paper parcels. Hush! no; it was only hemp going it in the wind! For a gentleman born, and only upon half receipts, for my creditors know that I'm by no means on half pay, I'm mighty cheerful. It's all Rose. If a woman's only away, and you love her, she's always with youthat's a fact. Hark! the gate! no, it's as close as the bars of a gridiron! If I could only secure Rose, I'd turn domestic, sell out of half-pay, and go upon full service. Love brings an Irishman out of his difficulties, as sure as a little ragged pair of velveteens with a link, brings a body clane through a November fog! Eh! ah! yes! I do! I do glimpse a darling piece of white, umbrella-looking dress! Faith, the door is coquetting an opening! (KATTY puts her head out.) Ah! half a cap, an eye, and three ringlets! O'Phelan, ye are the rale favourite after all—A. 1 with the petticoats! Oh! Rose—

(Enter KATTY, cautiously, from the door at back; comes down, R. H.)

Kat. I don't quite know—I'll sound. Oh! it must be heone can't mistake a lover. Sir, sir, have you—seen—a gentleman—

O'Phe. I have; and my dear little ambassadress in a mob cap (bless your dear little eyes, which shine like two beads through the crack of a closet-door), I know the gentleman you're looking after. I've stuck by him, brought him here, and persuaded him to stay, and here he is, and here I am.

Kat. Are you?-

O'Phe. I am—you're right.

Kat. I suppose you are; you look like it any way—but what's the name?

O'Phe. Rose.

Kat. My! you don't look like a rose.

O'Phe. No; may be not. I'm an Irish dog-rose, all pale, strong, compact, and full blown; the sconer I'm plucked the better. I mane, I'm waiting by the garden, to—to—gather a sort of rose.

Kat. Sure you're the Irish gentleman, whose heart-

O'Phe. Say no more! you've mentioned Irish, gentleman, and heart—that's enough. I fale myself identified.

Kat. Are you-on your honour?

O'Phe. Oh! by all—what's your name, dear?

Kat. Katty, sir, Katty!

O'Phe. That's an Emeraldish sort of a name, with a touch of the potato about it; you are Irish, Katty.

Kat. No, sir! but my father was, and he's dead—countv Cork, sir. (courtesying.) O'Phe. Devil bless you-I thought so -I'm a Tip.

Kat. A what, sir ?

O'Phe. A Tip. Cork and Tipperary join each other, so give me a kiss. Next week I'll be a married man, and have none to spare. (kisses her.)

Kat. My! that reminds me of home-they don't grow such in

England.

O'Phe. Now-now Katty-

Kat. You've assured me you're in earnest—now—quiet—and follow me.

O'Phe. Won't, I-1'll be as still as a parish pig, when he's in the Provost's potato garden.

Kat. Hist! bist! (They enter the gate, at the back.)

SCENE III .- A garden-several walks diverging.

Enter Rose, R.

Rose. Where can be Katty? that is, where can be O'Phelan! My father would be very happy, if he knew what I was about, ha! I'm all for the gem of the sea! well! I do like to be dutiful. It's so agreeable, ah!

Enter KATTY, with O'PHELAN, L.

O'Phe. (running to her.) My dear Rose! this absence, my dearest!

Rose. Absence!

O'Phe. Oh, my love! I spoke of absence, because he followed me up to the very brink of you—if I hadn't seen Katty, (she's a she-countryman of mine)—

Rose. Am I not a bold girl to meet you in gardens-and trust

Katty?

O'Phe. You do the very two things I should advise you to do
—if you put me on my parole—but, flower of my soul!

Kat. Dear sir, for the love of our dear green country, take

care—I bear paces!

O'Phe. Do you hear twelve of them? cause, if you do, devil a

bit does it matter to either of us, Katty.

Kat. Don't—as you love me—Miss Rose—don't—stay here in the open walks just now—it's daylight, and she can see through an oak tree.

Rose. Leave me, Katty!

O'Phe. Yes, lave us Katty—I can't bear to part with a county Cork lady—but I wish you to lave us!

[Exit, R.

Kat. I will—I'll get out of sight, (crosses to R. H.) But keep watch—one eye on your father—one eye on your aunt—and the

other on both of ye.

O'Phe. That's just the delicate point of a lady, that's a lady's maid—eyes right! she's sarved her apprenticeship, and may set up for herself—but my whole heart, and a half! my Rose, with a great bunch of geraniums thrown in, my dear confiding—oh! (hisses her.) there!



Rose. There, you needn't say any more—how you've rumpled the ringlets—you come to a climax so quickly!

O'Phe. We do, dear! It's a way we have—what does it matter, when I'm ready to begin again?

Rose. No time must be lost; I'm all in a flurrying fluster-

we've hardly time to look at one another.

O'Phe. Haven't we! I should like to see the Time that

wouldn't let me look at you-I'd fight him with his own weapon,

a scythe, and give him a reaping-hook into the bargain.

Ross. O'Phelan, you know, ever since our meeting at the Goldsmith's ball, you won my heart—I perished in a quadrille! Truly, you are my heart's choice—my father is fond of your country.

O'Phe. I would not wonder. It's the jewel right on the forehead of the world — it's nature's own Emerald! well,

love-

Rose. My father, is all for Ireland-but-

O'Phe. But—oh! you come over me like the chill of an upset water-butt.—Go on, darling.

Rose. My aunt-

O'Phe. Your aunt—she's a jewel, too—but (aside,) I wish I had her at my uncle's, I'd leave her there.

Rose. My heart is full of France—you know it—she has found, she says, a foreigner for me.

O'Phe. Has she ?-I'll lose him for you.

Rose. Pray, hear me: she has promised 500l. a-year, if I marry a foreigner of her choosing—the money is nothing, you know.

O'Phe. O! not to be mentioned.

Rose. But to be sacrificed—to some piece of French silk—

O'Phe. Sacrificed! By my soul, if your husband is to be made of French silk, I've a strong notion it'll turn out in the end, Irish poplin.

Rose. The French gentleman is here—my aunt is obstinate as a hippopotamus. What can be done?

O'Phe. Shall I take her in—or call him out?

Rose. No one knows you but myself—shall I make a confidant of pa?—and will you try your wits on my aunt—do you think you could be a Frenchman for a little time.

O'Phe. I see it all—I'll be French—I abjure my country like a patriot—I embark all in the cause of woman, like a man—deny my country, fame, name, and never be O'Phelan more.

Rose. You be a Frenchman—you—

O'Phe. Don't be alarmed, my darling—only to your aunt—Oh, by my soul, I'll be an Irishman to you.

Rose. Oh! brave—this will be a plot!

O'Phe. At a word—I'm a foreigner!—There, I exchange the shamrock for the lily! Hark! yes—I'll touch up my dress, and adorn my upper lip—hollo!—footsteps—they sound like the steps of two grenadiers, down a wet gravel walk—Rose, dear—

Kat. (advancing, R.) Sir !—Miss !—Irish !—they're coming ! a word to the wise—

O'Phe. Ay! that's to the Irish-I take it.

Rose. I see my aunt, and the French gentleman approaching—you must run.

O'Phe. Run! when the devil did you ever know an Irishman

Rose, You, you are Irish; but I'm English, and you must

stand by me.

O'Phe. And when did we ever refuse to stand by the English!
Rose. Away then, Rose.—I appoint you a corps de reserve, to
watch the enemy, and give us notice of their approach—the Irish
must advance backwards.

O'Phs. No, side by side, my little darling—and, thus united, we may defy the world. (they retire.)

Enter Miss Western and La Folie, a., affectedly-O'Phelan peeps out occasionally.

La F. Oh! madame! down-low-extreme! I bow almost to lave the top of my head in de bottom of de gravel!

Mar. Polished man! Monsieur, you are indeed polite!

La F. Ah! madame! if my mission to Angland, marriage me into your famille, I shall do anything but not forget so great honour!

Mar. Sir! your manners at the hotel! at Boulogne! your high connexions, as described so candidly by yourself—your—

La F. Oh! very high! Oh, I am suffocate! But your niece madam—

Miss W. True, have you seen her?

La F. Oh, yes! I glympsited at her—Oh! shoot all through my chest.

Miss W. J'onblie-I cannot-my niece must marry over the water.

La F. Oh, yes I see dat! I have come over de water on special purpose to marry myself—she's so beautiful—ver pretty!

Miss W (aside) How delicate a compliment to one he has hardly seen—now, an Englishman would scarcely have said that to my face.—But, sir, I must now, of course, introduce you to my brother, Mr. Western—will you join me at the house?

La F. Oh. yes!

Miss W. Mr. Western, poor soul, wishes for an Irish suitor for his daughter. I am, need I say it—

La F. No, oh, no; I know! We do make de lover—great sigh—a soft look in de head. Oh! oh!

Miss W. But, quick; time presses.

La F. Time is quicks. Cus! saire.

Miss W. A thought strikes me-

La F. Strike a lady? Oh, fie donc.

Miss W. Could you, to favour our views—could you, for a time, be—be—I know not how to ask you—

La F. Oh, do know.

Miss W. Could you be an Irishman to Mr. Western—an innocent deception, to secure Rose's elevation into a French family. An Irish gentleman with a French polish, would, indeed, be

love's farniture. Could you?

La F. Oh, yes, I could—I can. There, don't I look like de Irishman. (to L. H. and back to R. H.) Ha! ha! Oh, by my soul, blood and whacks, thunder and ouns, I shall be de Pommé--de-terre man. Oh, for de love and de whiskeys! Eh! I'll be him, that shall do, eh? I'll be him. It is done. I'm a great Pat. I am pledgeded.

Mis W. Oh, matchless!

La F. Ah! madame, you look so charmante as when I saw you in de packet-very wind-so ill-you look so well!

Miss W. Oh, sir, what a gendarmery command of language ! In a few minutes, my brother will be in from his stroll; you will

not be long, sir! (curtesies and exits n., he bowing low.)

La F. Ah, bravo! my mission is ripe as a plomb! she very good: she believe all I say of myself—all! It is swallow very large—she knows not La Folie! he be a poor, unlucky French gentleman, broke into several pieces, at billiard-table, at Boulogne—come here, to live by his wits. Come to Angland, all covered with noble blood. Ah! I will marry this young lady. I am very poor—she riche. She has much money—I no money at all. We put our fortunes together, for worser for bet. Irish! Ah, well! I've seen Irish at Boulogne. Marry, they live there, I catch their trickses. Ah, I am Irish, blood and ouns! Ah, viva La Folie!

(Sings.) Oh, whacks, Judy oh Flan'de'gans; Dearly she loves the whiskey and water.

No, no; dat is not him; (thinks;) now I have him. (Sings.) Oh, whacks, Judy oh Flan'de'gans;

Dearly she loves whiskey without any water.

[Exit. singing.

(O'PHELAN and Rose steal forward on R. H., and KATTY advances, cautiously, on the other.)

Ross. There's a couple of Guy Fawkes's for you;

O'Phe. That fellow wou'd blow up a pail of cold water, stuffed with Parliament houses.

Rose. Katty, you've kept a look out.

Kat. Indeed, and I have, miss; and I've stared so long at nothing, I can't see any thing.

Rose. Dear Katty, you're a good, useful soul! We should

never prosper without you; should we, O'Phelan?

O'Phe. Ob, it would be a mighty tazing difficulty! She's an Irishman in petticoats. But did you hear, Rose, the deceaver talk of being a countryman of mine?

Rose. It was a nice little brass touch.

O'Phe. A pretty scheme, indeed, to walk into a man's native country, and take it right from under his feet before his face!

Rose Now, listen, Katty.

Kat. Hear me, Miss! The lieutenant must be a Frenchman, at the front-door, as soon as possible, before Mounseer-first come, first served.

O'Phe. Must I? Well-

Rose, Off! off! Katty, see him safe!

O'Phe. Just let me look into the French Reading-made-ensy, and get the steam of my talk up. I'll copy a few bits.

Kat. Miss, your'e father's coming!

Rose. Away, away!

O'Phe. I'm like St. Anthony; I'm going to lose my country for a young lady.

[Exit, KATTY and O'PHELAN, L.

Rose. (alone.) What a dear! I like this love—I really do! And it's so very confused—so much mystery—and I seem so likely to be quarrelled for. Here comes pa, the friend of the Irish. Ha! how patriotic my dear pa walks about! Now, I must take him into my confidence.

Enter slowly OLD WESTERN, L. crosses to R.

Wes. Shares down-Southampton at a discount-Brighton in

a tangle—Birmingham, to be sure, is above par—

Rose. La! what can be above pa? Pa, dear pa, are you going

back ?

Wes. Why? Why, it's evening, and I am going in. What makes you out? Come, come! where's your aunt—your Calais aunt? Well, she must have been bit by an old postillion in banging jack-boots with a cocked-hat and a pig-tail. She never saw Dublin and the Wicklow mountains.

Rose. Oh, my dear pa, you are right! I shall love an Irishman

yet, if I can find one to love.

Wes. My dear child, that's not difficult; I must help you. Why, they go about for the very purpose. Parliament meets next week. I must keep a look out; but, come! we can talk about that in the house. (going.)

Rose. Pa!

Wes. Eh! what!

Rose. I've a secret, and it's so heavy, I can't hold it.

Wes. A secret? What! bless me. Any thing about the Thames tunnel? Will the Thames liquidate the debt?

Rose. No, no! May I confide in my dear pa?

Wes. To be sure. Let us go shares. Put me down for 200, and a director.

Rose. I have! la! how delicate! I have, by chance, found the very Irish gentleman, you have been looking after so long, pa!

Wes. Looking after! I—an Irish gentleman! why, Rose!
Rose. Oh, so handsome, so kind, so generous! and such a character from his last place.

Wes. Rose-when-what.

" - 100 - Car

Roso. Seriously, my dear pa! I feel that to be dutiful, I must marry one of the country you prefer—I'm getting so near my birth-day—you don't remember Lieutenant O'Phelan—the friend of your friend Halton!

Wes. I remember, he handed you out of the coach—said he'd see you home—so he did—and opt in himself—and saw us both

home.



Rose. Ay! he didn't know you then, pa! but do you know, pa, we do so love one another!

Wes. Love one another! why! when—bless me—when was the concern planned and started—another company! it's not a bubble, I hope.

Rose. Leave all to me—love wants little planning—fires don't break out at a quarter's notice—now hear, pa, only hear!

Wes. Hear! I do-I'm all over ears, like a cornfield.

Rose. My aunt is so prejudiced in favour of a foreigner, that O'Phelan is coming to the house as a Frenchman—will you help us? you remember he is Irish.

Wes. What now—here's a plot! well, come in, let us see! I hope he will be Irish in reality.

Rose. Oh, rely on me! come-come!

Wes. I hope I shan't be bamboozled—I don't like meddling with French shares—you're sure he's a son of St. Patrick?

Rose. Sure, I'd swear it, besides—he's got a copy of the parish register—come, come pa! [Excunt.

SCENE LAST.—Drawing-room at Ma. Western's, R. H.—Enter Miss M. Western, and M. La Foliz—the latter a little Iriscised in his kerchief and hat.

La F. There, madame! there—the hit—the pat—man? voila!

Is him not de ting? Oh, oh, by my soul's, whacks.

Miss W. I declare! all the French elegance, with the Erin-gobraugh neckcloth, and nonchalence hat—J'ai fini—you begin well indeed—but pray keep down the refined language of your birthplace.

La F. I will—I will be a veritable pomme-de-terre—oh!

wback! pardonnez moi!

Miss W. It is the marriage of the languages—the manner!

La F. I will be so fond of whisk and fight! and short stick all flourish over my own ears, and then over my friends—mon amie!

Miss W. Oh! here is my niece! be careful, but till our promise is gained—mine, you must have—my brother's, you shall have—and we work, as it were into Calais harbour, with our sails foll of bliss.

La F. Ah, Yes! with pails full of bliss—yes! oh—she comes—my heart bumps like a bird in von cage.

Miss W. Irish now-remember!

Enter Rosk, R. H.

Rose. Oh! the foreigner-I suppose.

Mis W. Mr. O'Folly-my dear Rose-Mr. O'Folly, from Ireland.

Rose. O'Folly—Sir, aunt! ha! ha! O'Folly, what Folly?

La F. O'Folly—oui—yes—sacré—ah—blood and hounds! my dear, how was you bye and bye—oh whack!

Rose. O'Folly—dear me!—what are you an Irishman ufter all?

La F. Oui-I am-I pretend to be a Frenchman, but I am from O'de Boulogne.

Rose. O'de Boulogne! O de Cologne!

Miss W Yes; Rose, dear-County Monaghan!

La F. Yes; ah-I am de Count of-that-Mon-again!

Rose. I could cry—yet he don't relish of Ireland to my taste— but la! he'll suit pa! Where can O'Phelan be?—there'll be a war! two Irishmen-there's sure to be plenty of love and quarrelling-my O'Phelan will then show what an Irishman is.

Enter old WESTERN, R. B.

Wes. Well, Rose,-well aunt Martha,-well! ullo! who's

this? (aside to Rose,) Here, eh?

Miss W. Mr. Western, will you permit me to introduce to you an Irish gentleman of strong recommendations, to your noticehas seen my niece-is enamoured-and comes to propose, as we say at écarté.

Wes. (bows.) To propose, eh! a knave turned up, I see-Irish, Martha, why I thought you took to the people in Jack

boots, and pigtails.

Miss. W. Brother! brother!

La F. (bows as the conversation goes on.)

Rose. How provoking !

Wes. How very silent he is, for an Emerald isler.

Miss W. Speak—sir, speak, parlez Irish!
La F. (crosses n. n. to Western.) Cus fine day—sir—by St. Pat-ah !- how you do? oh, oh.

Wes. Yes, sir, yes! by St. Pat-short and familiar with nis saint-that is Rose's choice, I suppose- Well, how are all folks at Dublin?

La F. Pret-well-by my soul-zounds !

Wes. Irish! why it's high Dutch, I think—there's nothing of the real Guinness in the taste.

Rose. O'Phelan! where can you be-pa, I shall faint.

Miss W. Brother, this Irish gentleman is, of course, a native of Ireland-but has travelled in France, and you see his tanguage is tinted with the elegant idioms of that country-musica. language-isn't it?

Wes. Very musical—between a bagpipe, and a hurdygurdy.

Enter KATTY, R.

Kat. Monsr. Le Phelan, from abroad, sir, has called to know if

you are at home. (looks at Rose, and exchanges looks.)

Wes. (smiles.) Oh! show him up—ah! this is—this country -- this, Martha, is a French gentleman from Bordeaux, who has been passing a few months in Ireland—the son of an old correspondent, come to parlez vous you a little-ahem! (aside to Rose.)

Rose. My hopes revive-I won't faint yet, pa!

Miss W. Bless me! another French gentleman-well, this is charming-two of the Beau Monde together-show him, Monsr. La. whatever he is, in. Fermez la porte.

Kat. What do you say, ma'am?

Miss W. Fermez la porte, I say; open the door, girl.

Kat. (to Rose.) It's our one, miss! [Exit Katty Miss W. Now, Rose, mark the delicate shyness and polish of the foreigner—see and judge!

La F. (L. H.) Ah! a broder rival. Ah, well! cus-I must

break his eye.

Wes. Oh, yes! let us compare native talent—no prejudices—(n. H. c.) but let us take a side—(aside,)—the French will soon be at a discount. This mongrel Irishman catches Martha, because he's had a trifle of French education. Our man shall parlez vous him out of sight.

[(R.) KATTY introduces O'PHELAN very ceremoniously; he is in a French dress, but shows the Irishman in his style. (R. H.)

Kat. Mr. Le Phelan, (O, goes for nothing now,) Mr. Le

Phelan from abroad! Miss, eh!

O'Phe. (bows solemnly, and looks slily at Rose.) Now then! Comment vous, portez vous! there. How are you all, every mother's son of ye, except the ladies. Oh! madame! you are the lady! have been so longing to see; you have a turn for my country, I rade it in your eve. (aside.) I've got some bits, here they are. (takes out a card.)

Miss W. Engaging, but a little touched by his Irish visit.

La F. (aside.) By Gar Captain O'Phelan, he find me out—
he kick me out—en garde.

O'Phe. Madame; oh! miss! the beauty of all the flowers of France, let alone Ireland. Ah! oui—viva la beauté—come, that's the first No. 1.

Rose. (aside to O'PHELAN.) Keep up your French!

O'Phe. (to Rose.) Haven't I been at the French exercises for the last quarter of an hour. See here, a few. (shows her a bit of paper.) A quelle heure dinez vous, ordinairement. That's a breather, I think. (aside.) (Rose nods.)

Miss W. Charming! what a language it is!

Wes. Martha introduce your Irish friend to Monsieur, cur French visiter—here Monsieur.

Rose. (aside.) Here's a collision!

O'Phe. The devil swallow this dear boy—he'll be sniffing my

French! I'll be taken up for forgery.

La F. (comes down L. H.) Here come de finis!—I've put de hot water into my boots, when I shall speak—he will catch hold of my tongue, and pull me out by my ears.

Wes. Come, come, aunt! Monsieur Le! Le! allow me to introduce him to Mr.O! O!

Miss W. O'Folly-O'Folly!

Rose. La! here's a couple of round O's, as big as the iron of

a pair of pattens.

O'Phe. That's a damned odd man for a Murphy—a Murphy-let me take a private view of the premises—eh! why! what! it's one of the blackguards I've seen at Boulogne, or else my eves are telling me lies—which I don't believe they would on the

present occasion—but let's see a bit—wait a while—hullo aunt waits for a bit more French—ob, madam—quelle heure dinez vous—Charmant—I'm bothered—there's another of 'em, (aside,) only four lines left.

La F. (bows.) Oh! I don't like him-I cannot get my Irish

up, it sticks in my troat !

Rose. They are consulting without each other.

O'Phe. (aside.) It's the thief! oh, the criminal—he must have been a good deal out of Ireland, for his brogue wants mending, as well as my French brogue—by my soul, we have but an indifferent pair of brogues between us.

Kat. La! oh! I can sort the qualities—I can detect the French—and I can pick out the rale Irish, like a bit of Belfast

linen. (aside.)

Wes. Well, gentlemen, you must be delighted to meet each

other, a rivalry as it were, of the two great countries.

La F. Oh, yes! rivals! two in tussle for one hand-I shall

marry her, or will shoot any body else in ye whole world.

O'Phe. Shoot, is it! by the powers he'll be tempting me to be candid with him. (aside.) Ah! oui! comment vous, trouves vous. (That's my longest bit.) Madam, you charmante—viva l'amor toujours.

Miss W. Fascinating man!

Ross. He looks like the French mark at school-I shall get

O'Phe. I must stick to the ould lady, (approaching,) pardonnez moi—(that's the last on the paper,) madame, the adorer of the niece, is all for the aunt—(come, that's home, only two Irish words in the whole sentence.) (aside.)

Miss W. Sir, your manners are taking. Allow me to ask,

how's Bordeaux?

O'Phu. Pretty well, madam. Ma'am, how's any place in the world you're partial to?

Miss W. Pray-

O'Phe. Allow me to-oh!-

[MR. WESTERN and LA F. advance—Rose watching the Aunt and O'Phelan, who are engaged in conversation, having retired up the stage.

Wes. And you are still so fond of Ireland?

La F. Oh, very, very great fond, by St. Paddy, ha! ha!

Wes. Is Dublin much altered—up or down, eh?

La F. Yes, much pulled down-much down.

Wes. Ah, indeed! The college? the hotel in Merion-square?

La F. Pooled down!

Wes. Bless me! the post-office?

La F. Pooled down!

Wes. Dear, dear! the custom-house?

La F. Pooled down! pooled down!

Wes. Let me probe him-let's pit 'em.

[Goes up to LA F., and the AUNT and O'PHELAN advance;
Rose watching each group alternately.

Kat. (aside to Rose.) Miss, the colour's washing out of the

O'Phe. (advancing.) Madam, my love is love, and the love of a French gentleman, with such a strong Irish education is the thing. She's looking for a bit of French. Comment vous, trouvez vous, ma belle?

Rose. You said that just now.

O'Phe. I know I did; but I'm obliged to begin 'em at the top over again, because they are out. Voulez vous dansez, made-

moiselle, ha! ha! ha! (dances with MISS WESTERN.)

Miss W. Oh, a national air would be so delightful! one from each. Mr. O'Folly, Mons. Le Phelan will oblige me with one of his little light French songs. You will favour me with an Irish melody.

La F. (advances.) Ah! oui! Oh, by the Pat, I will blaw

vou an air—what shall he be?

Rose. " The Last Rose of Summer."

O'Phe. What, with the first in the room? Oh! no.

Wes. No, no. "Groves of Blarney" from Mr. O'Folly-

O'Phe. The "Groves of Blarney!" he'll mix it.

La F. De Groves of Blarney. He's a pretty mixture.

Miss W. Come!

La F. Oh! I bow-oh! eh! allons.

Song.

AIR .- " Portrait Charmante."

De Grove! de Blarney! charmante! de country—Blarney!
De Grove! de Blarney! oh! land of love and whisky!
Where de potato! grow with little pig and frisky,
And de shilelagh—go all round de head!
And pouch, of all sorts, lave man very dronk for dead!

All. Charming! original! the old words.

O'Phe. Eh! a damn'd forgery! Oh! my poor country! and must I stand tamely by, and see you robb'd of all you have left, your brogue and your national airs. Oh! now I'm sure of my man—it's ould Billiards, from Boulogne: oh! the shaṛk! but my time's come—I'll give 'em a song, I'll rescue poor blarney.

Miss W. Come, Mr. Le Phelan.

O'Phe. Ma'am, I'm as ready as the flowers in May.

Song. O'PHELAN.

AIR .-- " The last Rose of Summer."

She's the Rose of all Roses,—
Oh! blooming alone!—
Two lovely companions
Would make her their own;—
One flower of her kindred,
My Rose-bud is nigh,—
And love finds the blushes,
And gives sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem!
Transplanted, thou'lt blossom,
Sweet Flora's own gem;
Through winter—through summer,
Thy smile I shall see;
And thou'lt still be the Rose
Of all Roses to me!

Wes. Well, that may be French! but if it wasn't, I'd swear it was Irish.

Miss W. Dear me, how mysterious !- excuse me, sir, but did

you not say you were a French gentleman?

O'Phe. If I did ma'am, I told a thumping fib, which if I persisted in, would disqualify me for what I am proud to call myself—an Irish gentleman, and your humble servant.

Miss W. I thought I discovered the accent.

O'Phe. Your discernment does you honour, madam.

Rose. There, now, you've committed yourself; you will be banished—and I shall be married to the Frenchman.

Miss W. Then, sir, I am to understand that you are an impostor,

La F. Ah, yes! blood and zounds-you are impostor!

Rose. Brazen man! yet not Irish.

O'Phe. By my faith, you've hit it my dear, though you don't know how close; there's a pair of us—and imposture becomes a shame in such company, madam; your benignity first charmed me out of a desire to contrive a deception, which your judgment was too refined, not to discover. I am an Irishman; and if, in order to get a wife, I must resign the title, I'll resign my rosebud, and pine my life out, a miserable bachelor.

La F. Yes; die and be damn'd.—Zounds! I marry Miss

Rose.

O'Phe. No! by my soul, you won't—if I wouldn't cheat her into marrying an honest man, she shall never be bamboozled into being the wife of a rogue.

Wes. Stocks up-getting over par.

Rose. Pa, I wish he could get over aunt.

O'Phe. Madam, permit me to say, that your Irish friend here is a clever croupier from a very respectable Boulogne gaminghouse—a hell!

Wes. The devil he is? Rose, keep close.

Rose. (takes O'PHELAN'S arm.) I will, pa-lose no time-my

aunt is getting on our side-(to O'PHELAN.)

O'Phe. I'm all alive—I'll soon bring matters to a close—allow me, madam, to convince you; seriously, you are in error about this person. He is not the gentleman you take him for. He is a mere French fortune-hunter—a rogue, banished from Boulogne, who would laugh at you, to steal away your niece.

Miss W. Laugh at me? You astonish me! have you any

donbts ?

O'Phe. Doubts! none in life. It's not long since I left him in full practice at Boulogne. Miss W. But he has the air of a man of family.

O'Phe. Is it family? Oh! yes. I believe his father was. Dublin boy, steward to a French packet, with a confused family on both sides the water—pray leave him to me.

West. (to Rose.) He's getting on; the real Irish comes out.-

What do you mean to say, he's no Irishman?

O'Phe. (walks up to La Folis.) I say, mon amie, take my advice—go! (crosses to L. H.)

La F. Sar! go—sare! why—for—sare why go? Ah!

ha!

O'Phe. Why did you quit the cue? Eh! by my soul, you were well off, the last time I saw you, honey—don't you remember my face?

La F. Sar! you rouse my heart-my caur de lion! You shall be in great danger.

O'Phe. You'll be in danger. You'll get under arrest.

La F. A rest-what is dat?-a rest.

O'Phe. A rest—oh! you don't know—but a musician wou'd tell you—it's a long pause in a particular place.

La F. I'm angry-terrible-vexed! O, whack!-be dam-I shall-

O'Phe. Come, this looks pleasant—this is going to be a down-stairs case,

La F. Down stairs! what you mean? down stairs!

O'Phe. Oh! I'm not particular as to the matter of the stairs—when there's a window in the room—only there's but one step to that flight—it's the same thing.

La F. Man, I shall fright you—are you not frightful?

O'Phe. I am a gentleman—I never was frightened but once—and that was, when I was afraid Lieutenant O'Connor would not go out with me.

La F. I'm a gentleman-I have it all here. (slapping his

waistcoat.)

O'Phe. You are not. You are no gentleman—and you have no all here.—I remember your ugly green-baize phiz—you an Irishman?

Miss W. Oh! the impostor! He really ought to go.

All. Oh! yes! he ought to go!

O'Phe. Now—wish the ladies good afternoon—and by my soul! you are fortunate. Now begone, or by my soul! I'll pitch you down stairs, dispersed into as many sixteenths as a luttery ticket.

La F. Sacré. Madame, I shall see you again. This man is most rude, and ver ignorant. Say know me!—pho! Mademoiselle, adieu! (looking off L. H. as he is going.) You have lost much—you lose La Folie. (to Western.) Sir, your daughter is a ver pity! Sir! (to O'Phelan.)

O'Phe. Sir !

La F. I go in great indignancy! but, before I go, permit me to say to you, sir—yes, sir—that you are one dam'd large pomme de terre—Paddy whack's blood and oons—be dam!

Exit. 1 B. L. He

O'Phe. That's right-carnon off the cushion. You're lucky this time.

Wes. Well! that's an escape. Kutty, have you shown the gentleman out, for Boulogne?

Kat, Sir, he's shown himself out.

Miss W. It is an escape! and we owe it all to this gallant young foreigner. I could wish-oh! Rose!

Rose. So could I, aunt. Oh, do wish—wish again, aunt !
Miss W. But are you a Frenchman, really ?

O'Phe. Only born in Ireland, ma'am. But, look at me-won't I do as I am, for the want of a worse? My respect for your good opinion can only be equalled by my love for your niece, and my gratitude to her father!

Wes. Come, come, if Rose consents, we must give our con-

Rose. (aside.) Rose consents.

Miss W. How then can I refuse, after what I have seen of his knowledge of French character? Come, Rosy!

Rose. Oh! I submit to the will of my relations, of course-

there's my hand !

Kat. I knew she would-she's an angel in temper !

O'Phe. Blessing on your sweet and complying discrimination! Wes Come, things are looking up! Now, Martha, you will give some credit to old Western.

Miss W. I do, I do! O'Phe. Ould Western! By my soul, you're the great Western! Come, things now are looking up; and, if our kind friends will but take an interest in our speculation, I think, at this market, "Confounded Foreigners" will be done to-morrow at a premium.

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DANCING BARBER:

O

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En One Act,

BY

CHARLES SELBY, COMEDIAN,

₹MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS'- SOCIETY,)

AUTHOR OF "RIPLE BRIGADE," &c. &c.



AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

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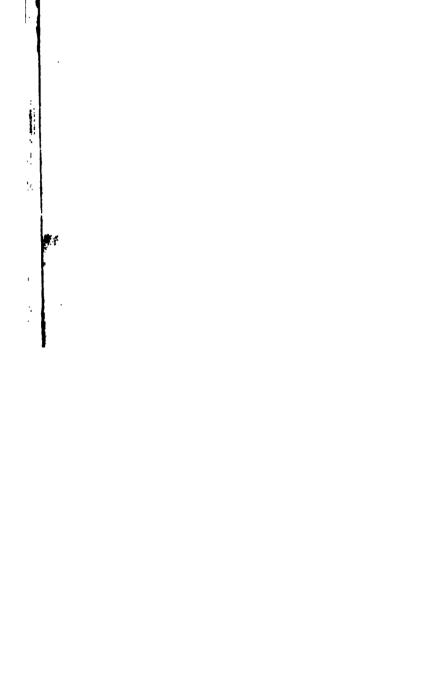
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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, GUESTS AND DANCERS.
TWO POLICEMEN.

Scene-London. Time-Present day.

Time of representation, one hour.

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L., means first entrance, left. R., first entrance, right. S. E. L., second entrance, left. S. E. R., second entrance, right. U. E. L., upper entrance, left. U. E. R., upper entrance, right. C., centre. L. C., left centre. R. C., right centre. T. E. L., third entrance, left. T. E. R., third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.



THE DANCING BARBER.

SCENE I .- A Chamber.

[1st or 2nd Grooves.

ALFRED FITZFROLIC discovered in his dressing-gown.

Fitz. Pleasant this, upon my life! detained three quarters of an hour by a rascally hair-dresser; the ball will have commenced, and I shall be too late for my appointment with Emily. (Knock.) Come in.

Enter BETTY, L. H.

Betty. Please, sir, Mr. Crisp has sent to say he can't have the honour of waiting on you for two hours at the very least. He's drassing Lady Blarney and her five daughters, and he can't leave them till they are all finish'd.

Fits. Provoking: what the deuce am I to do?

Betty. Do wi'out, sir, or tittivate your head yourself.

Fitz. Pshaw—do you know any other hair-dresser in the neighbourhood?

Betty. Yes, sir, there's a young man as lives just opposite us—Narcissus Fitzfrizzle, hair-dresser, perfumer, and ceterum, and ceterum,—all sorts of wigs on the newest percussion principles; whiskers and starchers equal to life, unwarranted cutlery, and patent tooth-brushes,—he'd be delighted to wait on you.

Fits. Very well, then go for him.

Betty. Yes, sir; 'twill be a charity, poor fellow! I don't think
he's much troubled with customers. I'll fetch him directly.

minute, sir.

[Exit, L.

Fiz. In a few hours my fate will be decided. If I succeed in persuading my dear Emily to elope with me to-morrow, I shall be rich and happy; but if her brother should interfere, my creditors will throw me into prison, and I shall be ruined past redemption; but, pshaw! hang melancholy thoughts, I'll hope for the best.

Enter BETTY, L. H.

Betty. Here he is, sir. I haven't been long, have I? Walk in, Mr. Narcissus. (Enter Narcissus Fitzfrizzle, L. H.) That's the gentleman, (pointing to Fitzfrolic.)

Narc. Sir, your most obedient—you want my curling-irons (taking off his coat, appearing in a waistcoat with white sleens and putting on an appear.) Betty, my love, (giving curling-iron put that in the fire for three minutes and a half, not a secon— longer, and bring it up.

Betty. Yes, I know, 'pend upon me, I'll eat 'em skientiffercall [Runs-off, L.]

Narc. Sit down, if you please, sir—(combing hair and speakir 20 rapidly)—glad I was at home—happy to have the honour of ser ing you—ten chances to one I'd been out. You have a good head, sir. I've so much custom—quite in request; a leetle more that way, if you please, sir—thankee, sir. All my customers will Obliged to end have me to attend upon them (brushing hair). bellish them with my own hands-very fatiguing. Ladies and gentlemen won't trust journeymen-here's a singe, three inches burnt! you've very good hair-plenty of it, too; rather thin tho at the top-should use a little bear's grease, sir. I've some capital good—the real genuine article, sir; no imposition, kill'd the bear myself, so it must be genuine; real fat, I assure you, sirwonderfully nourishing; so powerful, we are obliged to wear gloves when we apply it, to prevent the hair from growing in the palms of the hands. Allow me to recommend you a pot, sir. (Takes a pot from his pocket, opens it, and rubs some of the greass on Fitzprolic's head.)

Fitz. Gently, gently; what the devil are you about?

Narc. Applying a little of the grease, sir; must be rubb'd well into the roots.

Enter BETTY, L. H.

Betty. Here be the frizzlum things, nice and hot. I did 'em by this hegg glass, (showing an egg glass), so they must be right; 'zactly three minutes and half.

Narc. Thank you, my dear.

Betty. Do you want them hotted any more?

Narc. No, thank you, this will do.

Betty. Very well (aside). What a nice young man! I do love hair-dressers, they smell so sweet. [Exit, L. H.

Narc. Curl you in a moment, sir (curls hair). Seen the new tragedy, sir? Capital good thing, real genuine legitimate drama—like my bear's grease, the real thing. Opera's doing well this season, sir—combination of talent. Like Grisi, sir? Wonderful! So is Pasta—splendacious. Medea, sir—you recollect Medea? Oh! (acting in imitation of Madame Pasta in Medea) then the Ballet, sir? Taglioni and Duyernay? The Sylphide, and the Cachouca? Heavenly! (Sings and dances the Cuchouca, as he curls the hair.)

Fitz. Holloa, holloa; you're pulling my hair out by the roots! What the deuce,—are you mad?

Narc. Yes, sir, dancing is my weakness; whenever I talk about it I'm distracted.

[Dances grotesquely in the opera style, and finishes by sitting in Fitzfrolic's chair.



Fit. Well, upon my soul, that's cool.

News. The fit's over now, sir; I am myself again. Sit down, sir; I'll finish you.

Fits. No, no; I've had quite enough. I don't want to be tortured my more. If you are so passionately fond of dancing, why don't you make it your profession?

Nere. I would sir, but I can't get anything to do. The dancing like the other liberal professions, is overstocked with amates; so I stick to the scissors and tongs for my living, and Practice the entrechats and pirouettes for my amusement.

Fits. A very prudent arrangement. Have you ever exhibited

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New. Oh yes, sir, often. I've done the sailor's hornpipe at tray theatre in London; but it's at the masquerades and fancy balls I shine.

Fitz. There you are in your element?

Nare. I am, indeed; I dance all night. But I am tired of Public balls, and want to figure in private parties.

Fits. You think you would be better entertained?

Narc. Certainly; all to nothing.

Fits. Then why don't you get invites, and-

Narc. I wish I could; but it's no use even hoping such a thing; fashionable people won't associate with hair-dressers; and I wouldn't give a pot of bear's grease to mix with tradespeople.

Fitz. (laughing aside.) This fellow's an oddity; I'll nave some sport with him. Suppose I should get you an introduction to a fashionable ball, what would you say to me?

Narc. That you are the most generous and worthy gentleman

in the universe.

Fits. Well, then, on condition that you do not in any way compromise me in the business, I'll put you in a way of seeing a little high life.

Narc. I'll be all discretion. How is it to be done?

Fits. Mr. Chalkstone, the rich nabob from Calcutta, gives a ball to-night, at his house in Grosvenor-square. He is taken suddenly ill with the gout, and is confined to his dressing-room. One of his friends has undertaken to do the honours for him. Now if you will dress yourself like a gentleman, and walk boldly into the house, the chances are, that you will be received and treated as an invited guest.

Narc. Delightful. But suppose I should be discovered, what

Fitz. You'll be kicked out, nothing more.

Nerc. Is that all? Then I'll risk it. I don't mind a kick or two for such a chance. You really think I may venture?

Fitz. Certainly.

Narc. Then I'll do it. (Puts on his coat.) I'll shut up my shop, put on my ball suit, and march in as bold as brass.

Fitz. Success attend you. If you see me there, don't notice

Narc. Depend on me :- I'll cut you dead. Good-night, sir;

THE DANCING BARBER.

thanks for your kindness. I shall never be able to repay

Stay, stay; let me settle with you for the curling and the

rease.

Narc. Perish the thought! I won't hear of it. I'll be unbounded in my gratitude. Goodnight. (Going, returns.) My conscience smites me. I have deceived you. The bear's grease is not genuine; it's only hog's lard!

[Exit v. B.

Fits. Ha, ha, ha! An eccentric being, that. I shall have some capital sport with him. It's too bad, though, to take such a liberty with Chalkstone; but as he will not be present, there's little danger of discovery: beside, I may want some one to aid me in my affair with Emily. At all events, it will make the poor fellow happy for an hour or two. So now to dress, and then to know my fate.

[Exit R. H.

SCENE II.—A Drawing-room.—Another Room, lighted and decorated for a Ball, seen through Folding Centre Doors; Windows, with Curtains, R. H. and L. H. 2 E.

Enter MR. DUNDERHEAD TWADDLE, C.

Dun. How unfortunate that my friend Chalkstone should be taken suddenly ill this very night above all others, when he ought to have been in the best health and spirits! 'Tis true I am here sent him—(his locum tenens, as my lawyer would call it), rty without the master of the house to welcome and amuse ts, never goes off well. (Loud knock.) Ha! another—A lady I don't know; but I must seem to be well acquainted with her. (Servant without announces Lady Fixterenly.) How does she stand on Chalkstone's list? Let me see. (Takes out list, and reads.) Ha! number one! show her particular attention. Best bows—fine compliments—all that sort of thing. Beautiful woman, 'pon my life.

Enter LADY FLITTERLY, L. H.

Dun. Delighted to see your ladyship. [Bowing obsequiously.

Lady F. (courtseying.) Mr. a-a-?

Dun. Dunderhead Twaddle, locum tenens for my friend Chalkstone, who is confined to his room with the gout; which (though most distressing to him) affords me the greatest pleasure of my life—(Bowing)—receiving your ladyship.

Lady F. You are very kind, sir. (Aside.) Vulgar creature 1.

Have you anybody here?

Twad. Not a soul of consequence but your ladyship. Please, of persons, but no personages. Half a hundred misters, misses, and mistresses. A lion or two; a sprinkling of French counts and German barons; perhaps a stray knight or so; but the stars, have not yet condescended to enliven us; the heavenly bedien. (Bowing) do not appear till late. (Bowing affectedly.) (Asids.)

There, I think I said something particularly insinuating.

Lady F. (aside.) What a ridiculous old ape!
Twad. (quickly.) Your ladyship is perfectly right; in the gay
world, the first are always the last. I remember my elegant friend
the Earl of Edmonton, in his exquisite Essay on Evening Parties, says, "I'd rather be a clown, and plough or delve, Than dine at six, and go to balls at twelve." Delightful sentiment. He, he! Laughing affectedly.

Lady F. (laughing.) Bravo, Dunderhead, very well, indeed. (Aside.) Where on earth could Chalkstone have picked up this wretch? he must have escaped from some menagerie. Pray can

you inform me if a Mr. Fitzfrolic is here?

Twad. Really I'm not aware of having had the honour of receiving such a person, but perhaps I may have forgot, for really plain misters leave so little impression on my memory, (accustomed to retain more exalted titles,) that he may have escaped me. (Taking out list.) His name, I perceive, is on my list. He may be in the rooms. If your ladyship will describe him, I'll make the tour, and do my possible to find and conduct him to you.

Lady F. You are very kind. He has light hair and dark mustachios; about— (Knock, servant announces Lord Mincington.) I'll not trouble you now, his lordship will oblige me.

Enter LORD MINCINGTON, E. H.

Lord M. (starting, and speaking affectedly.) Ah! do my eyes descive me! Can it be? Yes, it is! No, it isn't! Yes, it is! No. it isn't! Yes, it is! My dear Lady Flitterly, this is indeed an unexpected happiness! It is beyond human imagination to conceive, or words to express, my gratified feelings! In fact, I'm in a dreamy state of beatified delirium!

Lady F. Pshaw, how can you be so affected and ridiculous?

Lord M. Don't be severe, a man of fashion must be something; he had better be affected than coarse, and ridiculous rather than dull and stupid; but I'm so delighted to meet you again! Do you know, you've nearly had my death to answer for.

Lady F. Indeed! How so?

Lord M. Can't you guess? Cruel creature! Don't you recollect when we were at Florence, last summer, that I-I adored you?

Lady F. Oh yes, now I think of it, I believe you did; at least you said so, and no doubt you then endeavoured to persuade yourself you were in earnest.

Lord M. Yes, precisely, after you went away I became quite miserable; and pined and fretted after you so dreadfully, that I became as fragile as an Italian greyhound, and as ethereal as a lovesick sylphide.

Lady F. Poor fellow, how shocking!
Lord M. You were ever present to my imagination. I talked of you all day, and dreamed of you all night; in short, many of my acquaintance voted me melancholy mad.

Lady F. How dreadful! by what means did you recover your

Lord M. By a little philosophy, and a great deal of champagne, the cure was wonderful; several of my friends, who were similarly situated, found great consolation by following my prescription—three pages of Zimmerman on Solitude, infused in a bottle of sparkling St. Perai, to be taken three times a-day; if the patient is troubled with melancholy dreams, double the dose at bed-time, and add three tumblers of punch, h la Romaine.

Twad. (advancing L. H.) Ha! ha! ha! a very pleasant

method of driving away the blues : I hope your lordship is quite

well (bowing).

Lord M. Eh! yes, (Putting up his glass, and staring at
TWADDLE, aside to LADY F.) Who is your friend in the tights?

Lady F. Chalkstone's locum tenens, as he calls himself—by articular desire, and for this night only. Poor Chalkstone is laid up with the gout, and has engaged that scarecrow (some superannuated dancing-master, I suppose) to look after the servants, receive the company, arrange the quadrilles, and call the

Lord M. Ah, (staring at TWADDLE,) he looks like that sort of thing. (Aloud.) How do you do, Jenkins? give my compliments to your wife and daughters; I'll call and take tea with them one of these days. (Aside.) I never saw such a queer old gig in my

life; he's an animated Wedgewood teapot.

Twad. Your lordship does me much honour. (Aside.) What did he call me-Jenkins? Oh, I suppose he mistakes me for

Lady F. Now for once, Mincington, try and make yourself useful; give me your arm and escort me to the card-room; and in return, if you behave yourself very prettily, I'll dance the gallop

Lord M. Delighted! (Giving his arm.) I shall never survive the happiness. Good-bye, Jenkins; when your benefit-hop takes place, send me a dozen tickets. I'll persuade my valet to patronize you. (Aside.) Did you ever see such a Guy Fawkes?

Exeunt LORD M. and LADY F., c. Twad. (astonished and enraged.) Benefit-hop! patronized by his valet! what the devil does he mean? he must be mad. For whom does he take me, I wonder? I don't like this disrespect. I'll resign my office. I'm too rich a man to be laughed at! I-I-(A knock) more company! I must do the agreeable, and pretend to know them.

Enter MR. and MRS. SNAPLY, L. H.

Twad. Delighted to see your lordship. (Bowing.) Snap. You are mistaken, sir, I'm not a lord.

Twad. I beg your pardon, my dear doctor.

Snap. You are mistaken again, I'm not a physician, sir; plain Peter Snaply, a Russia merchant.

Twad. I beg pardon, so you are! how could I make such a ridiculous mistake: I was thinking of Lord-very glad to see your father looking so well, Miss Snaply.

Snap. Father ! she's my wife.

Twud. (aside). Another mistake! the devil-yes-yes-of course. I didn't allude to you; my manner is so stupid. I

meant your lady's father, the old gentleman, my most particular friend; saw him yesterday in the Park, looking younger than ever. Snap. Oh, you saw him yesterday in the Park, did you?

Twad. Yes, fine old fellow-choice spirit.

Snap. If you saw him yesterday he must be a very choice spirit, for he has been dead these ten years.

Twad. Hev! (aside.) Zounds. I'm in for it again—ave—ave. Pshaw! what am I talking about? I was thinking of-will you allow me to usher your lady into the rooms?

Snap. No. I thank you, I can do that myself ;-come, Emma. Mrs. S. Stay: I just want to know if Lady Dashington is here.

Pray, sir, can you inform me? (To TWADDLE.)

Snap. Why, what does it matter to you whether she is here or not, eh? (Looks off, L. H., centre.) Zounds, there's that rascal, Captain Bilkly, broke out of the rules of the Bench. I must speak to him. Brit R. C.

Mrs. S. (hastily to TWADDLE.) Do you know if Mr. Eitzfrolic is here?

Twad. Fitzfrolic! (Aside) Another victim to the mustachios-(Aloud) No, madam; he is not.

Mrs. S. Do you expect him?

Twad. We do.

Mrs. S. You will see him the moment he enters the rooms. Twad. Yes, madam.

Mrs. S. Will you do me an everlasting service?

Twad. Command me; to oblige so charming a lady, I would tage a voyage to South Australia.

Mrs. S. When Mr. Fitzfrolic arrives, give him this note.

Twad. Rely upon me. (Putting note in waistcoat pocket.) But how shall I know him?

Mrs. S. He has light hair, dark mustachios, and-

Enter SNAPLY-MRS. S. sees him.

Snap. Then she is not here?

Twad. (pointedly) No, madam; but the moment she arrives, I'll let you know.

Mrs. S. You are very kind; but there will be no occasion to trouble you. I shall be sure to meet her in the rooms. Where have you been, Snaply? I wish you wouldn't leave me.

Snap. Why, my dear, I——

Mrs. S. Nonsense, sir!—hold your tongue! I can't bear to

Snap. Well, my love, I-

Mrs. S. I will never come out with you again. Come. (Taking his arm, and pulling him towards centre door.) (Aside to TWAD-DLE.) Don't forget.

Twad. My honor.—(Exeunt MR. and MRS. SNAPLY, C. D., disputing.)—So, an intrigue, and I'm to be the amiable go-between! Oh!—Mr. Fitzfrolic is a happy rascal —et me see light hair-dark mustachies.

Enter LORD MINCINGTON, C.

Lord M. Jenkins, I want to say a word to you.

Twad. Jenkins! My Lord, you are mistaken; I am Dunder. head Twaddle!

Lord M. Very well; it's all the same. Pray do you happen to know if Mr. Fitzfrolic is arrived yet?

Twad. Fitzfrolic! (Aside) Dear me, how much that fellow is

in request. No, my Lord, I have not seen him.

Lord M. Ah—when he arrives give him this note; and after you have done so, come into the room and point him out to me. (Going up centre.)

Twad. I will. (Putting note in his waistcoat pocket.) Lord M. I say, Dunderhead, old fellow, come here.

Twad. (aside, in a rage.) Old fellow!

Lord M. Do you see that splendid creature dancing with that old fogie ?

Twad. Yes.

Lord M. Who is she?

Twad. Mrs. Snaply;—the old fogie is her husband.

Lord M. What a shame !—poor old fellow! I'll engage her for the next set. Don't forget Fitzfrolic, Dunnyhead.

Twad. Dunnyhead! It's very odd people won't recollect names. I'm getting into a charming way of business here,—every body makes me useful.—

Enter LORD FLITTERLY, L. H.

Who is this, I wonder? I must pretend to know him, of course. Delighted to see you, Colonel.

Lord F. You are mistaken. I am not in the army.

Twad. I beg ten thousand pardons. I forgot-

Lord F. To whom, sir, have I the honour of speaking?

Twad. Dunderhead Twaddle, sir, at your service, locum tenens for my friend Chalkstone, who is confined to his room with the

Lord F. Do you know if Lady Flitterly is here?

Twad. She is. I've had the pleasure of conversing with her

Lord F. Can you tell me if a Mr. Fitzfrolic is here?

Twad. Fitzfrolic! (Aside) Mustachios wanted again? he's not yet arrived.

Lord F. Do you know him?

Twad. (aside.) I mustn't appear ignorant. He is my most particular friend!

Lord F. Indeed!

Twad. Yes; we were at college together.

Lord F. Describe him.

Twad. (confused.) I beg your pardon Lord F. Describe his person.

Twad. Oh !--you want to know what kind of a-(Aside) I'm: in another scrape. His person, oh !-light hair, dark mustachios. Lord F. Enough !-- enough!

Tweed. I'm glad of it, for I was nearly aground.

Lord F. Your description is perfect. (Aside.) There can be no doubt of his identity. (Aloud.) It is in your power to do me a service.

Tred. Name it !—to oblige you, or any friend of Chalkstone's, I'd take a voyage to South Australia!

Lord F. When Mr. Fitzfrolic arrives, give him this note.

Tweed. I will. (Puts it in his waistcoat pocket.)

Lord F. Do not say from whom you received it; do not men-

Twad. Rely on my discretion. I cannot mention your name, for this simple reason.—I have not the honour of knowing it!

Lord F. So much the better. Stay:—on reflection, I will see

him first,—give me back the note.

Tweel. (putting his hand in his pocket, and taking out three seeds.) Eh! (Aside) here are three of them, and all folded alike. I'll be hang'd if I know which is his. (Alarmed.) Dear me, I'm is a very awkward position! (Shuffling notes.)

Lord F. Give it me. I'm in haste.

Tweed. There. (Gives a note, which Lord F. puts in his seekst, without looking at.) Ten to one I've made a blunder! Lord F. The moment Mr. Fitzfrolic arrives, join me in the rooms, and point him out to me.

Toad. I will.

Lord F. I shall remember your kindness.

Twad. Well, I'm astonished! What can be going on? This Mr. Fitzfrolic must be a most extraordinary person; who is he, I wonder? (A noise of altercation within.) Eh!—what's the matter? Voices high in dispute! I must interfere;—my office is no sinecure!

[Goes off c.

[NARCISSUS FITZFRIZZLE, dressed in the extreme of fashion, with a light wig, and dark mustachios, peeps in, L. H., then Enters.

Narc. I've done it. Here I am, safe in the rooms. Now, if I can only deceive the company as well as I have deceived the servants, I shall see a little of tip-top life. What beautiful rooms! they smell like Price and Gosnel's! a concentration of all the essences in the world, mixed with the spirit of fashion and the quintessence of politeness! I must have a good deal of the essence of impudence about me to enter into such a first-rate shop—a hem—house I mean. (Looking off, R.) Ah! there they are. Oh dear, what a ravishing sight! what beauty! what elegance! what splendid heads of hair! and what dresses! I never have seen anything to equal this; not even at the Crown and Anchor, or the Gordon Arms. Oh, why was I not born a gentleman! Cruel fate, why did you make me a hair-dresser! Why havn't I right to dance and flirt with these beautiful creatures? Why—oh, why han't I a title and twenty thousand a-year? Now, there's a fellow dancing with that splendid creature, with her hair dressed d-la-Chinoise;—is he to be compared with me, either as a man or a dancer? No! he is the ugliest chap I

ever saw, and dances like a walking-stick; there, he can't even balancez; and, oh my! what a pas de basque (Imitating awkward dancing.) Shocking! they should see me put in the pas de zephyr, in the cavalier seul. (Dances.) That's something like dancing; how different from—(Dancing awkwardly.) But, what avail person and accomplishments without money? money! that's the only difference in man; it's the pas de Calais; the channel that divides the great from the little; and one may just as well try to jump across from Dover to Calais as to attempt to be as well try to jump across from over to calas as to attempt to be a gentleman without it. I'll take the opportunity, while the coast is clear, of distributing a few of my cards. I may pick up a customer or two. (Takes out a packet of cards, and is about to place them on the tables and chairs, when TWADDLE speaks without.

Twad. (without.) Of course, of course; delighted; quite

charmed.

Nerc. (putting cards into his pocket.) Some one comes! now for my patent polish.

Enter TWADDLE. Twad. Lord Mincington, if I'm not greatly mistaken, will have his brains blown out, one of these mornings, if he doesn't mend his manners—eh? (Seeing Narcissus.) Whom have we here ?—ah—light hair, dark mustachios; damme, it's Fitsfrelle; = no doubt of it. I'll speak to him. How do you do, sir? delighted to see you. Narc. Sir, I am obliged; I am delighted to see you, sir. (Aside.) < Who is this queer old chap? Oh, the amateur master of the ceremonies. I don't care for him. How do you do? how to you do :—Mr., Mr. (Using eye-glass, and speaking affectedly.)
Twad. Dunderhead Twaddle, at your service, Mr., Mr.
Narc. Captain Brown. (Affectedly twirling his mustachies.) Twad. Captain Brown! (Aside.) Eh, zounds! can I be mistaken? No, no; there are the mustachios. I think he's trying to deceive me. I'll pump him. Captain Brown—ah! so it is— Captain Brown, of the 129th? Narc. Yes, you are right—Brown of the 129th. (Aside.) It's all right; he doesn't smoke. Twad. (aside.) I've caught him; our highest number is 99. -(Aloud:) Crack regiment yours, captain. Narc. Yes, very excessively crack, infernally crack. Twad. All sons of nobility, I believe? Narc. Yes, yes; we are all noble. Twad. How is your Colonel?

Narc. Quite well, I thank you.

Twad. When you heard from him last.

Naro. Yes, yes, of course, when I heard from him last. (Aside. I wish he wouldn't ask so many questions. I'm getting bothered Twad. He's at Bengal, I believe.

Narc. Yes, at Bengal. I don't half like this old fellow; h seems rather smoky.

Twad. (laughing.) Rather warm quarters there, I should

think. Ha, ha. ha! apt to melt down the fat a little. Ha, ha, he

Narc. Ha, ha, ha! (Aside.) Melt down the fat. Does he suspect? Yes, yes. Ha, ha, ha!

Twad. I've such a surprise for you.

Narc. Have you?

Twad. Yes; the Colonel is here.

Narc. The devil he is! (Aside.) I'm pickled. Oh! indeed, glad to hear it!

Twad. I see him coming this way. I'll inform him of your arrival. (Calling.) Here, Colonel.

Narc. No, no. (Bringing him back. Aside.) I shall be kicked out to a certainty. - The fact is, the colonel and I are not upon speaking terms. I cut him.

Twad. Oh, you cut him. Come, come, young gentleman, this won't do. (Mysteriously.) You can't deceive me, you harum scarum young dog.

Narc. Harum scarum! Twad. Yes; I know you.

Narc. Know me! Twad. Yes; your name's not Brown.

Narc. Not Br-o-wn!

Twad. No; you are no more a captain than I am.

Narc. No!

Twad. No; you are-

Narc. Hush, for heaven's sake!

Twad. Your name is Fitz.

Narc. It is; it is, I confess! don't betray me!

Twad. I won't be so barbarous.

Narc. (aside.) Barberous. Oh dear, it's all over with me! Twad. Ha, ha, ha! you're a sad blade.

Narc. Sad blade!

Twad. Ha! ha! ha! always in hot water. I dare say, famous for your scrapes. Ha! ha! ha!

Narc. (aside, trying to laugh.) Famous for scrapes! Yes, yes, ha! ha! how he is lathering me!

Twad. Captain Brown. Ha! ha! ha! that wouldn't friz, ch

I think I combed his whiskers. Ha! ha! ha!

Narc. Yes, yes, ha! ha! (Aside.) How I should like to take him by the nose! I'd soon stop his grinning.

Twad. Capital joke, ha! ha! ha! By-the-by, you've a great many friends here.

Narc. Indeed!

Twad. Yes, you've been inquired after by several.

Naro. Have I?

Twad. (whispering mysteriously.) Lady Emily Flitterly?

Narc. Ah!

Twad. Yes, (chuckling) splendid woman! then Mrs. Snaply! (poking him in the ribs.)

Naro. Really!

Twed. Yes, lovely -oh you young rascal; ha! ha! ha! Lord Mincington (nodding mysteriously).

Nare. Well, what of him ?

Twad. Jealous !- 'pon my life, I think so. Chalk Farm, six o'clock in the morning-understand ?- shave you directly, sir.

Narc. Yes, yes. (Aside.) He will have a touch at the shop. Twad. Then there's another gentleman, -a mysterious sort of person, whose name I don't know, wants particularly to see you.

Narc. Indeed!

Twad. Yes. (Chuchling.) Here are two notes I was charged to deliver to you.

Narc. Notes for me? I'm astounded, (looking at one.) No

address ?

Twad. Of course, for fear of accidents; in these affairs, caution is necessary, (goes up.) I'll take a turn round the room, while you devour the contents of your billets, (laughing.) They're full of pretty sentiments, I dare be sworn.

With wings like a dove I'll fly to my love ; When the stars and pale moon

What rhymes to moon?-soon-boon-moon-spoon. Ha! ha! ha!

> I'm out of my wits With thinking of Fitz.

Ha! ha! ha! Exit, centre. Navc. It's very strange; I don't know anybody that could write to me, (opening letter.) Dearest Fitz. Dearest Fitz, my name, sure enough; how very odd-I am at the ball, but you know who is with me. I know who ?- I'll be hang'd if I do. Be cautious; meet me as a stranger. That I shall be sure to do, for I don't know you. If I drop my glove, understand No; but if I drop my handkerchief, understand Yes; breakfast at half-past one .- Emma. Now, who the deuce is Emma? and what does she mean by yes and no, and breakfast at half-past one? It's a mistake, or perhaps it's the pretty little girl I met at the Gordon Arms; it must be, she's here with her mother. Oh yes, I see; now for the other. To F. F., well! that's a little nearer Fitzfrizzle than nothing. I dare say this is for me, (opens letter, and reads.) You are an infamous scoundrel. Eh! Oh no, this can't be for me. Your disguise is seen through. The devil it is! And if you do not immediately quit the house, you will receive the chastisement you so richly merit; a good kicking or horse-whipping, no doubt. Swindler, your dishonest proceedings are known. Are they? Think of the imposture you practised in Greece (starting). Great good gracious! I'm a dead man,—that damned hogs-lard will b my ruin. This is from some customer I have deceived. I'H never take anybody in again. Think of your other impositions, and tremble. I do, all over, like a steam-boat. Disgrace is hanging over you; be warned, quit the house. I will,—I'm a well-braddog, so I'll take the hint. Ladies and gentlemen, good-night. [Going, L. H., meets FITZFROLIC and CATCHEM. I'm off.

Ah! how do you do? I beg your pardon. I forgot I'm to cut him. Good night, sir.



into Stay, I want your assistance; since I saw you, I've got brouble.

Nerc. So have I.

I'm in a devil of a scrape.

Nor. So am I.

Fits. The person you see there is a sheriff's officer; he instead me just as I was getting into my cab to come here. I have prevailed on him to accompany me thus far, in the hope of meeting some one who would convey a few words of apology to two ladies who are expecting me; as none of my friends are at hand, I must trouble you with the commission.

Narc. What! go into the ball-room? I'm afraid, I've had notice

to quit—a gentle hint to make myself scarce.

Fits. No matter, you must oblige me; didn't you say you would be grateful for the kindness I had shown you?

Narc. I did, and I'll keep my word; I'll bear the kicking like a

hero. Who are the ladies? and what am I to say?

Fits. (taking NARCISSUS up to c., and pointing off.) Do you see that lovely creature, in the white dress, and flowers in her hair.

Nar. Hair in bandeau; wreath of poppies, en diadem

Fits. Yes: ask her to dance, and during the figure, say to her—I come from Alfred, he won't be here to-night; he's obliged to go out of town; write to him immediately;—you understand.

Narc. Perfectly. Now, the other.

Fits. That lady dancing with the old gentleman in the white waistcoat, and brown coat; take an opportunity of saying the same to her.

Narc. I will.

Fitz. Thanks, adieu. I don't wish to be seen with friend, here; I'm going over the water; call and see me, sure to find me at home. Now, Mr. Catchem—good bye, don't forget.

[Exeunt, L. H. Nare. I'm a victim'to gratitude and dancing. I shall be sure to be kicked; I wish I hadn't promised—yet how could I refuse?—Oh, here comes old Dunderhead, I'll get him to introduce me.

Enter TWADDLE, R. C.

Twad. Well, how did you like the notes? were they pleasant—very tender, eh? hearts and darts, eh—eh?

Narc. Yes, yes; of course. Are they dancing?

Twad. Oh yes, the rooms are so crowded; they are going to form a quadrille here, (Company appear, and enter through folding-doors in c.) Dancers are in request, allow me to find you a partner.

Narc. Well, as you insist; but mum, not a word. (Aside) If I'm to be kicked, I'll have all the fun for it I can, so I'll pluck up courage, and go the whole hog. (They mix with company, NARCHESUS swaggers, and uses his eye-glass affectedly).

[MR. and MRS. SNAPLY advance.

Mrs. S. I won't dance with you any more, it's against the rules of society. I insist on your getting another partner.

Snap. But, my dear-Mrs. S. I insist.

Snap. I won't. Mrs. S. You shall. Snap. I won't.

Mrs. S. You must.

Narc. (advancing with TWADDLE, L. H.) That's the girl for me:

Twad. Introduce you? ha! ha! ha! (Aside) What a cunning dog? I perceive the husband, ha! ha! ha! (To NARC.) Artful villain! (Advancing) Mr. Snaply, allow me to introduce a young friend of mine, Captain Brown, of the 129th. (Aside) Hem. you brazen rascal, ha! ha! ha!

Mr. S. Glad to see you, sir, hem! (Aside) Affected puppy Narc. Delighted, inexpressibly charmed—ha--hem—wish to

have the honour, with your permission, of dancing with (bowing to Mrs. S.) your lovely daughter.

Twad. (bursting into a laugh aside.) Daughter! that's capital;

he pretends not to know her: his assurance is wonderful.

Snap. Daughter! sir, she's my wife.

Narc. I beg pardon, what could I be thinking of? I mean your wife; will you permit me, the next quadrille, if madame has no objection. (Bowing.)

Mrs. S. None whatever; I shall be most happy. (Curtseying.)

Twad. (aside.) Well, of all the deep ones-the best arranged

thing I ever saw.

Snap. Why really, my love, I—

Mrs. S. (aside.) Hold your tongue, don't make a fool of yourself, my dear; if you are jealous, get a partner and dance vis-à-vis.

Snap. I am jealous, and will be vis-a-vis. (Goes up in a rage.) Narc. Permit me. (Gives his arm.) The first plunge is over, and now I'll go it.

> [A quadrille is formed-NARCISSUS and MRS. SNAPLY, R. H.-MR. SNAPLY advances with his partner, and tries to place himself vis-à-vis, but is cut out by LORD MINCINGTON and LADY FLITTERLY-He then takes the centre, facing the audience-Narcissus dances extravagantly à l'Opera-During one of the figures, he whispers to MRS. SNAPLY; she starts, looks at him with astonishment, and whispers him-MR. SNAPLY observes. grows jealous, forgets the figure, dances distractedlyhis partner holds and prevents him from attacking FITZFRIZZLE—During the pastourelle, when NARCISSUS goes forward with the two ladies, he whispers LADY FLITTERLY; she starts, seems astonished, and whispers him-Lord Mincington observes, grows jealous, dances the Cavalier Seul furiously, scowling at NARCISSUS, imitating and trying to insult him. The dance concludes with the grand chain, during which NARCISSUS runs against LORD MINCINGTON and MR. SNAPLY-General confusion towards the end of the dance-TWADDLE advances, R, H., with LORD FLITTERLY, and points out

NARCISSUS. The dance over, LORD F. skits, L. H.— The rest go off, c.—Mrs. Snaply advances with NARCISSUS.

Mrs. S. (in great agitation.) I'll meet you here when they go to supper. Take care of my husband; he is jealous of you already; and if he finds out you are Alfred's friend, he'll murder you.

[Goes up, and exit centre, B.

Nere. The devil he will? I shall make a nice thing of this!

Lady F. (advancing in agitation.) Meet me here in ten
minutes. I'll slip away from the supper room. Poor Alfred!
you're a kind friend. Beware of Lord Mincington! I know he
wants to pick a quarrel with you. Don't fight him, if you can
help it, for he's a dead shot.

[Goes up, exit c.

Nere. Is he? Then I'll take precious good care he don't short at ma. I'll bokt. (Going, L. H., meets LORD FLITTERLY.)

Lord F. Stay, sir! I wish to exchange a few words with you.

Nove. Oh dear, I'm afraid this is the kicker. Well, sir, I am

your service.

Lord F. Your name is Fitz.

Nare. (in great alurm.) It is; you're quite right. (Aside) It's all over with me now. This is the master of the house, or the bear's-grease victim.

Lord F. Read that, sir. (Giving a note.)

Nore. I will. (Opens note, and reads in great trepidation.)
"Dear Fitsy.," that's very familiar; "Dear Fitsy.,—He will
be here to-night, so be on your guard; to-morrow he goes to
Brighton, then meet me by moonlight alone.

" Thine ever, EMILY." -

Lord F. (astonished, and snatching letter.) Am I in my

Narc. I breathe again. It's from another lady, who is in love with me, and that fellow is a servant. I'll swagger a bit. (Slapsing him on the back.) Tell your mistress it's all right, and I'll sure to be punctual.

Lord F. (furiously soizing him.) You infernal rascal! (Shaking.) II—no, no—go, go—you're beneath my notice. (Throwing him off.)

Nare. I'm very glad of it. I wish he'd thought so before;

he has nearly strangled me.

Lord F. I know you, sir. Follow me out of the house immediately. Follow me quietly, or I'll call in the police. [Exit. L. H. Nerc. It is the kicker, sure enough: what am I to do? If I go out, I shall knap it. If I stay, I shall be thrashed by the grumpy husband, and shot at by the dandy lord. A pretty finish this, to my first fashionable ball. I'll try and find a back stair-case that will take me out of harm's way. (Going, R., is intercepted by MRS. SNAPLY, who enters, R. C.)

Mrs. S. Stay, my dear sir, one word if you please.

Narc. Now, I am completely ruin'd; go away, ma'am, go away; pray, go away! I musn't talk to you, indeed I musn't.

Mrs. S. But one moment: our danger is mutual; my hus-

band's jealousy knows no bounds; if he should find us together,

he would kill us on the spot.

Narc. Then go; there's a good woman, go! don't run such a frightful risk. If you don't care for yourself, do have some feeting for me.

Mrs. S. The case is desperate!

Nurc. I know it. (Aside.) She will stay, and I shall be settled!

Mrs. S. When did you see Alfred last?

Narc. Half an hour ago. I know nothing about him; don't ask any more questions. (Aside) I shall be cut into curpapers.

Mrs. S. You are strangely agitated.

Narc. And well I may be.

Mrs. S. You're afraid to look me in the face.

Narc. I know it, I know it; pray, go!

Mrs. S. Something dreadful must have happened to Alfred Tell me! (taking his hand.) Tell me what has befallen him!

Narc. (trying to get away.) He's boned.

Mrs. S. Boned! Gracious powers, what's that?

Narc. Tapp'd.

Mrs. S. Tapp'd! Speak plainly; what do you mean?

Narc. He's in quod.

Mrs. S. You'll drive me mad! Where is he? and what has happened to him?

Narc. He is arrested, and gone over the water.

Mrs. S. Oh! (Screaming.) Transported! Support me! He

is lost! (Faints in NARCISSUS' arms.)

Narc. I am lost, she means. Oh, my unlucky stars! This is my quietus. I'm pack'd up and directed. Madam, madam, pray don't faint! Consider, you're endangering my life. She's quite gone! What shall I do? Madam, madam, my dear lady! don't, don't, don't be a fool! Pray, come to.

Enter SNAPLY, C.

Snap. What do I see—my wife in a man's arms! (Advancing.) Death and the devil, sir! What do you mean? What are you about? (Mas. S. screams and runs off, c., Snaply seizes Narcissus.) What are you about, sir? (Shaking him.)

Narc. To faint away. (Falls on Mr. Snaply's shoulder, and

faints.) My little account will soon be settled.

Snap. (in a violent rage shaking NARCISSUS.) You rascal! You villain! You, you, you—never mind; never mind. I know what I'll do with you. (Releasing him.) Stay here till I return. Move an inch from the spot, and I'll blow your brains out!

[Exit. 1. 2.

Narc. You can't; I havn't got any. (Faintly.) I shall never see my shop again. Why did I learn to dance?—fatal infatuation! My mother said it would be my ruin; and so it is, and so it is. I've danced my last quadrille; made my last pirouette; I won't stay to be murdered. So here goes, the other way

MRS. S. enters C., R. H.

Mrs. S. Stay, stay, sir. (Holding his arm.)

Narc. Oh i go away—go away! don't let him catch us together again:—let me go—let me go! (Struggles to get away.)

Mrs. S. One moment, I entreat! Go to Alfred—tell him to write to me,—say I'm in despair.

Narc. Yes, yes.—I'll say anything—only let me go.

Enter LADY F., C. L. H., she advances.

Lady F. (taking NARCISSUS'S left hand.) Oh, my dear sir!

Narc. Oh, murder!—here's the other!—now I am finished.

Lady F. Poor Alfred! Mrs. Snaply has told me all—what

Laay F. Foor Airea: Mrs. Snaply has told me all—what can we do for him?

Narc. I don't know; between you, you'll do for me! Ladies,

dear ladies, pray let me go.

Lady F. You shan't stir a step.

Narc. Then I'm melted down to pomatum!

Lady F. As Alfred's friend—you are our only consolation.

Mrs. S. Our only hope.

Narc. Don't say so! I'm out of both the articles.

Lady F. You know where Alfred is—take us to him. Mrs. S. You will; I know you will.

Mrs. S. You will; I know you will.

Narc. I shall never get rid of 'em. I'm caught, like Captain

Macheath. I would oblige you, ladies, but——

Lady F. No objections!—You must, and shall—not a moment is to be lost. Come—come! (Trying to pull him off, L. H.)

Mrs. S. (pulling him.) Yes—yes! Come—come!

Enter DUNDERHEAD TWADDLE, C.

Twad. I wonder what Fitzfrolic is about—ha! there he is!—ha! ha! ha!—both the beauties have him at once!—ha! ha! ha! I must see how he'll manage them. I hope they'll fight! (Goes behind curtains, R. H.)

Narc. Well, as you are determined to destroy me, the sooner I'm out of my misery the better,—come along. (Giving his arm,

and going, L. H.)

Lady F. Stay, some one comes; we must not be seen together. (To Mrs. S.) We'll conceal ourselves behind the curtains till the coast is clear. (Mrs. S. and Lady F. hide behind the curtains, L. H.)

Twad. We are having a game at bo-peep here.

Narc. (looking off, L. H.) Zounds, it's old Crusty! and, oh, good gracious, such a horsewhip! I can't face that—so I'll go this way. (Going, R. H., 1st entrance,—meets Lord Mincington, who carries a brace of pistols,—at the same moment Snaply enters, L. H., with a very large horsewhip.) Now I'm regularly doubled up!

Lord M. (slightly intoxicated.) How do you do, Mr. Fitz? You are a cap—cap—capital dancer; and an im—im—impertinent pup—pup—puppy; inhale that with your Havannah!

Mr. S. An infamous villain a betrayer! a seducer!—

Lord M. And everything else that is respectable in the scounderl line!

Twad. My friend in the mustachies is rather in a hobble here.

Lord M. Do you see these curling-irons?

Narc. Curling-irons!

Snap. Do you see this shaving brush?

Narc. Yes. (Aside.) My knees are knocking together like a pair of castanets. I wish I could bolt.

Twad. Poor Fitz seems inclined to show the white feather!

Lord M. Now look ye, Young Wigaby, you've insulted me, and I expect satisfaction. Chalkstone has lent me these pistols expressly for that purpose; it's not worth while now to go out into the cold fields to pop at each other, so we'll settle it here; take your choice;—they are Manton's hair triggers—three slags in each. (Puts a pistol into Naccissus's hand, who is so overcome with fright, that he is not aware he has taken it.) Go over to the door there, and blaze away!

Narc. What a fire-eater!—hair triggers—three slugs in eachblaze away at a door! I'm slaughtered—dead as Truefit's bear! Snap. Stay, my Lord, I have a prior claim on this person; I

owe him a horsewhipping, and-

Narc. Don't mention it. I'll give you credit. I'll never

ask you for it.

Lord M. No—no! Let me have a crack at him first! If I miss, (which I bet you ten to one I don't,) then you may go in with the whip; now oblige me by seeing fair play; we'll take the signal from you:—one—two, and fire when you drop your handkerchief!

Narc. That wouldn't be the only drop! Snap. Well, I don't like to spoil sport.

Narc. Sport! (Aside) Hard-hearted old codger; he'd see me killed with as much unconcern as he would a sucking-pig. (Unconsciously placing himself before the curtains, L.H., MR. SNAPLY takes a chair between the centre doors, which he closes, showing only his head.)

Snap. There, now I'm ready; take your ground, and fire away. Twad. Stop! stop!—let me get out of the way. (Narcissus finds he has got the pistol, and is dreadfully alarmed.—Twaddle and the Ladies call out, and throw back the curtains.—The guests rush on the centre and upset Mr. Snaply.—Mr. Fitz-frolic enters, L. H.—Lady F. and Mrs. S. embrace him.—Narcissus tries to run off, L. H., is collared by two Policemen, who enter with Lord Flitterly.—Tableau.)

Lady F. My dear Alfred!

Mrs. S. My dear brother!

Snap. Your brother!

Lord M. Your dear Alfred?—oh heavens!

Lady F. Yes, Alfred Fitzfrolic, whom I have long loved, and shall be proud to call my husband—if my brother here will consent to our union.

Lord F. That Alfred Fitzfrolic who then are you? (To NAR-

cissus.)



Nar. Fitzfrizzle, hair-dresser and perfumer; now the murder's out, kick away!

All. A hair-dresser!

Nar. And perfumer, ladies and gentlemen, at your service. With shame I confess that I have imposed upon you. I came here without an invitation, and have presumed to pass myself off for a gentleman, Captain Brown, of the 129th. (Taking off his mustachios.) There, I've reduced myself to the peace-establishment. I know I deserve kicking, but pray don't be too severe, the fault has carried its punishment along with it: I've had no fun, but have been nearly frightened to death by mysterious letters, fainting ladies, hair-trigger pistols, and double-barrelled horsewhips.

Fits. Let me intercede for his pardon. I led him into error, and will be answerable for all he has said and done; at a future imoment I will explain; meanwhile, let me beg his lordship, and Mr. Snaply, to exonerate me from all dishonourable intentions; pecuniary embarrassments alone compelled me to be mysterious.

Lord F. But the person for whom I have mistaken you...

Fits: Was my servant; a rascal, who, not contented with
with me to a considerable amount, assumed my name, forced

robbing me to a considerable amount, assumed my name, forged my signature, and committed divers other frauds, for which he is now working in the galleys at Grenoble.

Lord F. I am satisfied: if I find you worthy my sister's affection, I will not refuse my consent to your marriage; and now, what are we to do with your protégé, Mr. Fitzfrizzle, the hair-dresser and perfumer?

Fits. Forgive, and patronize him; he's a clever little fellow,

and deserves encouragement.

Lord F. Then he shall have it; you may reckon on my custom.

Narc. May I? then myfortune's made; allow me to give you one of my cards; ladies and gentlemen, permit me, (Giving cards to guest) Happy to serve you all; Narcissus Fitzfrizzle, hairdresser and perfumer. Wigs in the first style of fashion and elegance, real metallic springs; children's hair carefully cut, on the shortest notice; large assortment of toys and jewellery, brushes, cutlery, and perfumery—all warranted genuine.

Fits. Excepting the bear's-grease.

Narc. Yes—now—but in future, the real Russian; buy a bear next week. Now, I'll wish you a good night; you have treated me kindly, and I am grateful. (To the audience) You all know where I live, and what I can do; I shall be proud to serve you. I'll say no more; "think of me when you are curling your hair," and laugh at the follies of the—Dancing Barber.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

lord M. Twad, snap, mrs. snap, nac. lady f. fitzf. lord b. $R_{\rm s}$











ALL FOR LOVE;

OR,

THE LOST PLEIAD.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA.

In Chree Acts.

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PLENCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE

REPRESENTATION.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

[The Author acknowledges himself indebted for the idea of the lot of this piece to a French drama, entitled Une Fille de l'Air; some of the incidents of which have been retained; but many of the scenes, and the entire of the dialogue in the present piece are original.]

ALL FOR LOVE.

ACT I.

SCENE I .- The Clouds.

Enter Borras and Flutter from R. H. and L. H.

Bor. Ah! Brother Flutter, whence come you?

Flut. From the banks of the classic Arno, my dear rough fellow; where I have been taking a delicious siesta on a bank of musk lilies.

Bor. Luxurious fellow! I fear we are late, for the court of stars has already assembled; yet I travelled post haste on a hurricane that levelled forests, fleets, and cities in its path.

Flut. Ah! Boreas, you have no business at court, if you be a leveller. But, pray, what led you so much out of your usua track? you don't often attend levees!

Bor. No, the little courtling stars don't relish me; they are afraid of old Boreas. I blew half a dozen of them out, the last time I came this way. But I'm here now, on an invitation from Queen Urania herself.

Flut. You, an invitation?

Bor. May I die of an asthma piping through a keyhole, if I am not. Nay, that's not all; for her majesty, knowing my discretion, has requested me to act in the capacity of guide and adviser to her daughter Asteria, who, to fulfil some planetary law, is destined to dwell a certain time on earth.

Flut. 'Pon my life, a very singular coincidence; for her majesty, anxious for the proper introduction of the young Pleiad to the world, has solicited me, as the most fashionable of her acquaintance, to accompany her to earth. I flatter myself, if she comes out under my wing, that she will be quite the rage. But, hist! her majesty condescends to be visible. Boreas, you must speak for us both!

Bor. No, no; I'm a boisterous old fellow—grown hoarse with bawling to the bo'sons. You, Flutter, with your soft Southern lisp and pretty whisper, are fitter for the office. I cannot speak; but, if her majesty fancies a little roaring, I flatter myself that my performance in that way will astonish

Flut. Well, if I must—though 'pon my life, I'm as nervous as a zephyr in a lady's ringlet.

SCENE II.—The clouds open, and discover the Hall of the Pleiads. In the centre a throne, on which is seated Urania, the QUEEN of the Stars; on either hand stand six Pleiads. A number of Planets and Star spirits ranged down to the front of the stage, bearing garlands and wearing coronets of small stars. (Ariel music.)

Que. Ye pure and radiant ministers of light, Immortal guardians of the firmament; Ye glorious watchers of the sileut night; Fountains of wisdom, in whose depths lie hid, The destinies of all those myriad worlds That people the vast ether; to our court, We bid you welcome fair.

[All the Stars make obeisance to the QUEEN.

BOREAS and FLUTTER, R. H.

1st Star. Bless me, where can this cold wind come from? It penetrates to my very bones!

2nd Star. 'Tis that brute, the North Wind. See, he has puffed out the Morning Star already.

Que. You're welcome, cousin Winds. I'm glad you're come.

How fare ye both?

Flu. We only breathe to serve

The beauteous Queen of Stars!

Que. You flatter, sir!

Flu. Not so, fair queen, it is my niggard wit

That makes me debtor to your high desert.

Bor. (aside.) Now blow me, if I e'er could speak so smooth!

Que. This day, my friends, by destiny's decree, My child, Asteria, quits her starry home, To dwell on earth, a certain space. Behold She comes!

Ast. (without, U. E. L. H.) I'll ne'er consent. (enters.) I quit the skies?

I dwell amongst the mortal sons of clay? Forsake the stars, and walk upon the earth? Do I look made for walking?

Que. Peace, my child,

Your sister Pleiads, did not thus demur, When call'd to their probation.

Ast. Ah!—But I
Am youngest of the seven—and fairest too
They say:—and wherefore young and fair, if not
To shape my actions by my will. Be sure
I will not stir a step. To school I'll go
Again—but not to earth.

Flu. (to ASTERIA.) And wherefore not,
Most radiant star?—In nature, all that's bright
And fair doth fall to earth, to reascend from thence,
More bright and beautiful.

Ast. (aside.) Faith, neatly said. I thank you, sir. (aside.) And with a polish'd grace, A saucy gallant too.—Your name, fair sir? Flu. "Tis Flutter—and your slave. A foreigner? (FLUTTER bows.) I do love foreigners. You're welcome sir. I'm tired to death of home-made beaux And threadbare compliments. (aside.) I like his air; An easy courtly air, that like a glove Doth fit the wearer pliantly. To vou. My faithful Iris, hath the voice of fate Reveal'd the mandate of the stars. Repeat Th' irrevocable fiat. 'Tis decreed, Iris. (c.) That ev'ry daughter of the skies must once Descend on earth, to win a mortal thence. Ast. That's not so difficult, methinks. Must lure him from the earth. A precious task! And when I've caught him, how bestow my prize? Iris. There hovers in mid air, betwixt these realms And earth, a race of dim unholy lights, Pale meteor-stars, that flit by new-made graves, O'er dark morass and bog, whose treach'rous depths, Betray the lated trav'ller to his doom. Our slaves are these. Ast. What are they? Iris. Lovers doomed To death by faithless maids. Poor devils! Ay? Flu. But not by mortal maids; each loved a star. Ast. Presumptuous fools! Iris. To add another mortal to the troop Of phantom stars, your task on earth must be. Ast. I vow I do begin to like it well. I'll set you twenty mortals planet-struck; I'll turn their heads, and make them mad with love. 'Tis better sport, I swear, than I had thought. Come, I'm for earth. Asteria, hear Iris. The full conditions of thy mission. If In seeking to enslave a son of earth, Thy heart shouldst yield to human love, thou'rt lost. No more to these bright halls shalt thou ascend. Or, with thy sisters tread these azure floors, The crown eternal from thy brow shall fall, And thou, the mortal's doom must share; grow old And wrinkled. Ast. Old! and wrinkled! pray-no more. Too dear a penalty to pay for love :--

So fear not, I'll return ; I will,-I'll lead The stupid mortals such a dance! 'Twill be Prodigiously amusing.

Flu. And perhaps A little ticklish ; so-beware of love.

Ast. Of love! D'ye think I ever could descend to love.

Flu. The stars themselves have fall'n.

Ast. I care not, sir;

I'll keep my footing in the slipp'ry path.

Que. Yet e'er you go, receive this talisman, The diamond star of Mazzaroth :- it hath A wonder-working power, and by its aid, Thou mayst invoke the spirits of the air. Demon and geni, goblin, gnome, and sylph, And make them minister unto thee. 'Twill

Preserve thy charms.

Dear mother give it me,-Pray give it me; I'd have all heaven and earth My slaves. (Queen places a brilliant diamond star on Asterias brow; she turns round coquettishly.) Now tell me how I look?

Flu. Divinely!

Brilliant as an icicle. Bor.

Ast. Your wit

Is frozen, sir.

Bor. Your eyes will make it thaw. Flu. That's not so bad for him-almost as smart

As one of my good things.

Asteria,-these Que. Two faithful winds, the allies of the stars,

Shall be your guides on earth : receive my friends.

[BOREAS and FLUTTER salute ASTERIA.

Ast. So, you're my tutors! You!-a goodly pair To tend a lady: but I'll give ye work;

I'll worry ye, and make ye fetch

And carry ;-you shall have no sinecure,

If ye but humour half my fantasies.

Bor. My lungs are at your service, would you please To call a hurricane.

Flu. Or murm'ring breeze-Ast. Pray keep your breath. I'faith I'm like to be

A shuttlecock between my worthy guides.

Que. Asteria, now my duty is fulfill'd,

And you must quit the skies.

Iris. (L. H.) Be vigilant:

Nor lose for mortal love,—th' unfading joy

Of our immortal state.

Oh, fear me not.

Que. Ye chosen guardians of Asteria's steps. Protect my child.—To you I give the power To be invisible :- avoid the haunts Of men; the busy city's walks, where vice,

By custom, grows less hideous; -seek some deep



Sequestered vale, where lust of power or gold, Has never bade the baleful passions rise.

Ast. Dear mother, bless your child!

[ASTERIA kneels before the QUEEN, who kisses her forehead.

Que. Heav'n bless my child!

[The Stars group at back, and perform a figure-dance to faint music—Boreas exits with the Queen, L. H. U. E.—Asteria stands in a thoughtful attitude, c.

Flu. Aha! my pretty pupil, drooping?

Ast. No

I do but meditate.

Flu. On peace or war?

Ast. On war.

:

Flu. And wherefore war?

Ast. For victory's sake.

Flu. Oho! a very woman. I perceive You're fond of conquest. Good! you've but to throw Some glances from those brilliant eyes:—Heav'n help

The luckless wight, on whom they fall!

Ast. Indeed! they're not so very killing—eh?

Flu. Annihilating! 'pon my life.—Heigho!

Boreas re-enters, L. H. U. E.

Bor. Bright star, the chariot of the air awaits your word.

Ast. I'm ready. Now-farewell!

[The PLEIADS and Stars weep.

Dear sister Pleiads—mourn me not:—the earth
That cold dim orb shall not retain me long.
I come—I come again, with brighter crown,
To mingle in your nightly dance, and watch
The lonely seaman gaze with upturn'd face,
Upon the azure vault, and from our host
Choose one ascendant star, the which he makes
His heart's confessor till his eyes run o'er
With tender recollections. Now—farewell!

§ Flu. (to ASTERIA.) Permit me to request, your finger's tip—
Bor. (blows Flutter off.) Give place—

Her starship likes a handsome man.

[ASTERIA, BOREAS, and FLUTTER descend slowly; IRIS
and the PLEIADS come forward and appear to bid them
farewell—while the clouds close in.

Song .- IRIS.*

Fly sister soon, from this cold dreary earth,
Fly to the orbs where thy beauty had birth;
Where thy star palace hangs in the depths of the sky,
And sweet music is heard as the planets sail by;
Where the night-lamps are beaming more tenderly bright,
And the silver moon shines through a zone of pure light.

* The Music by M. PILATI.

Fly sister soon, from this cold dreary earth,
Fly to the orbs where thy beauty had birth;
With thy sisters above, thou shalt roam thro' the spheres,
And the bloom of thy cheek, shall ne'er fade thro' thy tears;
But with joys ever new, in the dance or the song,
Thou still shalt be peerless amidst the gay throng.

[IRIS and the PLEIADS exit L. H. dancing

SCENE III.—The interior of Dame Mandaher's cottage; on the right a practicable lattive, a bed of leaves and moss in a corner of the apartment, H. H., a large window at the back through which is seen close forest scenery—Roland discovered sleeping on the bed. The sky gradually becomes dark; flashes of lightning seen at intervals through the window.

Enter MARGARET hastily, 2 E. L. H. (thunder.)

Mar. What! Roland, Roland! Mercy on me, the lazy boy gone to sleep. Why, Ro-o-land! (goes to the bed and calls loudly.) Ro-o-land, I say?

Rol. (awaking slowly.) A-a-a-aw! Is dinner ready?

Mar. No. Don't you hear the thunder ?

Rol. I can only hear your voice, mother. Why did you waken me? I was enjoying such a marvellous sweet dream!

Mar. Nonsense: you do nothing but dream asleep and awake. (rain.) Hark! how it rains! those fagots which you cut yesterday are still lying in the forest; they will not be fit to burn for a month if you do not go and fetch them into the house.

Rol. What, stir out in this awful rain! 'Twould drown a frog.

Mar. 'Tis only a pleasant shower!

Rol. Pleasant enough for thirsty ducks.

Mar. Go, like a dutiful boy, and when you return I shall have such an agreeable surprise for you!

Rol. Eh-what-something nice?-eh?

Mar. Very nice!

Rol. A venison pasty?

Mar. No.

Rol. No! Ah then, it must be a partridge ragout.

Mar. No; 'tis a more tempting morsel than even a ragout. What think you of a wife, Roland?

Rol. Wife! (looks round foolishly.) what should I do with a

wife, mother?

Mar. That is her affair; mine is to get you married; and I have agreed with your old godfather, Dominic, to make a match between you and his daughter Lisette. They arrived yesterday; so it is all settled that you are to be her husband.

Rol. Settled! who wants to be settled? I don't; nor I won't be settled on any wife. Besides I have forgotten my old godfa-

ther. and I never saw Lisette!

Mar. That's nothing; so make up your mind to be married,

ALL FOR LOVE;

OR,

THE LOST PLEIAD.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA,

In Chree Acts.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

BY

J. STIRLING COYNE, Esq.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

(stretching himself.) Aw! aw! I'll tumble in and have such a comfortable little nap till dinner-time! (going towards couch, and seeing ASTERIA.) Hey! a woman—in my bed—asleep—what brings her here—who is she?—Hist! I'll wager it's Lisette, my intended wife, come to take possession.—Odslife!—I'll have a peep at her while she sleeps—I warrant she's a bold, forward, cocknosed little witch.

[Steals to the couch, looks on ASTERIA, and starts back, amazed.

Ah! bless me, I never looked on so beautiful a creature! A charming shape. Egad my old mother has a better taste than I thought; a darling little foot and ankle too! Oh, dear! I feel a sort of a strange thumping here—I can scarcely breathe. I think—yes, I'm quite certain, that a dutiful son ought to marry to please his mother—and I'll marry Lisette because—Oh! oh! there's a very queer sensation coming over me! What a charming blush glows upon her cheek; and the sight of those sweet cherry lips—through which her breath comes like the morning perfume from a bed of violets, makes the blood tingle through my veins. There's no one nigh—she sleeps—I'll have a kiss—courage! Roland.

[After several attempts, he at length gains courage; kneels by the couch, and is on the point of kissing ASTERIA, when she springs up and looks with astonishment upon ROLAND who remains on his knees.

Ast. Who art thou? Speak!

Rol. (C. H.) I'm Roland.

Ast. (aside.) Oh! a man,

A mortal man; the first I've look'd upon. He seems amazed. Your name is Roland?

And yours, Lisette? (rises.)

Ast. Lisette?

Rol. Deny it not.

I know you; you're to be my wife!

Ast. Thy wife?

Rol. Assuredly! A pair more sweetly match'd The province shall not boast.

Ast. (aside.) The fool's distract.

Rol. Ha! ha! Lisette, you wicked little rogue;

You frighten'd me at first, and took my breath

Away; but now I'm vastly better. Lord!
My heart went thumping so!

[ROLAND places a couple of chairs in centre.

Ast. (aside.)

A downright fool.—
This strange mistake comes aptly to my will;
I'll play the village hoyden; and thus make

My conquest certain.

Rol. Prithee don't be coy.

Ast. Good sooth, I am not coy! (she sits.) a little shy At first. Why don't you sit? (he sits.) So you're to be My husband!

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Rol. Yes.
  Ast.
             Draw closer! Do you call that close?
You move your chair by niggard inches, as
You fear'd that I should bite you. Ever, sir,
When you would woo a lady, boldly draw
Your chair beside her, thus:
                                     She draws her chair near his.
                               Observe you me?
  Rol. I do. (aside.) How wondrous soon her covness fled!
Ast. Since I must marry thee, 'tis fit I know What bargain I'm to get. Hold up thy head, And look me in the face.—Your eyes are gray.
  Rol. My mother calls them blue.
                                 I'll have them gray.
Your nose is short--'tis very near a snub.
   Rol. (aside.) My nose a snub!
   Ast. How old are you?
                          What age would please her best?
   Rol. (aside.)
   Ast. How old, I say?
   Rol.
                        Just twenty-one.
   Ast. I wish you joy-of age to play the fool.
   Rol. (aside.) The saucy minx doth twit me to my face!
If we do wed, she'll put my shallow wit
Against the wall. But, 'sdeath! I'm stupid grown!
 You've travell'd far to-day?
   Ast.
                             Much farther than
 You'd credit, should I say?
   Rol.
                           And I ne'er thought
To offer you refreshment. (pulls table into centre.) You must be
 Fatigued and hungry. Here's a nice cream-cheese,
 Would tempt a queen, and here's a bowl of milk.
          [He places different kinds of food, and a covered dish on
                                the table.
 Come, sit, Lisette, you're welcome heartily.
   Ast. (R. H. aside.) A droll adventure faith! I needs must seem
 To honour his repast! (she sits at table.)
                         That's frankly done!
   Rol. (L. H.)
   Ast. Your fare is novel.
                 [She raises a cover, and takes a dumpling on a fork.
                                 Pray what call you this?
    Rol. A dumpling.
    Ast.
                         Ah !-didst shape the thing thyself?
    Rol. Why dost thou ask, Lisette?
                                      Because, methinks
 It hath the very fashion of thy head!
    Rol. Wilt leave thy gibes, and feed?
                                        Why so I do-
 Upon thy looks,-that give to appetite
 A keener edge ;-which I, perforce, must check,
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Lest free indulgence should a surfeit bring.

[Boreas appears, with his beard and clothes covered with snow, looking through the lattice Bor. You're here, in pleasant quarters!

Ast. (aside.) Boreas! (Boreas enters at lattice.) Rol. Oh!

Your father, I suppose?

Ast.

My father !- Yes.

I left him in the forest.

Rol. (going up to BOREAS.) How d'ye do ?

I'm very glad to see you-Dominic!

ASTERIA makes a sign to BOREAS. Bor. (at back to R. H. aside.) Some scheme on foot .- I thank you heartily.

[He shakes ROLAND's hand, who draws it away suddenly, and blows his fingers.

Rol. How devilish cold you are !- You've numbed my hand. "Tis getting very chilly-How's the day ?

Bor. A pleasant nipping air.

[ROLAND turns up. ASTERIA takes BOREAS apart, and speaks to him.

Bor.

Faith, capital!

I'll give him such a cooler!

[He goes to the table, raises the cover, and blows on the dumplings, then on the milk, cheese, &c., and into the pitcher.

Rol. (c. returning to table.) Now, old boy,

I'll warm your frost-nipp'd nose.-Here try a cup

Of wine—(he endeavours to pour out wine, but none comes.)
devil's in the pitcher! Zounds!

The wine is frozen fast .-

[ASTERIA and Boreas laugh; Roland tries to pour out milk, which also appears frozen.

Perhaps, kind sir, You'd help me to a dumpling!

He uncovers the dish.

Rol. 'Sdeath! what's here?

A dish of snowballs. 'Tis some magic trick. Ast. We're much obliged forsooth: will't please you, try

Your cold collation!

[Music; throws a snowball at him. How d'ye relish that?

And that—and that—and that?

Bor. (goes to door.) A pelting storm.

I'll leave him to his fate!

Rol. Lisette; enough, enough! I'll be revenged Upon your lips for this. My mother says
That maids love kisses. You shall have a score.

Ast. (avoiding him.) Hold back-you keep no tally on my [He follows her as she retreats.

Rol. A dozen then, or half, or four, or two,

Or one. I must have one!

Ast. (crosses to L. H.) Help! mother! help!

[ASTERIA raises the star above her head; the stage becomes

dark, and ROLAND falls senseless on the earth. R. H. The back part of the cottage then appears to dissolve, and the hall of the Pleiads is seen behind strongly illuminated; URANIA, IRIS, and Pleiads discovered, watching over ASTERIA; IRIS sings the first stanza of her former song, as the Act drop descends slowly.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE 1 .- A forest - A single ouk-tree in the centre of stage.

ASTERIA enters L. H. beckening as she crosses the stage, and disappears amongst the trees laughing, on the opposite side. ROLAND then enters tottering from exertion, he looks wildly around him.

Rol. Again deceived: amongst those ancient trees, I saw but now her figure, like a beam
Of moonlight, flitting through some pillar'd aisle;
Her snow-white hand—with graceful motion still
Entreating me to follow.—Yes, Lisette,
I'll follow, though—ah me! my tottering knees,
Can scarce sustain my weight. Lisette! Lisette!

[He staggers to the foot of the tree and falls senseless on the earth. Music, during which the trunk of the tree opens and ASTERIA comes from it—for a few moments she appears to regard ROLAND with an expression of pity.

Ast. Deluded man! like all his wayward race, Forsaking real happiness, to grasp At vain chimeras. But his fate is fix'd; The fiat of the stars, must be fulfill'd.

[She comes down. Boreas and Flutter enter, L. H. and R. H.

What Boreas! Flutter! whither have ye been?

Flu. Conveying lovers' sighs to ladies' ears.

Bor. Unroofing misers' barns.

Ast.

Well, listen both,

My task on earth, is wellnigh done. You see

You mortal wretch, o'erpower'd—

Flu. —With love, or wine, delightful star?

Flu. —With love, or wine, delightful star?
Ast. With love,
Thou saucy jackanapes; and love for me.
What think you, sir, of that? a desperate case:—

Ten thousand fathom deep in hopeless love.

Flu. You better could not do, had you been bred A town coquette. How must we next proceed?

Bor. Entice him to the wizard Uriel's grave.

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Flu. Where meteor phantoms wheel in midnight dance, To fascinate those hapless mortals, who Complain of hopeless love. By madness seiz'd He'll thread the fatal maze, till life forsakes The panting trembling wretch. Delightful death! To perish in the whirlwind of a waltz.

Bor. His fate is fix'd.

Must I the agent be,

To lead him to his doom?

'Tis so decreed. Flu.

None else deceive him may.

Alas! poor wretch So readily he yielded to my pow'r, And loves me with such simple confidence, I would the task to other hands had fall'n. But since to mine, I must enforced perform, This cruel part. (to BOREAS.) Your aid I may require.

Bor. 'Tis but to whistle and to have a storm,

Would blow the horns off Belzebub.

Adieu!

[Boreas and Flutten disappear, R. H. and L. H. As goes to ROLAND, and touches him on the shoulder-h slowly.

Rol. What miracle is this? My limbs feel nerved With new-born strength, a buoyant spirit fills My soul, and lifts me from the earth. Fatigue And weariness no more oppress my frame. I live-I breathe. (sees ASTERIA.) Ah! here again, Lisette This time you 'scape me not.

[He is rushing towards her when she motions him to desist Forbear, bold man Ast. (L. H.)

For I am not Lisette.

You not Lisette?

Ast. No, fool! Do I look like a village wench? A vulgar village wench-upon whose cheek The sun, hot libertine, hath left his kiss?

Canst look upon me with those wond'ring eyes, That gaze as they would swallow me, yet see

No impress of my birth?

Rol. Thou art most fair, Most bright; in loveliness thou dost surpass Of beauty-all that ever met mine eyes :-

But if thou'rt not my promis'd bride, Lisette, As truly to this moment I believ'd,

What art thou then?

A spirit, sir. A star Descended from her bright abode, to laugh At mortal fooleries.

Then laugh at mine; For I do love thee to distraction's verge.

Ast. Indeed! Sir Rustic? And wouldst woo me too?



Rol. I would.

Ast. How so?

Rol. With what small wit I have, Supported by an honest heart, and tongue,

Which though it cannot gloze a polish'd lie, Has learn'd love's eloquence within this hour.

Ast. A hopeful scholar! 'tis a lesson light To learn.

Rol. But bitter to forget.

Ast. But bitter to forget.

· Despise thy love.

I may

Rol. Contemn myself thou may'st, But love, howe'er so mean is ne'er despised.

It is the precious amber of the heart, Which being chaf'd to heat, doth closely draw,

In nature things most opposite.

Ast. So then You think that I, the daughter of the stars, May stoop to yield my love to thee,

A being of a meaner race?

Rol. I do-

For love enforceth love, as ardent fire Subdues the stubborn steel.

Ast.

Thy words

Are bold.

Rol. I'll prove them by my deeds.

Ast. 'Tis well.—

At midnight when the solemn hour tolls out From Arden's tower, beside the wizard's tomb, My hand thou shalt receive.

Rol. The wizard's tomb! They say the demons of the flood and fell, Pale phantom lights that lead men's wits astray,

Do wander there !

Ast. I thought thy heart would quail.

Rol. It does not quail; I'll meet thee there.

Ast. To-night.

At twelve! (Asteria going.)

Thou wilt not leave me yet.

Ast. Farewell!

Rol. Without a token of thy love!

[Asteria retreats—he seizes her scarf—she breaks from him and rushes towards the oak-tree.

Ast. Help! Boreas! help!

[She disappears into the tree, and BOREAS comes from it blowing with great force towards ROLAND, who is driven back. Music.

Bor. (crossing the stage.) Look out for squalls!

[Boreas exits, R. H.

Rol. (recovering himself.) The spirits of the viewless world combine

To thwart my wishes; but this time, at least, I could not be deceived. I saw this oak Receive her in its ancient bosom, as A gentle mother would a truant child. My axe! my axe! I'll break the envious shrine That hides her from my sight.

[He takes his are from his belt, and strikes a heavy blow upon the tree. A wailing scream is heard, and a long tremulous chord in the music. Roland drops the are, and staggers back affrighted.

IRIS, outside, is heard singing the following song. ROLAND turns in every direction to discover the singer.

Song.

Seek me, seek me, where I glide, Borne upon the glassy tide, In a rose-leaf's fairy boat, Singing as I gaily float.

Lira, lira, lira la.

Seek me. Hearken! I am here, Whispering music in thine ear; Now upon the swallow's wing, Wheeling high in sportive ring. Lira, lira, lira la.

I RIS, R. H., enters invisible to ROLAND, shifting her position to different parts of the stage, while she sings.

Seek me in the rosy shell,
In the lily's silver bell,
Where all day the truant bee
Hums his drowsy melody.
Lira, lira, lira la.

Seek me, where the Dryads keep,
Zephyr in their arms asleep;
Seek me low, and seek me high,
Follow, follow, where I fly.
Lira, lira, lira la.

[IRIS at the conclusion of the song goes off, L. H. 2 E.— ROLAND runs towards the place where she exits.

Rol. It is her voice. (a few bars of the music are sung outside at a distance.) Ah! there she flies. I come!

MARGARET and LISETTE enter, L. H., while he speaks.—ROLAND runs into his mother's arms.

Mar. Bless thee, Roland! she's not going to run away; no girl ever ran from a husband. There stands Lisette—take a smack of thy bride's lips like a man, and leave off hugging thy old mother.

* The music by M. PILATI.



Rol. Lisette, my bride! that short ill-favoured girl. (aside.) Oh! how unlike my spirit love. Mother, cling not to me, I must away. (song, at a distance.) Hark! she calls—she calls; I will be free!

Lis. Pray don't detain him. Let him go; he shall run a pretty race, before I follow him. (ROLAND rushes off, followed by MARGARET, L. R. 2 E.) Let him go; the stupid, base, abominable wretch, to treat me so. I that have had a dozen—ay, twenty of the smartest fellows in the world dying at my feet; I don't value him a straw,—not I. (sobbing.)

FLUTTER, R. H., enters at back.

Flu. (aside.) Aha! a little villager in tears! Soft and sweet as a melting honey-comb; and deuced pretty, too!

Lis. Hist, hist! did I not hear some one speaking?

Flu. (aside.) A sweet melodious voice; may I perish!

Lis. If it should be that monster Roland come back, to ask my forgiveness, I don't know but I might pardon him; for after all, the fellow is very well, as fellows go, and I flatter myself that I am rather tolerable.

Flu. (aside.) The little rogue knows she is irresistible. There's a tempting cheek. Egad, I'll venture! (comes behind LISETTE and

kisses her over her shoulder.)

Lis. (without turning her head.) It certainly is Roland; but I shall not take the least notice of him. I wonder, will he dare to repeat his impertinence. (partly turns her head to Flutter.)

Flu. (aside.) Encore, Flutter! encore, my boy! (he again kisses

her, and exits, L. H.)

Lis. He has dared! (aloud.) Sir; how durst you offer me such an insult, or even appear in my presence after—(she looks around and sees no one.) Hey! gone! Roland, where are you? I'm not vexed, indeed I am not—Roland, don't be afraid, you may kiss me as often as you please, and I shall never be angry with you.

Song.*

Stay Roland, dear Roland,
Whither woulds't thou fly me?
Come kneeling, here stealing,
All thy love declare.

If a kiss you want
Pray come again and try me,
Never be afraid
A dozen I can spare:
Though prudes may rail and cry
That girls should never kiss:

Though prudes may rail and cry
That girls should never kiss;
With no one near to spy,
They'd take it not amiss.
Stay Roland, dear Roland,
Whither wouldst thou fly me,
Come kneeling, here stealing,
All thy love declare.

* The Music by M. PILATI.

[Exit, R. H. 1 E.

SCENE II.—The Wizard Uriel's grave. A grassy mound, was single upright column of black stone surmounting it, U. E. R. In the distance an extensive waste. Wild music. The metaphantoms enter from all sides, and perform a fantastic dance, a exit. Then ASTERIA, followed by BOREAS and FLUTTER, enter 1 E. R. B.

Ast. Night's solemn noon, with silent pace, draws on, And o'er the plain the flick'ring phantom stars, Their paly lamps have lit. Behold, 'tis time Our invocations were begun.

Bor. But will

The victim come?

Ast. He loves

Too blindly and too well to break his tryst. Flut. Then let's prepare to lay our springes for

The rash and fated wretch.

Ast. And first to call
The sleepless spirit of the wizard sage,
Whose ashes slumber here; and bid it show
The three mysterious words, which, naming, makes
Th' unseen intelligences how before
The magic Star of Mazaroth.

[She approaches the column, and strikes it three times with a cypress-branch; at each stroke it emits a sound similar to a gong. After the third stroke, a loud crash is heard, and the following words appear in illuminated characters on the column:

" BEHIROTH, OREB. BEL."

Ast. The call is heard.

Bor. (reading.) That's plain enough; 'twere best to note it down.

[He writes in his tablets, and exit, 1 E. R. H. followed by FLUTTER.

Ast. By these three words, I do command The spirits of the star my hest obey.

[The Phantom lights appear on every side.

1st Phan. Who calls us from our midnight revels?
Ast. On

Whose power compels ye. Bow, ye slaves, before The glorious Star of Mazaroth.

[The Phantom lights kneel and do reverence to the Star.

1st Phan. Behold,

We worship and obey.

Ast. Prepare, to-night,
To fascinate a mortal by your spells;
Throw thick delusion o'er his senses; fill
His eye with golden fantasies; and, through
The mazes of your frantic dances whirl'd,
Draw forth his fainting soul, and let him gasp

His life away in ecstasy.

The hour! [A distant clock strikes Twelve. I hear his footfall o'er the rustling leaves.

[She waves her hand, and the Phantom lights disappear; she then conceals he self behind the column. ROLAND enters, L. H. 1 E.

Rol. Asteria! see, my own beloved star, I come to gaze upon thy beauty, and To hear the liquid music of thy voice. For this, and for thy love, I have not shrunk To dare the terrors of this place, where things That mortal may not look upon, and live, Inhabit. I have called upon thy name, And ghastly faces glared upon me. I Have pray'd thee speak, and mocking fiends replied, In bitter laughter. Now, in pity, hear; By the fierce agonies that tear my heart, Ido conjure thee. Ast. (appearing.) Roland! R_{ol} Ah! her voice! Tis she-my love,—my soul's bright queen—'tis she. The selet me worship at thy feet. Oh, bliss! joy ineffable! [He throws himself at her feet. Did ever heart or st. (asiae.) me it beats; yet I, oh, cruel fate! M st cause its throbbings cease.

[ROLAND kisses her hand.

st. 'Twas but a passing weakness. He must fall. [She waves the cypress-branch, and the meteor lights again appear. ROLAND in alarm crosses to ASTERIA.

Rol. What phantom shapes are these? My ministers,

e tributary stars.

[The music changes, and becomes rapid; the meteors group around ASTERIA and ROLAND, and dance a fantastic round; ASTERIA mingles in the dance, and ROLAND ru-sues her through its mazes, until, tottering with fatizue, he sinks exhausted on the earth.

Rol. Asteria! help! I faint—thy hand—thy hand! [He draws himself along the ground, and attempts to seize ASTERIA'S hand, in doing so the star falls from her forehead; ROLAND catches it, and presses it to his lips; he suddenly regains strength.

Rol. What wond'rous power renerves my tottering limbs? It is this star !

[Music ceases; all the phantoms group together and descend suddenly into the earth : ASTERIA on discovering her loss, rushes to ROLAND, with a scream, and endeavours to snatch the star, which he helds above his head, beyond her reach; music changes to a melanchoty strain.

Ast. That star !- "Tis mine !

Rol. 'Tis mine.

[ASTERIA sinks on her knees in a supplicating attitude before ROLAND.

PICTURE, AND END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A grotto, through the entrance of which is seen a rich landscope. Asteria discovered seated in a melancholy attitude.

Ast. (rising.) I'll weep no more.—Although the star be his, He triumphs not o'er me—nor ever shall.
I'll prove myself the proud cold Pleiad still,
Whom man may worship—but shall ne'er approach.
The talisman he keeps—I'll keep his heart:
Yet, I'll not love him—hang me if I do.

Enter (R. H.) BOREAS, and FLUTTER (L. H.), while she speaks.

Flu. Confound all love, say I.

Bor. And I.

Ast. My friends.

I'm glad you're come, for you shall witness how

I'll plague this mortal, Roland, 'till he yield Me back the magic star. I am resolv'd,

I'll not be baffled by-

Flu. —A vulgar clown.

Ast. I said not clown-although a peasant youth.

Bor. He's most ill favour'd,
Ast. He? wert thou so fair,

Thoud'st, like Narcissus, pine thyself to death,

With gazing on thy shadow.—

Flu. Grant, at least,

He's short.—
Ast. Tall, tall! Upon my life he's tall;

No dwarfish plant like thou—

Flu. He limps, methinks, And with a vulgar swaying motion throws,

His arms about him thus—

Ast. I tell you, sir,

He is a proper man. (goes up.)

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eam,
                (loughing.) Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
a^{b}ow
ulanci
                                              A very proper man!
           Bor. (to Flutter.) Ho! ho! she's limed-
           Flut. (to BOREAS.)
                                         And struggles to be free-
           Ast. (aside.) I've made myself a fool—a very fool—
          (down L. H.) What is't to me, if he be foul or fair,
itudis
         That I should be his champion? Out upon't.
          Flut. (to Borkas.) A most decided heart-entanglement
        We'll have a watchful time on't, to restrain
        Her wilful mood—
          Bor. (to Flutter.) Restrain a buffalo,
        Arrest a torrent in its course, or curb
       My rage, when tiles and spouts, and chimney-pots,
      Are whisking through the air :—but never think
      To balk a woman's will-
         Flu. (to Boreas.)
                              I doubt 'twere vain.
        Ast. Well, sirs, what make ve now? The man is tall,
     and proud enough; yet tall and proud, I'll make
     Him kneel to me, or say my eyes lack fire;
    and sigh and sue, and hang upon my robe,
    Or say my charms are faded. He shall be
    My slave, my dog-
       Bor.
                            But dogs that break their chains
   Are seldom whistled back.
                           I'll use such lures,
   Than could ne'er resist. I'll weep or smile,
   teach my bosom how to heave,—with sighs,
   hat struggle to be free. I'll send my eyes
   n quest of him,—whom having found,—I straight
    Will curtain them, beneath the modest lids,
    And seem to count the pebbles at my feet.
   For by these arts, do mortal maids subdue
    Their lovers.
       Bor.
                   Pretty dears! I know their tricks.
    I loved a mortal once.
        Ast.
                               You, Boreas? (crosses to centre.)
        Bor.
                                                 Yes.
        Ast. Didst prosper?
                          No,-my breath was rather rude.
        Ast. Rough winds, do soonest raise a flame-
                                                    But mine
      Puff'd out the flame. So piteously I sigh'd,
      The girl caught cold, and died of a catarrh.
                                        [ASTERIA and FLUTTER laugh.
        Flu. But to our business; what is to be done-
      To force this Roland to restore the star?
        Ast. Pray rest content: On peril of my eyes,
      I'll win that star again!
                              I wish 'twere done.
        Bor.
        Ast. Dost doubt my power?
        Bor.
                                    Of speech; not I!
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Ast. Of speech or thought—looks, words, or actions fitting?

Bor. I did but say, I wish 'twere done!

Ast. It is

As good as done. He comes. Now rest you here, And see him yield it, as a pliant hound Relinquishes his game.

[Exit Asteria, followed by Boreas and Flutter, R. H. Roland enters L. H.

Rol. The spell that in its wild illusion chain'd My senses is dissolv'd; the dream is past, And all the horrid phantasies, that late Encompass'd me are flown. This star it was

[Takes star from his bosom. That by its wondrous hidden power, dispers'd

That by its wondrons hidden power, dispers'd
The demon lights, and now inspires my mind,
With apprehension quick, and subtle wit.—
Asteria, cruel spirit,—for my love,
Thou didst return a bitter recompence.
Yet still I love thee,—though thou wouldst destroy,
The soul that loses Heaven in losing thee.
This talisman I'll keep,—it may possess,
Some secret influence, which rightly used,
Shall make her heart, with mutual passion glow.

[Asteria enters as he is going off. (R. H.)]
Ast. Roland. (L. H.)

Rol. Hey? (R. H.) Asteria! (he seems astonished.)
Ast. Am I so very terrible, that thus

You stand amazed? Why don't you speak?

Rol. You came so suddenly—my tongue refus'd

Its wonted office. Wherefore are you here?

Ast. To claim that bauble star, you keep,

Rol. The bauble star. (aside.) She gets it not from me.

Ast. Why still retain that idle toy? 'Tis mine. Rol. Why still retain my heart? It is not yours. Ast. E'en take it back; I never sought it.

Rol. Nor,

Did I seek thee, but seeing thee I lov'd. I cannot take one back, or yield the other.

Ast. (aside.) So resolute! He can't withstand me'long, Or I no woman am. (to ROLAND.) Not yield to me,

When thus I pray, restore that foolish star?

Rol. Oh! pardon if I hesitate. When thou,

Asteria, shalt forsake this earth, and leave One bosom desolate,—this star shall be, My only solace.

Ast. Believe you then, that I shall quit this earth? Rol. My heart forbodes it. But whilst thus I press This precious talisman, I hold thee still.

Ast. (aside.) Poor Roland! I could box his silly ears, For loving me so well; and yet,—heigho!

(to Roland.) You must resign it.

Rol. Never! 'tis the bond,

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By which our fates are link'd.
  Ast.
                                Reflect ;- I can
Torment you worse than ever man was plagued.
By debts, or wife, or squalling children, or-
   Rol. -Thou canst not make me fear an ill so great,
As parting thee.
  Ast. (aside.) A pretty pass! Beloved
And braved together. Men are wayward brutes;
But I'll subdue him. Come, be generous,
Restore the star!
  Rol.
                    My love forbids.
  Ast.
                                        Thy love!
Pray who taught thee to love? Say thou canst run,
Or leap, or vault, swim, dance, or any thing
Within the compass of thy nature; but,
Pretend not thou to love. It is a pure,
And subtle spirit, that doth dwell
In angel's breasts alone.
  Rol.
                      I can but love.
As mortals do.
  Ast.
               As mortals do. Good sir,
Pray tell me, how on earth they manage that?
I mean, what says a mortal lover, when
He wooes a mortal maid? Come, I die to know.
  Rol. And know you shall, if you will play the maid.
  Ast. And you the lover? Good! In jest you know.
  Rol. In jest, in very jest. (aside.) As good a jest,
As e'er brought earnest at its back. Attend.
  Ast. Go on.
  Rol. A mortal sees your beauty! and he loves.
  Ast. Of course.
  Rol.
                   At first, he tremblingly adores,
The worshipp'd object like a distant star.
  Ast. Too far for love.
                        In time, he may presume,
To take your hand. (he takes her hand.)
                    That's better!
  Rol. Then, perhaps, a deep-drawn sigh.
              Oh! hang the sigh, the fool
Knows not to woo a woman. I could teach,
The simpleton myself. Why don't he speak?
  Rol. He does!
                At last! What says he then?
  Ast.
  Rol.
                                           He prays
A kiss.
  Ast. A kiss! He mends apace. What then?
  Rol. He steals his arm, thus, round your taper waist,
And feels the throbbing of your prison'd heart.
  Ast. So bold (aside.) I'm sure I hate him now, and yet
I lack the power to slap him in the face.-
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He grows too forward; I command him off.

Rol. He won't obev.

Ast. (aside.) I'm glad of that. Rol. But ask

More urgently the boon.

Ast. Which I refuse.

Rol. And then-

As. Ay, sir. What does he then ?

Rol.

[Kisses Asteria. Boneas who enters at the moment, R - H - runs down-and with a great puff, blows them asunder-

Why this!

Bor. (coming c.) Hollo! hollo! Fair mistress, by your lea

A lesson in the art of making fools.

Bor. From him?

A thriving scholarship :- he found you apt,

And willing?

Ast, Yes, I never learnt before.

Bor. You should have box'd his ears.

Ast. And so I would

Had you been in his place.

Rol. (uside.) How likes he that?

Bor. (aside.) So free of lip and tongue; I doubt I'll have,

No easy task to curb her will.

Ast. Come, sir; In faith 'twas nothing but a merry trick,

To see how far his impudence would go.

(aside.) I've been a fool. I wish that he were chok'd

Ere I did listen to the saucy wretch!
Yet will I love him, never. (to Boreas.) Come, I say.

[As Asteria is going off Roland kisses his hand to her but Boreas interposes, so as to intercept her from his view. Asteria exit with Boreas, 1. h.

Rol. She loves, she loves! by every mark and sign, In Cupid's calendar engross'd: the blush, The sudden sigh, the gentle pressure of Her soft small hand, as yieldingly it lay, Like moulded wax in mine. 'Tis plain as noon, She loves; but fenced by more than woman's pride, Conceals her passion, and denies my suit:— A froward, charming haughty spirit.

LISETTE appears at the side, L. H.

(LISETIE enters, L. II.)

Lis. Ah! Roland—I rejoice to find you here!

Rol. (aside, and turning away.) She comes to plague me. Lis. Nay, avoid me not;

I know you do not care, though I were dead;

But comfort you it may to learn, my heart Would never break, though you were hang'd.

In sooth ?



Rol.

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Lis. You like not me, and I affect not you.
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Rol. But yesterday you did.

Lis. My mind is changed,

I love another now.

Rol. And hat'st thou me?

Lis. Prodigiously.

Rol.

You could not please me more-

We'll be such friends!

But sure you look disturb'd! How runs the current of your love?

Rol.

A wild

And wayward course.

Lis. Rejects the maid your suit? Rol. She does; yet can I, through the veil of pride Which masks her heart, a smother'd flame perceive.

Lis. She's but a woman, and must yield, if you

Pursue the proper way. Rol.

Wilt point it out?

Lis.

I will.

Song .- LISETTE.*

When woman, led by fashion, Assumes a tyrant's part; And, pleased to mock your passion Rejects a faithful heart: When vows have fail'd to move her, And sighs are breath'd in vain, Just play the careless lover, She'll soon partake your pain. Then laugh, laugh, and be bold man; Ne'er become a weeper;

When she grows warm, be cold man; That's the way to keep her!

But, oh! if you would wring her With pangs of keenest woe, And use a spell to bring her

Disdainful spirit low, Within her bosom waken

A woman's jealous fears; And, by her pride forsaken, She'll show her love in tears.

Then laugh, laugh, &c.

Rol. Is jealousy the means by which her pride You would subdue?

Lis.

Wilt lend thy aid, Rol.

On her to prove its power?

I understand; You'd feign a love for me to rouse in her Its hidden fire.

Rol.

'Tis so.

^{*} The music by M. PILATI.

Lis. A stratagem
That cannot fail. To please you I will give
What help I may, at hazard of my eyes
From rival nails.

Rol. Then, presently, we'll walk
Together here, like some fond pair engross'd
With Love's soft blandishments; perchance we may
Encounter in our path this haughty maid.
I'll come to you anon! [Exit ROLAND, F

Lis. And haply, too,
That coxcomb. Flutter, we may meet. I love
To tease that self-conceited wretch.
(Flutter heard laughing without.) 'Tis he! (goes up.)

(FLUTTER enters, R. H.)

Flu. A pleasant frolic! How my courtly friends Would laugh, to see the rover, Flutter, choose A rustic wench, and waste his am'rous breath In sighing at her feet. Pardieu! I blush At my ignoble taste! I'm horrified! But then Lisette, is pretty,—very;—and There's such a charm, in loving something new. Lis. (coming forward.) Your servant, sir. (R. H.)

Lis. (coming forward.) Your servant, sir. (R. H.)
Flu. Lisette! my pretty doveLis. Your pardon, sir—I would not for the world,

Your friends should laugh at your "ignoble taste."

Flu. A silly jest, to make you flout me thus.—

I swear, since yesterday, I never thought

Of other maid than you.

Lis. And I ne'er thought

At all of you.

Flu. Oh! this is cruelty;

'Tis lover's martyrdom.

Lis. Wouldst end thy pain?

I'll tell thee how.

Flu. Sweet maid?

Lis. Go hang thyself
Upon a spider's thread,—thou need'st not fear
Thy feather love, will break the slender cord.
Farewell, poor youth! (going.)
Flu. Lisette, wilt hear me?

Lisette, wilt hear me?

Exit LISETTE, 2 E. R. H.

Flu. A plague upon the saucy little chit! To scorn my love:—confound her! let her go; I'll have revenge, by jilting half the sex.

Enter Asteria and Boreas, L. H.

Bor. I'm not a prophet—but betimes can see,
What's like to hap. Restor'd he not the star?
Ast. 'Tis thrice I've answer'd to that question—' No.'
Bor. I like to be assur'd of our ill-luck.



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You've got us in a pretty scrape.—Alas!
Your poor dear mother little knows-the tricks,
Her hopeful daughter has been at, to lose
Her royal diamond-in a game of romps.
But this it is, to send young skittish girls,
On foreign travel.
                   Hold thy tongue. I'll not
   Ast.
Be tutor'd, sir, -by thee. Go, chide thy wife,
Thy dog,—they'll crouch submissive to thy frown;
But I'm no household slave. Again, I say,
I'll not be ta'en to task, -nor lectur'd, sir,
 Nor rul'd by thee, or any other man,
That ever wore a beard.
   Bor.
                           Heaven help the beard,
 Would face so bold a task.
   Ast. Thy counsel, Flutter! How advise you now,
 To wrest this talisman from Roland?
                                     Faith!
 Th' affair is delicate.-May I inquire.
 How leans thy favour toward the peasant youth?
   Ast. Ob, hang him -!
              'Hang him !'-Good. (going, L. H.) That pleasure I
 Will take upon myself.
                        Come back; I meant
 My sentence but in jest.
   Bor.
                        And I in jest,
 Would execute the same.
                            Wouldst harm him for the love
   Ast.
 He bears to me?
              Wouldst thou preserve him for't?
   Ast. Preserve-yes-no.-I pity him 'tis true.
   Bor. Beware of pity, 'tis the gate of love.
   Ast. Of love and mercy. 'Tis the golden gate
 Of Paradise, by weeping angels kept;
 Through whose eternal portals, man may catch Bright glimpses of the Eden—he has lost.
 Dost think because I pity—I must love?
   Bor. The consequence doth follow currently.
 As dancing to a fiddle's merry notes!
   Ast. Yet grant my nature could descend to love.
 I'll ne'er love him.
   Bor.
                     I'm glad of that, because
 I much suspect he loves another maid.
   Ast. Another?
   Flu.
                 Nay you jest?
   Bor.
                               'Tis truth I tell.
   Ast. He cannot be so base.
                                I've touch'd the chord.
   Bor. (aside.)
 I've seen the girl; her name's Lisette-
                                      Lisette!
 Art sure the name's Lisette?
   Bor.
                               Quite positive.
                              в 2
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(aside.) Another gudgeon, on the hook-Flu. (uside.) False wretch ! Ast. I am very glad. Lisette's a pretty name. But she that wears it, is a prettier maid; Such brilliant eyes! I fancy you've lost yours; I know she squints-Bor. -Such lips, and such a chin! Ast. Pray, bas she got a nose ? Is't as long as mine? Bor. (aside.) Her tongue is not, I'm sure! 'Tis nought to me: Ast. What care I for her volgar beauty, psha! I'm very, glad :- the villain's now forsworn. He loves a dowdy vulgar fright. I'm sure He'll wed her too. That's better still-the thought Will make me die with laughter. Flu. protest 'Tis vastly pleasant. Ha! ha! ha! [FLUTTER and ASTERIA burst into forced laughter. Ast. But do you really believe this tale ? Bor. As firmly as-hist! here they are. Dost mark, How lovingly-her arm depends on his? A pretty sentimental hook and eye. Ast. Let's draw ourselves apart. Bor. Their game is best At single partners play'd. Flut. (aside.) Confound their game. [ASTERIA, BOREAS, and FLUTTER, go up.

Enter ROLAND and LISETTE, R. H. Rol. (aside to LISETTE.) She's here, and must observe us. Lis. (uside to ROLAND.) Flutter, too, Is neering at us—now for dear revenge! Rol. Beloved Lisette, of womankind alone, Thou ever didst possess my love. Which I do prize, Above all earthly things; thou art my joy, My treasure! Ast. (aside to FLUTTER.) See, she hangs upon his neck, As she would strangle him. Flu. (aside to Asteria.) I wish she would. Lis. Maids singly love, but men divide their hearts. Has thine been shar'd, or dost theu keep it all For me? All, all, Lisette; for love is like A crystal cup, most costly whilst entire; But broken and divided --- poor indeed. Ast. (apart.) Perfidious wretch! I did misdoubt thy truth; I heard—a forward, artful flirt, who comes



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From heaven knows where; a vagrant, saucy slut,
 Had snar'd thy heart.
   Ast. (aside.) Of me she speaks.
                                  A minx!
 A gipsy quean, belike :- but let me lav
 My fingers on her once.
                     Hast heard that tale?
 The foolish girl, I do confess, I know!
 But never sought her company; 'twas she,
 Who would not be denied; but dogg'd my steps,
 Where'er I went, unheedful of repulse.
   Ast. (aside.) Repulse !- I burn with rage.
   Rol.
                                            The girl was kind,
  And lik'd me passing well ;- in truth, Lisette,
  She was intolerable fond; but I
  Could ne'er endure the silly wench.
                                    I'd choke
   Ast. (aside.)
 To keep another moment silent. (comes down between them.) So!
 I've heard you, sir; I'm much obliged.
   Flu. (comes, R. H.)
 Your very humble servant, Miss Lisette.
           [ROLAND turns up, LISETTE runs off laughing, 2 E. R. H.
   Flu. You don't escape me so.
                          [Runs after LISETTE, BOREAS following.
   Ast. (to ROLAND.)
                                   I've heard you, sir!
You've got a pleasant way of painting, sir,
Your absent friends. I'm much indebted for
My portrait; I'm a " foolish girl?" That's good.
I thank you, sir! Who " would not be denied;
I thank you sir, again. Who "dogg'd your steps, Where e'er you went." The word was dogg'd you dare
Deny it not. And then "the girl was kind"-
"Intolerably fond." Was I e'er fond-
Or kind? And you "could ne'er endure the wench,"
The silly wench, you said. Now mark me, sir,
I'm calm: but once again, repeat those words,
 Repeat them to my face :-
                                -you won't? Iknew
 You durst not for your eyes!
   Rol.
                           Methinks you grow
 Too warm!
   Ast.
              I'm cool, sir-very cool. It was
 No doubt, a merry jest, to make me sport.
 You heard me called an artful gipsy quean;
 And laugh'd, sir,—like a brute. But don't
 Imagine you have moved me; no, I'm quite
 Delighted, sir.-I'm very-very glad.
 Ha! ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho! ho!—ah! ah! ah!
 [Bursts into an hysterical fit of laughter, which terminates in cryin.
   Rol: (aside.) She weeps. Her passion shakes my soul. (he
        goes aside.) It is
 The fearful tempest of a woman's heart,
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Lagran.

Which bursts in thunder and subsides in rain.
Twere best withdraw, until the cloud hath past.

[He exits unperceived by ASTERIA, L. H.

Ast. I beg, sir, you'll retire; I do not wish—
To look upon you, sir—nor hear you speak:—
Avoid my presence, sir—and ne'er presume,
To sue for pardon. (aside.) Shame hath struck him dumb.
Why linger you? (aside.) My life on't now he kneels—
An humble suppliant for grace. What keeps
You there? (she looks round, and finds him gone.) Ah! gone, indeed. Now I detest

That monster worse than ever. What! despised; Rejected for another! very well! I might have grown compassionate and play'd The fool.

[Exit, L. H.

Enter BORRAS and FLUTTER, 2 E. R. H.

Bor. My brain is addled sure.

Flu. Ah! Boreas musing.

Bor. (not hearing him.) Tut! if 'twere to tear an elephant to

shreds, I'd do it; but those quick inventions of the brain, are past my power.

Flu. Why Boreas, what the deuce, art dreaming, bey?

Bor. Ah, Flutter! no not dreaming, but confoundedly puzzled.

Flu. How?

Bor. About the talisman.

Flu. I come to tell you, that I have thought of such a glorious scheme to recover it. Listen to my plan. I have learned that Roland's mother is bringing hither an old monk, in whose piety she places great confidence, to endeavour to discover the cause of her son's distraction.

Bor. Well!

Flu. He is now at hand, on his road to Roland's cottage; you must waylay him—rob him of his gown and rosary, and if he objects, by the strength of your lungs—drive him to Lapland.

Bor. (puffs.) In a single puff—if you wish it.

Flu. You then must dress yourself in his habit—and, you perceive—

Bor. I'm blow'd if I do.

Flu. Instantly go to Roland; and, personating the monk, converse with him, make him drink, and drink with him.

Bor. With the greatest pleasure, brother Flutter, provided the drink be good.

Flu. It shall be such as you, Boreas, must prenounce delicious.

Bor. Eh, what is it called?

Flu. Champagne!

Bor. Champagne! never heard of it before—we don't know it at the North Pole.



Flu. Be assured, though, that it is an exquisite wine—you must make him drink freely of it.

Bor. Depend upon it, I shall set him a good example.

Flu. When he gets drunk, he will grow confident and generous, and you may then obtain from him the talisman without difficulty.

Bor. I like your project well. Egad, you're a clever little fellow, and you've got a pretty wit—a very pretty wit, though green; Heaven ripen it! I would thou hadst a beard, that I might teach thee how to drink. Aha! leave Roland to me; come, I'm anxious to pay my respects to this famous wine of yours.

Flu. Come; I see the old monk creeping towards the cot-

tage; let's haste to intercept him.

Exit Boreas and Flutter, 2 e. R. H.

SCENE II .- Outside of Roland's cottage -- Mountain scenery --A torrent descends from the back, close to the cottage—A table in front.

Enter ROLAND and BOREAS disguised as a Monk, from cottage, 3 E. R. H.

Rol. Father Peter, I thank you for your advice, but your persussions shall never induce me to resign Asteria. I may be mad, but it is not in your power to restore me.

Bor. It is, my son; and I shall prove it. You love a being of another world.

Rol. Ah! how know you that?

Bor. It was revealed to me in a vision last night, after a supper of roast ducks and stewed oysters. I know what happened at the wizard's tomb .- There-

Rol. Stop—stop, good father; you must be a holy and a wise man. Speak, what would you have me do?

Bor. Sit down here, opposite me; I have prepared a rich cordial that shall calm your mind, clear your reason, and re-lieve you of all your cares. (aside.) The care of the star espe-

(Boreas sits at table, Roland, L. H., opposite, R. H.) Rol. I place full confidence in your skill, but I shall never cease to love Asteria.

Bor. We shall see, my son.

[Boreas places two bottles on table—Roland takes two glasses out of table-drawer.

Rol. Where the devil did it come from?

Bor. (filling glasses.) From my cellar, my son-drink with holy zeal.

Rol. After you, Father Peter.

Bor. Together, then; here's to you, Roland. (they drink, Boreas smacking his lips and speaking aside.) By Ursa Major, 'tis delicious! Asteria has given us nectar by mistake. (drinks again.) It improves on acquaintance too,—taste it again, my son. (drinks.)

Rol. (aside.) Father Peter knows how to enlighten a bottle as well as a penitent.

Bor. It must be nectar-your health, my son.

Rol. Yours, reverend father. (they drink.)

Bor. (a long smack.) Ah! ah! I wish my throat were a mile long, that I might taste it from one end to the other. But I swallowed that glass too quickly—I did not get its proper flavour—I must try another—more slowly and attentively; (drinks very slowly.)

Rol. (aside.) If the Father prays as long as he drinks, he must

be the devoutest monk in Christendom.

Bor. Ah! that had the true smack-hollo! Roland-here's

to you, my trump. (drinks.)

Rol. (aside.) Trump! methinks his reverence speaks and drinks more like a soldier than a priest. I begin to suspect that all is not right here—I'll watch him narrowly.

Bor. (getting tipsy.) Aha! that drink would make an owl chirrup. Ha! ha! ha! I could laugh, dance, or sing. Ha! ha! ha! (sings.)

" Very good song, and very well sung, Jolly companions every one."

Rol. (aside.) The Father is getting fuddled already—now is the time to ply him. Come—another bumper—to the health

of your reverence! (drinks.)

Bor. Ha! ha! ha! To the health of my reverence. (drinks.) There goes his reverence. Ha! ha! ha! That was a fine nor'-west joke? My reverence! Ho! ho! Roland you're an ass—your health. (drinks.)

Rol. An ass! psha! drink!

Bor. (drinks.) Yes, a most enormous ass. I am no more a monk than you.

Rol. Ha! ha! ha! (aside.) Some trick of Asteria's.—That's a good one—what are you then?

Bor. What am I? (drinks.) Why I'm old Boreas. (slapping him on the back.) What d'ye think of that?

Rol. Boreas! Nonsense!

Bor. Upon my honour. Yes; and Asteria's guardian too—ho! ho! ho! here's her health. (drinks.) Poor thing, that star of hers that you found—you understand—I must have it, that's the reason I made you drunk; and I'll tell you what.—I'll tell you what,—I've no wine in my glass.

Rol. (filling Boreas's glass.) This star, then, is extremely

valuable to her.

Bor. You may swear that; it is her talisman.

Rol. And its power?

Bor. Its power? Oh! by means of three cabalistic words, you can know every thing in the world, command every thing in the world, and drink every thing in the world. (drinks.)

Rot. How do you use it though?

Bor. Look you; you raise the talisman above your head, and then you have only to say—(drinks.)

Rol. To say? Bor. (drinking off his glass.) 'Tis as easy as that. Rol. (refills BORLAB's glass.) But the three words? Bor. They're as simple as yourself, Roland; nothing but "Behiroth" "Oreb" "Bel."

[ROLAND takes the star from his bosom, raises it above his head and repeats the words-loud peals of thunder are heard, the sky becomes dark, and a noise of chains and groans appear to issue from the earth.

Bor. Ah! what have I done-what have I done? I'm ruin'd! [Boreas exits R. H., staggering.

Rol. Now on, Asteria, to essay my power. [He advances to the centre, and raises the cross above his head.

O thou! the object of my fondest hopes Appear! I call thee by the star. Appear!

ASTERIA enters at the back, and comes down slowly, 2 E. L. H.

Ast. I come, the power is thine; but I deserve Thy hatred. Roland, for I used that pow'r To make thee wretched. Once I scorn'd thy love.

And now thou scornest me.

Asteria, no! I love thee still devotedly; but now My reason clears, and I can comprehend The cruel destiny which doth divide Thy fate from mine. I do not seek thy love, Thy pity's all, that Roland now dares ask. Ast. My pity, Roland? 'Tis a worthless boon! Yet should I yield my love to mortal man,

I forfeit heaven, and those immortal fields, Where light and music reign.

Oh! not from you This sacrifice, the penalty be mine. Yet when amidst thy kindred stars-again In beauty thou dost shine, wilt thou bestow

One look upon this spot, one thought on him, Who could not live without the love of her For whom he died?

Ast. (appears greatly agitated while he speaks.) "He died!" Òĥ, no!

Rol. Adieu! Asteria, take thy talisman again.

[He rushes towards the torrent, climbs the rocks, and is on the point of precipitating himself into the water, when ASTERIA, with a cry of horror interposes, and draws him

back.

Ast. No-no-for me, thou shalt not die. I've proved Thy generous heart, a gem of matchless price. 'Tis mine, I would not part it for the crown Of starry hosts. The woman triumphs, and The spirit falls,-I Love!

[She sinks into his arms. A tremulous stroin of distant music.

Rol. Asteria, mine!

Mother and friends, assemble now.

DAME MARGARET, LISETTE, FLUTTER, and villagers enter, R. H.

Mar. My son?

Rol. Your son-your happy son! receive his bride.

Mar. Your bride! how beautiful she is! My child

Whence come you?

Ast. Whence? A dream confused; above,

Above—I think—of space—vast—infinite,— Of radiant beings. Ah! they fade away. The past—is gone; the present,—'tis to know

I love my Roland. (she rests on his shoulder.)

Flu. And I love Lisette.

For her, I'll live a quiet mortal life, And turn my thoughts to husbandry. Oh! joy,

To lose the memory of all but thee.

(She comes forward supported by ROLAND.)

(To the audience.) For love, a wanderer from her native sphere. The poor Lost Pleiad, seeks a welcome here; For love, she casts aside each potent spell—For love, consents upon this earth to dwell; And since her fallen star has set above.

She'll rise each ev'ning here,—and—"All FOR LOVE."

[The rocks at the back open—and URANIA,—IRIS,— PLEIADS, and STARS, are discovered, in the clouds, as mourning for ASTERIA. The orchestra play the air of the song sung by IRIS—"Fly sister soon." All the characters group as the curtain descends slowly.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

NIA. Inis.

PLEIADS. .

PLEIADS.

WILLAGERS MARGARET. ACTERIA. ROLLAND. FLUTTER, LIEFTIR.

R.

L

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

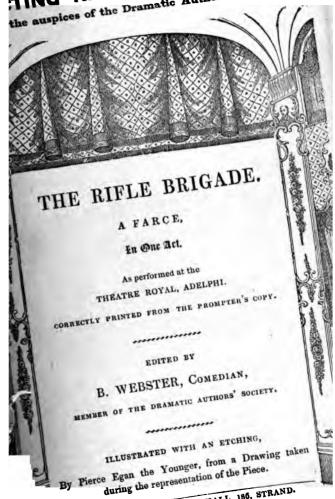




WEBSTER'S

TING NATIONAL DRAMA,

the auspices of the Dramatic Authors' Society.



LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.



RIFLE BRIGADE;

A FARCE

In One Act.

BY CHARLES SELBY (COMEDIAN),

Member of the Bramatic Authors' Society,

AS PERFORMED AT

THE ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSON.E.

LONDON:

TRAM PRESS," 60, ST. MAETIN'S LANE; MESSRS. PIPER AND CO.,

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**EDIKBURGH; FETELIGGE, BOSTON, U.S.; AND ALL BOOKSELLESS.

Tramatis Personae and Costume

First performed February 19, 1838.

MR. DODDLETON (awhimsteal gentleman). Dark green rock-coat, with brown fur collar and cuffal large pattern plaid tronsers, buff waistcoat, buttoned up to the throat, black stock, white hat

CAPTAIN NUGENT (a long rifle). Undress uniform of the Rifles, same in every respect as Mrs. Major Mrs. O. Smith Masterman's.

PETER SIMPLE (a page, or incipient tiger, an Eaton boy). Green jacket, with three rows of metal buttons, green trousers, white stockings and shoes, red wig, cut very short

MRS. DODDLETON (wife of the whimsical gentle-) Miss A TAYLOR.

PERKER (an informed lady's maid). White muslin Miss SHAW. dress, black silk apron

MRS. MAJOR MASTERMAN (an enterprixing ludy, an agitator, and a young rifle). First dress. Fashionable cloak, bonnet, &c. Second dress. Green or cock coat, and trousers, trimmed, with black braid, crimson sash, green fatigue cap, black bettand sword.

Scene, London. Time, present day,

Time of representation, one hour.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

I. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. K. C right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

SCENE (which remains during the piece).—A chamber, handsomely furnished—Folding-doors, c.—A door, 2 E. R. H.—A sofa, L. H.—R. C., an easel, with a portrait, in a large gilt-frame. An altercation (without), doors banged, &c.

Enter MRS. DODDLETON, C., and PERKER, R. H.

Per. La, ma'am, what a disturbance, master's in his tantarums again I suppose—what's the matter?

Mrs. D. Nothing, nothing; one of his jealous fancies, nothing more.

Per. La, what nonsensical stuff; he's always a going on about some ridiculousness or other; I wonder at your patience with him, ma'am—he's a perfect Bengal tiger, jealous of every body, and every thing;—you can't receive a note but he's in a fever; and if a young man happens to look up at the window, he's ready to knock you down, and if you were to have a little tonic firtatilam with any one, he'd murder you; why, ma'am, you might as well be an intimate in a nunnery, or a prima donna in a Turkey's seragligo. (a knock without.) Ah! there's master come back; oh! you green-eyed fool, I only wish I were your wife for a little while, I'd soon cure you of being obstropolus.

Enter PRTER SIMPLE, C.

Pet. Please mum, be you at home, mum?

Mrs. D. No, I'm not in spirits to receive company.

Pet. Very well, mum—(going)—missus ayn't at home, cos she ayn't got no spurrits to deceive company.

Mrs. D. Stay, stay, who is it?

Pet. Missus, Missus; danged if 1 haven't forgot—Missus—what do you call'em, Missus thingabob—Missus—you knows her very well, mum—she as is a hossifer in the harmy—Missus, Missus—Oh! I've gotten hold on it now—Missus, Majors, Master's-man.

Mrs. D. Mrs. Major Masterman—I am at home to her, show

ber up directly.

Pet. Very well, mum. (going.) Missus are at home to you, mum, cos you're Missus, Majors, Masters-man, but if you wasn't danged me if you'd a had a hordinance.

[Exit, c.

Mrs. D. I'dont want you, Perker-you may go.

Per. Yes, ma'am—I beg pardon; but if you want to learn how to manage master, and cure him of his jealous vagaries, ask Mrs. Masterman to take him in hand, she'll teach you how to circumnavigate him, she has got her own husband in such order—she can twist him round her little finger; only have a few lessons from her, ma'am, and you'll make master as mild as milk, and as obedient as a spanel puppy.

[Exit, a. n.

Mrs. M. (without, laughing.) Indeed!

Pet. (without.) Danged if I think you would, mum.

Mrs. M. (without.) Laughing! I am fortifie, then-ha! ha! ha! you need not announce me, ha! ha! ha! ha!

Pet. Yes, mum, I must. (enters, c., announcing.) Missus

Majors, Masters-man, mum.

Enter Mrs. Major Masterman; Peter pulls up his shirt-collar, and exits consequentially.

Mrs. M. My dear Emma, how do you do? (laughing)—that servant of yours will be the death of me; there never was so perfect a simpleton, ha! ha! ha! Where on earth did you pick him up? ba! ha! ha! He told me if I had been any one else I shouldn't have had a hordinance, 'cos you hadn't got no spurits to deceive company. Well, and how do you do? I thought I should find you at home, moping and miserable, when all the world is abroad enjoying the fine weather; where's your respected lord and master; how is it he is not on guard this morning?

Mrs. D. He has gone out; we have had a little dispute, and he thought proper to out himself in a passion, and leave the

house.

Mrs. M. Poor old gentteman, he couldn't take a joke, I suppose, too much cayenne in his composition—his temper is always on the fizz, like ginger-beer in hot weather—what was he brouillerie about, my dear?—nothing serious, I hope?

Mr. D. Oh, no; a mere trifle, you know his suspicious dis-

position?

Mrs. M. Oh, yes; I understand—jealous again—he caught you looking at some one through your glass at the opera, intercepted a letter, or some such bagatelle—which sensible, well-bred husbands never condescend to trouble themselves about.

Mrs. D. He's jealous of my cousin.

Mrs. M. (laughing.) What! little Fred! ha! ha! ha!—poor silly man, he'll be afraid of his own shadow next; why, Frederick isn't more than fifteen; how very absurd!

Mrs D. I mean my cousin Henry Nugent, of the rifles.

Mrs. M. Oh, that's another affair, a rifle cousin is rather an awkward bird; husbands in general have a strong prejudice against them. (aside.) Poor Doddleton! (aloud.) But explain what has occurred?

Mrs. D. Henry had just arrived from York on leave of absence; knowing I was in town, he called on me this morning. Doddleton happened to be from home—not having seen my cousin for some years before my marriage, I did not like to be denied to him; he was admitted, and we were chatting of old friends, and our happy early days, when Doddleton eturned.



Mrs. M. I see he surprised you. I know his stealthy cat-like manner—he broke in upon you without giving any notice of his approach.

Mrs. D. He did.

Mrs. M. The inquisitive wretch! if my husband had done so-

I would-never mind-go on.

Mrs. D. It unfortunately happened, that at the very moment Doddleton opened the door, Henry was trying to take from my finger a ring he had given me when we parted last in the country.

Mrs. M. Gage d'amour! I'm getting nervous-well!

Mrs. D. Somehow or other, he was foolish enough to go on his knees, and—

Mrs. M. 1 perceive; he was going through the regular rifle mranœuvres. It's astonishing to what perfection her majesty's throops have brought their exercise. Well!

Mrs. D. I rose in confusion-Nugent twirled his mustaches

- and looked remarkably foolish, while Doddleton stood fixed at the door, glancing at us like Othello.
- Mrs. M. What an interesting domestic tableau! I see it perfectly. (imitating the three attitudes.) Ha! ha! ha! What followed?
- Mrs. D. I stammered out an introduction Nugent endeavoured to explain—but Doddleton would not listen to a word, he pointed to the door, and civilly requested my cousin's immediate absence.

Mrs. M. Of course like a well-bred dog he took the bint.

- Mrs. D. He did: then a terrific scene ensued between me and Doddleton; he would believe nothing but his eyes, swore he would sue for a divorce, and left the house never to return.
- Mrs. M. Poor unhappy gentleman! What do you mean to do with him when he comes back? for be assured he won't be absent long.

Mrs. D. 1 will endeavour to pacify him, and convince him of

my innocence.

- Mrs. M. Oh, you silly creature! If you pacify him to-lay, he'll break out fifty times worse to-morrow. No, no, be guided by me and work a radical reform in his conduct. I'll show you how to manage him.
- Mrs. D. Ah! I fear his temper is too irritable; he will never listen to reason.
- Mrs. M. Oh yes, he will; when I married Masterman, he was the most obstinate, passionate, jealous, self-willed, overbearing tyrant that ever lived, but I soon managed to tame him; he's quite altered now, so good-tempered, and so gentle that I can drive him with a snaffle. Men are like horses, fine, noble, high-spirited animals, but very easily tamed; I've had some experience in these matters, my dear, and am considered pretty good authority.

Mrs. D. How you rattle

Mrs. M. If you want to cure a horse of shying, keep him well in hand, walk bim gently up to the objects that are likely to startle him, coar and pat him, let him see there is nothing to be afraid of, try the soothing system, but if he wince, and won't be persuaded, use whip and spur, and force him to be confident and steady, try a little punishment, but if he still continue wild and untractable clap on a pair of winkers, and you may lead and drive him wherever you please; a jealous husband is to be managed in the same manner. Shall I make the experiment on yours?

Mrs. D. I am almost afraid, but if you'll promise not to go too

far I think you may.

Mrs. M. Rely on my discretion; my doses are homozopathic, and may be taken with perfect safety to the patient—now for my plan of attack. In the first place we must mystify the enemy—then frighten him—then astonish him, and conclude by taming him—Is your maid at home?

Mrs. D. Yes, I believe so.

Mrs. M. Ring for her. (Mrs. Doddleron rings.) She is a clever, intelligent girl, and may be of use to us.

Enter PERKER, R. H.

Per. Ring, Ma'am?

Mrs. M. Yes, Perker, your mistress and myself are about to practise a little deception on your master, we want you to assist

us, and-

Per. Oh, thank you ladies, I am so much obliged, I'll do any thing you please; I adore plots and contrivances, I've quite a pong-chong for them. When are we to begin?—what character am I to take?—am I to be a lady or a gentleman—or a tigeror a—? Oh! do tell me, I'm so incited.

Mrs. M. All in good time; we must first concert the plot, and

then arrange the dramatis personæ. (a knock without.)

Per. There's master ?

Mrs. M. No time is to be lost then—let us retire into the next room and prepare for the attack; he must be more than mortal to withstand us.

[Exeunt Mrs. Masterman, Mrs. Doddleton, and Perker into room, R.H.

Mr. D. (without.) What is the reason, sir, you kept me at the door?—how dare you be out of the way?—I'll discharge you—you rascal—I will!

Enters c. in great rage and agitation, he walks about, using furious action; throws off his hat and gloves, sits on a chair, then on the sofa, then jumps up and paces backwards and forwards.

Mr. D. I'm a victim!—I know I am. (calling gently.) Peter! yes—yes—'tis too plain—too plain. (bawling.) Peter!

Enter Peter hastily, eating a piece of pudding which he endeavours

Pet. Yes, sur.

Mr. D. (in a hollow tone.) Peter!

Pet. (imilating.) Yes, sur.

Mr. D. (mysteriously, in a whisper.) Where's your mistress?

Pet. (imitating.) Don't know, sur.



Mr. D. (loudly.) What! (PETER starts alarmed, and drops the pudding.) What! isn't she at home, isn't she at home?—is she out, is she out, is she out?

Pet. (alarmed and confused.) Yes, sur-no, sur-yes, sur-no,

sur. (picking up the pudding and trying to conceal it.)

Mr. D. Yes, sir, no, sir, what the devil do you mean? What's

that you are trying to hide-a note?

Pet. No, sir, a bit of puddin. You made me scrummage away from my dinner, so I bringed it up wi' me to heat as I com'd along.

Mr. D. That will do-that will do.

Pet. (going.) Very well, sur.

Mr. D. Stay, will you answer my question, is your mistress

at home or not?

Pet. I don't know, sur; maybap she are, and maybap she arn't: but I think she are to you 'cos you're the master, and ayn't no company, her spurrits is—

Mr. D. You blockhead, leave the room.

Pet. (going.) Yes, sur.

Mr. D. Stay, Peter, stay.

Pet. (returning.) Yes, sur.

Mr. D. (walking about.) Perfidious woman !--what a fool I was to marry!

Pet. Do you think so, sur.

Mr. D. You stupid rascal, get out.

Pet. (going.) Yes, sur. (aside.) I'm sure I thought he spoke to me. I shall never finish my dinner. [Exit, c.

Mr. D. At my time of life, with my experience, I ought to have known better. (bawling.) Peter! I ought to have reflected! Peter!

Enter PETER, eating.

Pet. (with his mouthful.) Yes, sur. (uside.) I shall never finish my puddin'.

Mr. D. Those infernal officers! has any one called since I

went out?

Pet. Yes, sur, Missus—(aside) danged if I haven't forgot her name again. (aside.) Missus—Missus Margerum—no—no—Missus Majors Masters-man, the hossifer lady.

Mr. D. Mrs. Major Masterman! What the devil did she want?

Pet. I donn't know, sur; I din't arks.

Mr. D. You !- leave the room.

Pet. (going.) Yes, sur.

Mr. D. Stop!

Pet. (returning.) Yes, sur.

Mr. D. Did she make a long stay ?

Pet. I don't know, sur : p'rapa she did, but I didn't see her a working at it.

Mr. D. What!

Pet. I don't think she did nothing but talk conversation along wi' missus.

Mr. D. (aside) The fool !- how long did she remain, how long did she stop ?

Pet. Oh, that's another pair of shoes! I thought you meant somest else; she are here now, leastways I didn't let her hout,

Mr. D. I don't like that woman, she's dangerous. I'm afraid of her, she's so artful. Well, sir, what are you doing there, listening with your mouth open-why don't you quit the room?

Pat. I thought you hadn't done wi' me, sur.

Mr. D. Go-go.

Pet. Yes, sur. (going.)

Mr. D. Stay, stay.

Pet. Yes, sur. (aside.) He doesn't know his own mind no more than a weathercock; I wish he'd gotten my knives to clean. Mr. D. I must set this fellow to watch her. Peter!

Pet. Sur!

Mr. D. (mysteriously.) Peter, do you think you can-shut that door ?

Pet. (without moving.) Yes, sur, I think I can.

Mr. D. Zounds ! why don't you then ?

Pet, 'Cos I syn't hordered, you only axed if I thought I could shut 'un, if you meant shut 'un, you should ha' said so. I ayn't a schollard and don't understand connunderdrums. Be I to shut 'un? If I are, say so plump and plain arout no non-

Mr. D. Yes, yes. (Peter shuts the door.) Now, come here.

Pet. Yes, sur.

Mr. D. You have lived with me some time; Peter.

Pet. Yes, sur; jist three quarters and a fortuit, sur-'cording to Cockerum.

Mr. D. Pshaw, never mind the precise time; I am satisfied with your steadiness, and general good conduct.

Pet. Glad on it, sur. (aside.) He's a going to higher my wages. I dreamed I was hanged last night, and here it are come true; dream of wood, come to good; dream of brass, come to pass; dream of cold, sign of gold; dream of hanging, sign of-

Mr. D. Now, Peter, I am going to-

Pet. Humbly thank you, sir, I didn't expect it; but as you are so koind, why, I'm very much obliged to you, sur.

Mr. D. Obliged to me, for what? Pet. Highering my wages, sur.

Mr. D. Highering wages !- this fellow's too great a fool, I can't trust him-Go, go-I've nothing more to say to you, go, go.

Pet. Yes, sir. (going, aside.) Well, if ever I heard tell o' such a thing! Come here, shut the door, go, go—he's gotten a tile off his head, sure as a gun. (aloud.) I'll give you warning, sur. I won't stay to be hagitated at my wittles, and made a full on, that I won't-uo, not for nobody-danged if I will-that's plump and plain-I ayn't got not a bit of comfort in this house, I be like the hackney coach hosses, hobligated to heat my meals as I goes along.

Takes the piece of pudding from his pocket, and exits, c., eating voraciously.

Mr. D. Yes, yes; I ought to have known better—thow

military puppies will intrude—I know their system—practised it myself—when I was a bachelor, I used to be the terror of the mighbourhood—the hour of retribution has arrived.

Enter MRS. MAJOR MASTERMAN, R. H.

Mrs. M. Now to open the ball. (advancing, and touching DODDLETON on the shoulder.) Oh, Mr. Doddleton!

Mr. D. (starts.) Eh! Mrs. Masterman—(aside)—that woman's

my evil genius.

Mrs. M. Oh! my dear sir, such a circumstance—give me a chair—never had such a shock in my life—get a chair for your-wif—such a dreadful affair—don't button your coat in that servous vay, it fidgets me—I never could have imagined for one moment that any one could be so foolish—don't shuffle your feet, you distract me—that any one could be so foolish as to think of setting so improperly! would you believe it, sir?—no take your hands out of your peckets—such is the frailty of human nature, such is the —sit still, or I shall faint—such is the extraordinary propensity we have for doing wrong—if you were my husband, I'd put you in a wright waistcoat, no sit still—such is the extraordinary propensity we have for doing wrong—thut's right, keep quiet, there's a good young man—we are continually outstepping the bounds of recutive; now, my good friend, be calm, I have said these few words to prepare you for a blow—put your handkerchief in your pecket—an overpowering calamity.

Mr. D. (ularmed, and trying to rise.) What! what! what! Mrs. M. (holding him down.) Be calm, my dear sir—be calm, in these cases 'tis necessary to be cool and collected—think before you speak; for if we give way to our feelings in moments of excitement—I once horsewhipped a man for mobbing a for—

we are almost certain to commit ourselves.

Mr. D. (rising.) Zounds, madam!
Mrs. M. (holding him down.) Sit down, my good friend, sit down, don't put yourself in a passion—count twenty now, or say the alphabet backwards—for 'tis a kind of temporary insanity, a fever that fires the blood, and weakens the understanding—have you got St. Vitus's dance? no be quiet—call in philosophy to your aid—won't you be quiet?—reflect, that whatever happens to you now, will be perfectly indifferent to you a hundred years hence, take things as they come, coolly and philosophically; remember, that—

Mr. D. Madam, madam, what do yo mean? Pray come to the point, don there me with any further circumlocution; what

has happened?

Mrs. M. Be calm, or I'll not say another word—sit still, and listen patiently. Now, be composed, call up all your fortitude—don't stare at me like an idiot—prepare for a shock—don't be overcome—your wife—

Mr. D. Ah! (starting up wildly.) What of her?-Speak-

speak!

Mrs. M. Oh! I was afraid of this—command yourself, pray do—your wife, my sweet friend, Emms, whom I have so long

love I and respected-we were schoolfellows at Mrs. Chinchillea's establishment at Richmond-I remember the first time I saw her was in the playground, she was dressed in-by the by, do you know where she bought that pink satin she wore yesterday? 'twas the loveliest colour !- white muslin, and looked the picture of youthful innocence—dear me, that's a long while ago—my poor friend—
(crying,) what changes take place in a few years—my dear
Emma, (crying,) she is—she is—she is—oh! it's too much for
me—I'm very ill, I must go home—keep what I have told you a profound secret, don't hint a word of it to any one-you are very much to be pitied—I'm sorry for you—very sorry—but keep up your spirits—I know it is a dreadful shock, but be resigned good bye-good bye. (going.)

Dod. But, madam !

Mrs. M. Not a word of thanks : I've done my duty, nothing more-good bye, good bye-I'm very sorry for you, very; but it's well it's no worse-it might have been-oh, dreadful

[Exit, c. Mr.D. What on earth does she mean, what can have happened? Something relating to my wife, "it's well it's no worse, it might have been—oh, dreadful!" What might have been so terrible? Damme if I can make head or tail of the business; I'll go to Emma and inquire. (going R. H., meets PERKER.)

Per. (mysteriously.) Oh sir!-I have got something very 'tickler

to say to you.

Mr. D. (uside.) More mystery! Well what is it?

Per. Hush! we mustn't be seen coloquing together; bush! I hope nobody's listening. (goes on tiptoe to doors.) No; all's safe. Oh, sir !- (shaking head.)

Mr. D. What do you mean! Don't shake your head in that stupid way. What's the matter?

Per. (mysteriously.) Hush!—Misses—hush! hush! Mr. D. Well, well—what of her? speak?

Per. I've discovered such a-oh, dear.

Mr. D. Speak out you fool; what the devil is the matter? what have you discovered? Speak! (furiously,) speak!

Per. Oh, don't be susperated, sir, you frighten me-I-I-I Misses-is-is-is-

Mr. D. What! what!

Per. I can't tell you I'm afraid. (tries to run off, R. H., Doddleton brings her back.)

Mr.D. No, no-you shall speak. What is the matter? Explain -explain.

Per. (sobbing.) Well, then, oh dear, you are an unfortunate gentleman.

Mr. D. Well, well, but your mistress, your mistress—

Per. (sobbing.) She-she's going-to-to-to-

Mr. D. What, what?

Per. Elope with-

Mr. D. The devil.

Per. No, sir, another gentleman, Captain Henry Nugent of the Ritles.

Mr. D. Support me, Perker, my head spins; I'm crumbling into dust.

Per. Oh. don't,-pray don't, sir. I shall have to sweep you up.

Mr. D. Perfidious woman-are you sure, Perker!

Per. Certain, sir, look at this note. I picked it up just now in Misseses dressing-room. (giving note.) There's a nice tit-bit of treason and manslaughter for you.

Mr. D. (reading.) "Dearest cousin,

"After the affair of this morning, you can never think of remaining with that jealous ruffian, your husband—(jealous ruffian am I, very much obliged)—you must leave him—(must she, indeed?) in fact it is your duty to do so—(the devil it is!)—I will have a chaise at the corner of the street as soon as it is dark. Let me entreat you, dearest, to forget your jealous fool, and fly with your devoted cousin and lover.

"HENRY NUGENT."

Per. There, sir! if that don't make your hair stand on end like a scrubbing brush, I don't know nothing of natur.

Mr. D. Infernal rascul!—l'll—l'll—stop! here's more villany. Per. To be sure, sir; you haven't come to the inflammerble part yet—

Mr. D. (reading.) "Contrive to keep green Goggles out of the

way." Green Goggles—(what does he mean by that?)

Per. You, sir, it's an asterical delusion to your jealousy—go on, sir.

Mr. D. The rascal, I'll Green Goggle him. (reading.) "I will meet you in the dressing-room, which I will enter in the usual way." (He has been there before theu)—oh, dear, what's to be done, Perker! Advise me, what ought I to do in this business?

Per. Call Peter, tell him to tell missus you are going to dine at your club, and that you'll not come home till late. Go out—come back in a few minutes—give a loud whistle—I'll be in the way to let you in—then conceal yourself here and you will see all their manœuvres.

Mr. D, I will: you are a clever girl. I'll not forget you. (ringing bell and calling.) Peter! Peter!—a jealous ruffian am I? we shall see—we shall see—Peter!

Enter Peter, sucking an orange, which he hastily conceals in his pocket.

Pet. Yes, sur.

Mr. D. I am going out.

Pet. Vora well, sur, I'm quite agreeable. (takes out his handkerchief to wipe his face, and lets fall several oranges, which he picks up in great confusion.)

Mr. D. What ! eating again ?

Pet. Only a few horanges, sur, fourteen for sixpence, sur .

Mr. D. Well—well—tell your mistress I dine at the club, and shall not be home till very late.

Pet. Very well, sur. (aside.) A three o'clock job, I suppose; p'raps a case of hydrophoby.

Mr. D. You must sit up for me. (to Perker, aside.) You'll be ready to let me in.

Pet. (bawling after Doddleron.) I hopes you won't make it too late, sur—cos I'm a nation bad un to wake—I'se young and growing—and wants a deal o' rest; doctor says I ought to have twenty-four hours on it, hevery day. I'll bet a shilling as soon as I sits down to sit up, I falls asleep; and if I does he may knock and ring his harms hoff afore I hears him. I can't never rouset up when once Cupid the God of Sleep has gotten hold on me.

Per. Well, you'd better take care, or he'll discharge you.

Pet. Will he, indeed! old poppycondrobical: take care I don't discharge him. I'm not a going to tankety-tankety after his tail, like a Tantony pig any more. What do you think on it, Missus Perker, ayn't mine a hard place?

Per. Very ; you are worked to death.

Pet. I believe I are too. (sucking an orange.) Will you have one? (gives an orange to Perker.) There's someat to bother me all day long. First I'se forced to get up so early, nine o'clock's too soon for a respectable futman, in a respectable 'ouse, in a

respectable street.

Per. Certainly; it's like getting up in the middle of the night. Pet. In course it are. (sucking the orange at every sentence.) Then there's cleaning the knives and the boots, then there's cleaning myself, then there's no hegs and bacon, or nothing nice for breakfast; then there's banswering the door, then there's tending on master, then there's nothing but bread and cheese and table beer for luncheon-then there's running o' cook's arrans -then there's sometimes nothing but cold meat and pudding for dinner-then there's walking out with the long stick arter missus-then there's only bread and butter and toast, and no muffins or Yorkshire cakes for tea-then there's no smoking allowed-then there's never nothing hot for supper-then there's only a mattrass and no feather bed to lie on-then there's no vails. no parquesites, no hollidays, no followers, and no nothing, 'cept two suits o' livery, and fifteen pounds a year. Hayn't my hardships dreadful? hayn't it slavery? hayn't I a hill used hendevideval?

Per. Yes-ves-quite a victim: but go now, Peter, I'll tell misses about master.

Pet. Very well, and I'll go and see if I can't get cook to give me a slice of 'am for my tea—I feels quite peckish—I ayn't had nothing nice to heat all day. I wish I was a holderman or a corporation—wouldn't I have ble wouts?

[Exit, c.

Per. (laughing.) Poor Peter! he's shamefully ill used.

Enter Mrs. Doddleton.

Din't I play my part well, ma'am?

Mrs. D. Capitally, your master will come back, and then if Mrs. Masterman's plans succeed, I hope to cure him of his jealous folly; she's admirably disguised, and looks exactly like

my cousin, as perfect a dregoon as ever donned uniform; you may come in Captain Nugent.

Enter MRS. MASTERMAN, disguised as an officer, from room R.H.

Mrs. M. Me voila—how do we go on—did the fish bite—shall we be able to catch the gudgeen?

Mrs. D. All is in as fair a train as you could wish; he believed Perker's story, is gone out, and every instant I expect to hear the signal of his return.

Mrs. M. Charming—now tell me how do I look? am I passable? do you think I have a military air? am I what people would call a good-looking fellow?

Mrs. D. You are perfect, the best lady officer that ever wore

boots, you are unrivalled.

Mrs. M. You compliment—(a loud whistle without)—there's the signal—go, Perker, and admit the gentleman: you, Emma, come with me till the moment arrives for pouncing on our victim.

[Exeunt, R. H.

Enter PERKER and DODDLETON, C.

Per. Hush! don't make a noise. You are quite sure no one saw you enter?

Mr. D. Quite-now, where shall I hide?

Per. Here! under the sofa.

Mr. D. No, no; 'twould break my back to stoop—I should never be able to get out again.

Per. Behind it then.

Mr. D. No, that's worse—I should get the cramp.

Per. I have it, here's your picture that the artist has been altering. I'll take it out, and you shall sit in the frame: in this dim twilight, you will be able to see every thing without a chance of being discovered—help me.

[Perker takes the picture out of the frame, places a chair behind the easel, and a table covered with a cloth before it.

Mr. D. (sitting behind the frame, and assuming the attitude of the victure.) There, am I like myself?

Per. Yes, you beat natur; sit quiet.

Mr. D. I'll try—though I'm getting fidgetty already—there—now for them—I'm a tableau vivant.

Per. Yes; a perfect landscape—hush, I hear some one—mind your eye.

Enter MRS. DODDLETON, R. H.

Mrs. D. He's on the watch, no doubt, I wonder where— Perker, you may go out this evening, if you please; I have no further occasion for you till bedtime.

Per. Thank you, ma'am.

Mr. D. (aside.) Artful creature, she sends her servant out of the way—they always do.

Mrs. D. Don't be late, Perker. (aside.) Where's your master?

Per. No, ma'am; I'll take care—(aside,) in the picture-frame—

thank you, ma'sm, I'm very much obliged. (aside to DODDLETON.) Mind what you are about, be quiet, or you'll be discovered.

Mrs. D. In the picture-frame, how Mrs. Masterman will laugh—now for my part. (sitting on sofa.) Heigho! who would be married?

Mr. D. (aside.) None but fools.

Mrs. D. (laughing.) Poor Doddleton, be little thinks that I am going to run away from him.

Mr. D. (aside.) Don't be too sure of that.

Mrs. D. Eh! didn't I hear something. (Doddleton resumes his position.) 'Tis Nugent, no doubt, getting in at the dressing-room window; poor fellow, what risks he runs for me; the least sip, and he would break his precious neck.

Mr. D. (aside.) I wish he would, the rascal.

Mrs. D. (going to R. H. door.) Is that you, Nugent; Doddleton's gone to his club; you may enter boldly.

Enter MRS. MASTERMAN, R. H.

Mrs. M. (embracing Mrs. Doddleton.) My dearest Emma.
Mr. D. (aside, with furious action.) Horrible! before my very
face.

Mrs. M. What's that ?

[Duddleton endeavours to sit as the picture; in his rage and confusion he turns his face the wrong way, then suddenly recollects, and forms the proper attitude.

Mrs. D. Nothing, nothing; a noise in the street. (aside.) Dod-

dleton's sitting in the picture-frame.

Mrs. M. (laughing.) Poor devil, how we will plague him in the street. Oh! I thought I heard a voice in the room; I fancied it might have been your jealous fool of a husband concealed somewhere, taking evidence incog.—he had better not let me catch him at such tricks; I'd soon settle his business for him.

Mr. D. (aside.) Would you indeed ?

Mrs. M. Eh! I thought I heard a sound again. (Doddleton sits still.) To make sure, I'll search the room. (draws sword.)

Mr. D. Good gracious !

Mrs. M. (going round the room, and poking with sword under sofa.) Any body here?

Mr. D. Dear me, what an escape!—if I had been there I should have been skewered.

Mrs. M. All's right now, dearest Emma, the chaise is waiting, are you ready?

Mrs. D. Quite, I care not how soon I leave my jealous tyrant; let us fly at once.

Mr. D. Oh, you ungrateful woman-I'll clip your wings!

Mrs. D. Stay, stay; I fear I have been too hasty—I ought not to leave my husband.

Mr. D. (aside.) I think so too.

Mrs. M. Not leave him, he's a brute, a monster, unworthy the slightest regard.

Mr. D. I'll cut his threat.

Mrs. M. Eh! hollo!

[Doddleton remains fixed in a new position, What a noisy street—he does not deserve to possess such a treasure; you are amiable, and beautiful; he is—ill tempered and ugly.

Mr. D. Infernal villain. (turns his back.)

Mrs. M. You are kind, affectionate, and confiding; he is brutal, heartless, and jealous; it is your duty to leave him: do not heaitate, dearest, behold, at your feet a man who addres you; who lives but for your happiness—look upon this picture (pointingeto herself.) and on that (pointing to Doddleton, who makes a hid ous face.) there's an ugly rescal is he to be compared to me? No, no; no woman in her senses could like him.

Mr. D. I shall choke with rage.

Mrs. D. Why, certainly he's not very good-looking, but he's very kind; and were it not for his silly jealousy, I should love him quite enough to be very happy.

Mr. D. What! (affectionately leaning out of the frame.) Would

you, Emma-would you-hem. (resumes his position.)

Mrs. D. He is really a very good man—but his temper and jealousy.

Mrs. M. That's enough, a jealous husband is not to be endured; he will embitter every moment of your life—you must leave him, come—come.

Mrs. D. Well, I think I will.

Mr. D. (aloud solemnly.) Emma!

Mrs. D. (pretending alarm.) Good heavens! who spoke? I thought 'twas Doddleton.

Mrs. M. No-no-a voice in the street-come-come.

Mr. D. (in a sepulchral tone.) Emma! beware-beware!

Mrs. D. (pretending ularm.) Oh, I shall faint! I am sure 'twas Doddleton. Look—look—do you see him—where is he?

Mr. D. Emma—Emma—beware—beware!

Mrs. D. There—there—the picture it spoke. (falling on her knees.) Oh, Doddy, dear, forgive me!

Mrs. M. The picture, ridiculous! I'll soon put an end to your fear; (draws sword.) I'll cut it into ribbons. (advancing to the picture frame, Doddleton comes from behind it, R. H.)

Mr. D. Hold, murderer!

Mrs. M. What-Doddleton in flesh and blood!

Mrs. D. My husband ! I am lost !

Mr. D. No, madam, you are found—found out. You villain, leave my house.

Mrs. M. Sir, this language to a gentleman.

Mr. D. You are no gentleman, sir! Leave my house!

Mrs. M. I shall not.

Mr. D. What!

Mrs. M. No, sir! you have insulted me: first by meanly concealing yourself to overhear my conversation; next, by telling me 1 am no gentleman; next, by commanding me in an im-

pertinent manner to leave your house. (sitting on sofa.) I shall not stir till I please, and I defy you to make me "quit the building."

Mr. D. Why, you-

Mrs. M. Hold your tongue, sir! I demand an explanation of your conduct, sir. Emma, my love, oblige me by leaving the room.

Mr. D. She shall not stir. Emma I insist on you remaining.

Emma, stay !

Mrs. M. And I insist on her going. Emma, go.

Mrs. D. What am I to do?
Mr. D. Obey me your husband.

Mrs. M. No-obey me, your lover.

Mr. D. Death and the devil !-go-madam-go.

[Exit Mrs. Doddleton, R. H. You won't?—well, as you please. (rising.) Now, sir, what have you to say in your defence?

Mr. D. (in a great rage.) My defence! Why you-

Mrs. M. No passionate airs, sir; how can you defend your conduct in the first place?

Mr. D. Sir-I-

Mrs. M. Don't interrupt me; in the first place, what business had you to marry?

Mr. D. Business, sir?-I-

Mrs. M. Hold your tengue; a man of your experience in these matters ought to have known better.

Mr. D. I ought-but-

Mrs. M. Hush! but being married, what right have you to be jealous of your wife?

Mr. D. Really, sir-I-

Mrs. M. Be quiet. If you would make a fool of yourself, 'twas your duty to abide patiently by the consequences of your indiscretion—you ought—

Mr. D. Will you?

Mrs. M. Hush-hush-be quiet: now you see what your stupidity has brought you to; you suspect your wife wrongfully; she will not be a slave to your jealous fancies, she gradually begins to dislike you, to be tired of your presence; to avoid your prosy lectures, she leaves her house, goes into society, she requires consolation, she sees young and handsome men-he quiet-they pay her attention, she reflects on your harsh and unfeeling conduct, she draws a comparison, and comparisons are odious. (patting Doddleton on the head,) meditates on revenge, you recommence your system of annoyance, she again seeks for consolation-the handsome young men pay her more attention. you become more and more brutal - an opportunity offers, a fine handsome young officer-I don't wish to conceal the fact, museif .comes in her way; he convinces her that she will never be happy but with him-she reflects and hesitates-you grow more and more outrageous; the handsome young officer grows more and more affectionate, she agrees to elope.

Mr. D. Zounds, sir!

Mrs. M. Be quiet. I've not done yet. You meanly determine to become a spy, conceal yourself in a picture-frame, overhear a conversation, and in the most ill-bred manner presume to frighten your wife and insult her lover, which conduct I pronounce to be most atrocious, most abominable, and most ungentlemanly—

Mr. D. Well, sir!

Mrs. M. Hush, be quiet—most insulting, and demands immediate chastisement. Now, sir, I've done, what have you to say?

Mr. D. Sir, I have listened to you patiently.

Mrs. M. I beg your pardon, not patiently, for you were in a devil of a rage—but go on—

Mr. D. Your infernal impudence has astonished me, and— Mrs. M. Delighted you no doubt—glad of it—go on, old boy. Mr. D. Old boy? Zounds, sir!—will you listen to me? Mrs. M. Yes—yes—proceed.

Mr. D. In few words

Mrs. M. Fewer the better-go on-

Mr. D. Damnation!

Mrs. M. Don't swear—it's vulgar.

Mr. D. Will you let me speak?

Mrs. M. "Fire away, great Rusty Fusty."

Mr. D. You are an impudent scoundrel and a puppy.

Mrs. M. Thank you—much obliged—delightful compliments—I'll give you a stamped receipt for them.

Mr. D. Don't interrupt me, sir! I demand satisfaction, sir—I—I—I—I—

Mrs. M. (loughing.) Ay—ay—ay—sir. I understand, you—you—you—sir—

Mr. D. I'm not the fool you take me for, sir. I'm a-a-a-

Mrs. M. Yes-yes-I know.

Mr. D. (furiously.) I won't be interrupted, though I'm not so infernally handsome as you, you damned puppy! I can fight, sir—yes, sir—I can fight—leave my house—you shall hear from

Mrs. M. No, sir, I shall not stir; if you want to fight, get your pistols and have a pop at me here. I won't stir an inch. (sits down on sofa.) I haven't the slightest objection to a shot or two; in fact I should rather like it: but if you have any regard for your life or limbs I would advise you to pause before you bring me up to the scratch. I'm a crack shot—rifle or pistol—inquire at the shooting gallery—never miss—hit any thing at twenty paces or two hundred yards; in short I can trunk you—pedestal you—wing you or nob you, whichever may please me best.

Mr. D. I'm not to be intimidated, sir, by idle boastings, I don't fear you, and I will put your skill to the proof. I've a friend opposite who will lend me a brace of pistols; wait here few minutes—I'll soon return—I'll teach you to make love to my wife!

[Exit. c.

Mrs. M. Thank you, old fellow. (laughing.) So much for lesson the first, now to prepare for the second. [Exit, R.H.

Pet. (without.) It's unposserbul—you can't go up, sur. Cap. (without.) But I tell you I must, and I will.
Pet. And I tell you, you can't, and you shan't.
Cap. But I will.
Pet. Danged if you—(a struggle without.)

Enter Peter and Captain Nugent, c.; the Captain very drum

Pet. It's o' no use, you shau't get the better o' me. I'll have

Cap. Nonsense, my fine fellow: I've particular business w vour master.

Pet. I don't believe you—I thinks you're a swell mob, co zne to prig someut.

Cap. No-no-no- I'm Captain Nugert, your mistress's cousin, I'm come by invitation, there's half-a-crown for you.

Pet. Oh, if you've comed by invitatium, and is missuz's's cousin, that's another pair of shoes. I suppose you is a genletner, and as a right to come in. (putting half-crown in his pocket.) Why didn't you speak sensible at fust, you'd a found me as civil as a beadle on boxing-day, or a parliament man when he wants a worte.

Cap. That will do-I don't want your society-be off.

Pet. Yes, sur. (aside.) He's Hydrophobical enough for a shutter, and ayn't got no business to come here, but as he's gived me a half-crown for his entrance, he may stay and get kicked out by master; ha! ha! ha! he's like a young bear, all his sorrow is to come.

[Exit.c.

Cap. Well I must say my cousin's servant does his best to obey orders. Confound the fellow, I thought I should not have been able to persuade him to let me stay, nothing like a little bribery in these cases. Well-here I am-now let me reflecta pretty fool I made of myself this morning—damn'd awkward situation to be caught in—but perfectly innocent—ob, perfectly what a guy of a husband Emma has got-poor girl-I wonder how the deuce she could think of marrying him-but no matter I've been in the wrong-I've made a worthy man unhappy, and I must convince him of my innocence-yes-yes-it's my duty as a gentleman and an officer. I'm a little gone, I know-but it doesn't matter-I kept sober as long as I could-those fellows would finish with brandy punch, it plays the very devil with one's sobriety-I wonder where's Mr.-Mr.-what's his name-Toddleton-Noddleton-never mind, I'm determined to settle the affair properly-he may storm as much as he pleases, but that shan't matter-I won't be affronted and will convince him of my innocence-I wonder what o'clock it is-latish, I think, I'll sit down quietly here, (sitting on sofa,) and wait for him - I will have the thing properly explained, (putting up his legs and going to sleep,) because it must be very unpleasant to a man's feelings -to-to-certainly-brandy punch for a finish is a-a-amost decidedly-I think that-a-a-ha! ha! ha! damn'd unpleasant situation. (sleeps.)

Enter Doddleton, c., with a case of pistols.

Mr. D. I've got them—now to business—here they are—(to NUGENT, shall I load them or will you? (NUGENT snores.) Eh? (NUGENT snores again.) damme he's asleep—cool, however—I'll wake him. (putting down the case and shaking NUGENT.)

Cap. Bravo—bravo! perhaps you'll favour us with a song—pass the bottle—burra—k-ep it up—go it—(waking.) Hollo! hollo! what's the matter? What, sir, jealous! (trying to shake hands with him.) how are you, old boy? give us your hand.

Mr. D. No nonsense, sir, the affair is too serious to admit of levity. I've got them.

Cap. Have you, indeed!

Mr. D. Yes; are you ready?

Cap. Ready! for what—what do you mean?

Mr. D. Pshaw! you know well enough—I begin to think you've changed your mind, and want to shirk out of the affair.

Cap. Shirk out—changed my mind—what the devil are you

talking about?

Mr. D. Come, come, Captain Nugent, leave off this folly, and speak in your natural voice; I'm not to be deceived by so shallow an artifice; I know you are quite sober, though you pretend to be intoxicated.

Cap. Pretend, my dear fellow, I've had a bottle of port, a pint of sherry, twelve glasses of champagne, and I don't know how much brandy-punch—and if I'm not as—particularly damn'd drunk as any officer in her Majesty's service could wish to be and keep his legs—I'm a milksop, old Fusbos.

Mr. D. This trifling is useless, sir; you are afraid to meet

Cap. Afraid to meet you—what the devil do I here then? I came on purpose to meet you; sit down my pippin, and let me explain.

Mr. D. No, sir, you have said enough already.

Cap. Oh! very well; then good night. (turns round on sofa to go to sleep.)

Mr, \hat{D} . This is too much, sir, I insist on immediate satisfaction.

Cap. Well, and you shall have it, my boy—I wish to satisfy you.

Mr. D. Very well. (opening pistol-case.) Here are the pistols, load them and take your choice.

Cap. What! do you want to fight?

Mr. D. Yes, sir; and I'll try to trunk you, pedestal you, wing you, or nob you.

Cap. (aside.) He's either drunk or deranged; you are labouring under a mistake, my good sir—I don't want to fight.

Mr. D. Not fight?

Cap. Quite the reverse, I essure you. (aside.) Oh? he's been champaguing it—no mistake at all.

Mr. D. Not fight after all your bluster-look you, sir; this is

my house-it protects you-or I would-you know what I mean.

Cap. You'd kick me down stairs, I suppose. Now look you, Mr.—Mr.—what's your damn'd name—Toddleton, Noddleton—never mind, I'm most particularly damn'd drunk—so are you—consequently neither of us are in a proper state to argue—but we shall be sober in the morning, then I'll explain—there's a mistake somewhere—but where it is, or what it is, curse me if I can tell you. I came to arrange every thing amicably, and you fly into a passion, and wish to shoot me! Now all I can say to that very kind wish is, I won't fight now—because I don't know what's the matter; but in the morning I'll explain, and then if you wish to have a shot at me, I'm not the man to balk you—so for the present I beg leave to say good night, old pepper-box—he's most infernally drunk.

[Puts on Doddleron's hat, and erit, c. Mr. D. There's a rascal, a coward, an infamous coward! He shall fight me, I will have satisfaction, the swaggering puppy! (calling.) Peter—I'll make him an example—Peter, Peter!

Enter PETER.

Pet. Yes, sur.

Mr. D. (walking about with the pistol-case under his arm.) I'll—I'll—the impertinence—the—the—the—I can't find a word to comprehend all his rascality and effrontery.

Pet. He's a talking to himself again, the studid fule.

Mr. D. Peter ?

Pet. Yes, sur.

Mr. D. Why don't you come, when I call you?

Pet. I do, sur.

Mr. D. Let me see-let me see. (walking about, reflecting.)

Pet. He's a wool gathering again.

Mr. D. (walking about gesticulating to the pistol-case.) Yes—yes—you shall repent your conduct, you rascal—you shall—you shall—

Pet. (aside.) You Jacob—you Hident—talking to a box—ha! ha! ba! you supernanigated fule.

Mr. D. What! what! what! how dare you call me a fool, sir?

Pet. Well, I couldn't help it, 'cos bim as walks about and talks to a dumb baunimal like a box, must be a supernanigated fule if he expects to get a hanswer from it—that's what I mean, air.

Mr. D. Well, well-never mind-now I want you to-

Pet. Yes, sur.

Mr. D. To-

Pet. That's two to's-yes, sur-he's a wentillating again.

Mr. D. I want you to go-

Pet. Yes, sur.

Mr. D. (musing.) To-to-to-to-

Pet. He's lunatic—what does he want me to go—too—too—too?—for, I'm not a trumpeter.



Mr. D. Yes; go to my friend Major-

Pet. Yes, sur; I knows, sur-Majors Masters-man.

Mr. D. Yes; tell him-

Pet. Yes, sur-

Mr. D. That I am going-to-a-fight.

Pet. Yes, sur; you are going to a fight.

Mr. D. No; you stupid blockhead—I'm going to fight myself.

Pet. I never heard of such a thing-fight yourself-I should

like to see you do it-ha! ha! ha!

Mr. D. Get out of the room, you stupid hound—I'll go myself.

Pet. Very well, sir. He's the rumbusticallist chap I ever

seed, he must be lunatic, danged if he mustn't.

[Exit. c.

Mr. D. Yes; I'll go myself—engage the major to be my second, and then I shall be ready for the worst.

Per. (without, crying.) Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!

Enters, c.

Oh! sir, it's all over with you—you are settled.

Mr. D. Settled!

Per. Yes; mustarchers has prevailed—they are going off.

Mr. D. What! the captain and my wife?

Per. Yes, sir; they are going to drive off in a post chay.

Mr. D. Give me my pistols, I'll pursue them.

Per. (holding him.) Oh! don't sir; don't; there'd be murder, suicide, and all sorts of fashionable experiments—don't sir, pray, don't—here, Peter, Peter!

Mr. D. Let me go-let me go.

Enter PETER. C.

Per. Oh, Peter! master's mad, raving, roaring mad, and I'm

distraining him.

Pet. Mad! is he, by gum—danged if I didn't think so; hold him tight, Missus Perker, while I gets someut to fettle him in his chair. (runs off, c.)

Mr. D. (struggling.) Let me go, let me go.

Per. I won't-you ayn't in a fit state.

Enter PETER.

Pet. (going behind DODDLETON, and putting a cord round him. It's o' no use being wiolent, sur, we've gotten you fast. (forcing him into a chair, and speaking rapidly.) Set down, there's a good old chap; don't agitate your poor brains—I shall be obliged to shave your head if you do. (fastens the cord to the chair.) Now, there you are, quite comfortable, sit still, now, or I must larrup you. (shaking his fist at him.) Be quiet, be quiet.

Mr. D. Fire and fury! You infernal scoundrel, I'll murder

you!

Pet No you won't—it's no use now, getting in a passion—you're hout of your senses, you've been so a long while, and hall we're doing to you is for your good—be quiet now. (threatening with his fist.) Be quiet, be quiet, or I'll put you in a straight wasscut.

Mr. D. You rascal-you are in a plot to murder me.

Pet. (ropidly.) He's getting too hopstropolus—watch him, Mrs. Perker, while I runs for a doctor to bleed un—danged if I didn't think he were lunatic all along—now be quiet—stir if you dare—no nonsense—or someut scruciating will be done to you—be quiet—be quiet. (runs off)

Mr. D. (struggling.) Infernal villain!

Per. (speaking rapidly.) Now, sir-now ma'am, you may go off, master's quite safe.

Enter Mis. Major Masterman, as the Captain, and Mis. Doddleton, dressed for travelling, loaded with bundles, band-boxes, &c., they laugh at Doddleton, and exeunt, c.

Mr. D. My wife and the captain, by all that's horrible! eloping before my very face. Oh, you villain! You ungrateful woman! (struggling.) I shall go mad! Peter, Peter, stop them, stop them. Police, police, police! (with a violent effort he breaks away from the chair; and is rushing off, C., meets CAPTAIN NUGENT.) What! returned?

Cap. (very drunk.) Yes; I've made a trifling mistake—I've got your hat, old boy. (putting it on DODULETON'S head.)

Where's my cap?

Mr. D. (in a violent rage.) You-you-oh!

Cap. Are you sober yet? if you are I'll apologize. I will, indeed, for I'm particularly sorry to have been the innocent cause of so much confusion and annoyance.

Mr. D. Cease this unworthy triffing, sir, and be serious where is your unhappy victim?

Cap. Victim—eh—oh! I suppose he means my friend who gave the dinner to-day. Oh, quite safe at the bottom of a hackney-coach.

Mr. D. Bottom of a hackney-coach!
Cap. Going home as drunk as Chloe.

Mr. D. Drunk!

Cap. Yes: he's our ditto—ditto—and we are pretty well on, eh—Coddleton, (slapping him on the back.)

Mr. D. Sir—I (looking at Nugent, starts.) Eh—zounds!—you are not—is your name Nugent?

Cap. Unquestionably; I'll give you my card.

Mr. D. A light begins to break in upon me.

Cap. You are getting sober.

Mr. D. Have you any friend in your regiment, who wishes to be particularly kind to me?

Cap. Not that I'm aware of, I'm the only one of ours in town.

We're at York.

Mr. D. I've been deceived—I took you for another scoundrel—I beg your pardon, sir—for a villain who has assumed your name, and eloped with my wife.

Cap. Elope with Emma, and assume my name !—the impertinent scoundrel, I'll horsewhip him.

Mr. D. Zounds! I'll murder him!



Enter PETER, C., hastily.

Pet. (rapidly.) No you won't, you poor lunatic! the straight westcut won't let you.

Mr. D. (rushing at him.) You impudent scoundrel!

Pet. Be quiet-be quiet-(calling.) Here keepers-keepers-

Enter MRS. DODDLETON and PERKER, C.

Mr. D. What Emma!—not eloped!—where's Captain Nagent?

Enter MRS. MASTERMAN, C.

Mrs. M. Here, sir!

Mr. D. Two captains?

Cap. No-no-I beg your pardon-that's the other scoundred.

I am Captain Nugent, I'll give you my card.

Mrs. M. (aside.) The real Simon Pure—this is more than I bargained for—no matter—'tis too late to retreat. (throwing herself on Dodderton's shoulder.) Oh! my dear, Mr. Doddleton, such a circumstance, such a dreadful affair! prepare for a blow, the shock is too much for me. Oh! oh! oh!

Mr. D. (astonished.) Mrs. Masterman!

Mrs. M. (curtesying and taking off her cup.) Yes, if you please, sir.

Mr. D. I am amazed.

Cap. A lady! I'll make the amiable. Madam, your most

obsdient. (bowing.)

Mrs. M. My masquerading being over, Captain Nugent will, I know, pardon the liberty I have taken in assuming his name and character, when I assure him 'twas to secure his cousin's happiness; and Mr. Doddleton will, I trust, forgive a deception, by which I have endeavoured, by showing the evils likely to result from want of confidence in his wife, to teach him to love and respect her.

Mr. D. My dear madam, I thank you: the lesson has been severe, but I'll profit by it. Emma, forgive me, I'll never be jealous again.

Pet. (advancing, R. H.) Nor lunatic, I hope, sur.

Mrs. M. No fear of that Peter, your master's cure is, I think, complete. (to audience.)

My task accomplished, friends word with you: We trust our efforts kindly you'll review; And hope your plaudits ere we quit parade, Will make our Rifle Corps a Light Brigade.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

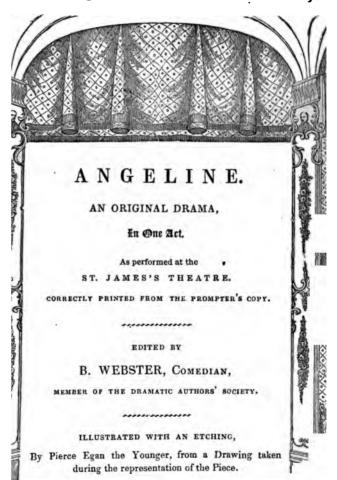
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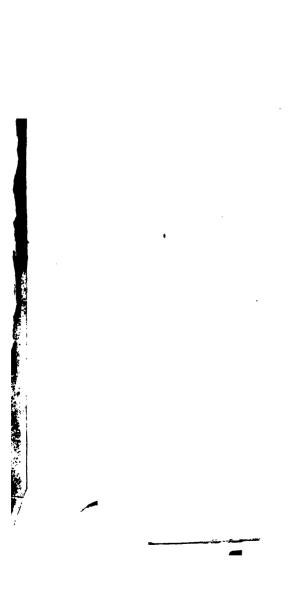
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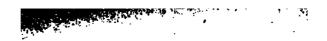
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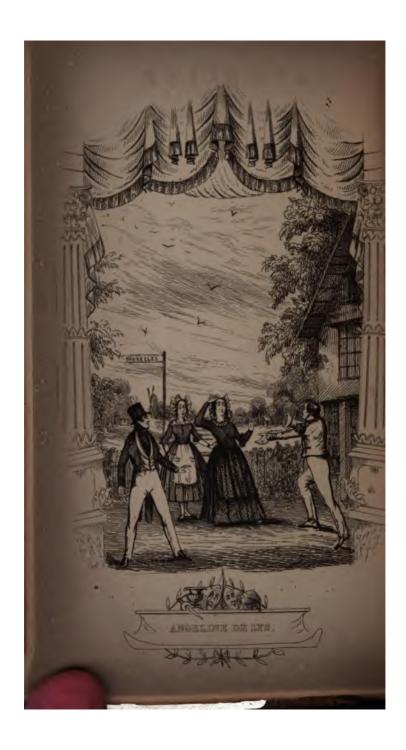
nder the auspices of the Dramatic Authors' Society.



LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.







ANGELINE.

AN ORIGINAL DRAMA,

In One Act.

Вy

J. T. HAINES.

And Author of

" AMILIE; OR, THE LOVE TEST," &c. &c.

As performed at the

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY WITH REMARKS, THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSON.E.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE REPRESENTATION.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

FIRST PERFORMED, SEPTEMBER 29, 1837.

MAURICE MIDDLETON, Esq. Light trousers, fashionable vest, and Newmarket Mr. J. Webster. cut coat; black hat, boots, &c. DR. DIAPHRAM. Nankeen smalls, striped silk stockings, and short nankeen gaiters, Mr. Brookes. alspotted vest, and brown coat, white hat, a wig and tail . SIMON SIMKINS. A short light blue coatee. flowered vest, light blue tight pantaloons, Mr. Gardner. and short white gaiters; a straw hat, soiled, a white vest, and undress military \ Mr. Sidney. jacket, cap, and cloak AMERE. Large loose dark brown smalls to tie below the knee, dark blue stockings, shoes and buckles, a striped shirt, and Mr. Hollingsworth. short black smockfrock, open in the front, black leather belt, long black hair, and a black cap ANGELINE LE LIS. A slate-coloured cotton dress, very plain, a neat French | Mrs. Stirling. apron and cap . NANGUETTE DER VROOD. A striped petticoat, short blue jacket, trimmed with Miss Mears.

Scene-Part of the road from Waterloo to Brussels.

pink, a French apron and Flemish cap,

blue stockings, sabots .

Time of representation, forty minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L.C. left centre. R.C. right centre. T.E.L. third entrance, left. T. F. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

ANGELINE LE LIS.

SCENE I.—A rude Flemish cottage occupies the 2 E. R. H., with its roughly railed-in garden—A lodge, rather dilapidated, 3 E. L. H.—Across the stage, level with the further end of the lodge, a rustic hedge, with stile and steps in centre—On the other side of the stile, the high road to Brussels is supposed to cross the stage—A finger post is seen, with "Bruxelles," written on it—the back, a champagne country, with the city in the distance—The rude shutters of the cottage, R. H. closed—From the lodge, a stone wall, as if of a park goes off 2d entrance, leaving the first entrance for the footpath, leading from the stile to a neighbouring village—The stage overhung by branches of trees—Time supposed an hour before sunset—As the curtain ascends, the report of a gun heard—Gamekeepers enter, I.H.—Two other reports—and other keepers cross the stile.

Whistle, and the voice of MIDDLETON heard.

Mid. Ho, there; couple the dogs. Ho, Juno; Sappho this way. (MIDDLETON crosses the stile.) I thank ye, friends, for a fine day's sport; to-morrow we'll take the country on the other side the great canal; these Belgians are kind—good evening. (Exit keepers, 1 E. L. H.) So the windows are still closed; she is absent—Umph, who is she? (calls over the stile.) Here, Monsieur—what's his infernal name? here, Monsieur Amere, where are you?

Amere enters from L. H. U. E., a remarkably staid-looking personage
—pale face, straight black hair.

Ame. (on the stile.) Visible.

Mid. (R. H.) You have dwelt here long—you know all who reside in the neighbourhood.

Ame. (coming forward, L. H.) Irrefragably.

Mid. You will answer my questions.

Ame. Indisputably.

Mid. The name of the young person who lives in that cottage is?

Ame. Angeline.

Mid. She is a ?-

Ame. Woman.

Mid. Fool-her country?

Ame. France.

Mid. I thought so; la Belle France—honoured be thy groves and plains, thy streamlets and thy hills, that send forth to the wondering world—gay hearts, sharp tongues, sparkling eyes, and dancing heels, and she has lived here!—

Ame. Twelvemonths.

Mid. Has she a lover?

Ame. No. Mid. Parents?

Ame. No.

Mid. Money ?

Ame. No.

Mid, Ha friendless and poor; she is very beautiful?

Ame. (with peculiar expression.) Yes.

Mid. (looking at him.) The villain's mouth waters at the thought. What is known of her history?

Ame. Nothing.

Mid. Ha! Mysterious too - Umph! her lovely graceful form haunts me in my sleep. What will prove my best friend in obtaining her?

Ame. Poverty.

Mid. Ha! poverty-Umph! should she reject money, what then ?

Ame. Force.

Mid. Ha! (starts back, and eyes AMERE, who remains immoveable.) Now could I almost fancy that fellow was the devil-a thought of harming her has never entered even my mind-she seems so purely innocent-the light of her fair soul peeps from her eyes -as tho' no thought of guile had ever shaddowed it-and the music of her voice must be-hush! some one comes-step this way. (tries the lodge door.) Fastened-what's to be done?

Ame, Kick.

Mid. (kicks the door open.) I enter here -what do you?

Ame. Follow. (they enter lodge.)

Enter DR. DIAPHRAM and SIMON SIMPKINS, from L. H. U. E., and come over the stile.

Sim. (as he enters.) Be you going down to old Marceline in the village?

Dia. (R. II.) No; the old woman, thanks to my skill, is

Sim. (coming down, L. H.) Hers was a mortal bad case, were it not?

Dia. Terrible; any of your continental physicians would have killed her.

Sim. Ay, that they would.

Dia. You are a sensible lad.

Sim. I'm reckoned so-but Marceline do want you.

Dia. Ah, poor soul! I can't be bothered with her gratitude just now.

Sim. She don't want to thank you, bless ye!

Dia. Indeed, what then?

Sim. She do want to burden you with something else.

Dia. Ay—what?

Sim. All the potticary stuff you gave her, it be all safe-she have kept it nicely corked up ever since you sent it.

Dia. The old fool's mad; she should have swallowed it.



Sim. She said if she did, not all the continental physicians could save her.

Dia. Insolent-she'll die.

Sim. Die! oh, no; she knows better than to die; besides, pretty Miss Angeline ha taken care of that.

Dia. Miss Angeline! How?

Sim. Why, she have stuffed old woman up with broths, and jellies, and puddings till she be as strong and as fat as an English drayman.

Dia. Miss Angeline makes herself very busy.

Sim. So she do; there be ant an accident nor a sickness but what she be the nurse of, bless her!

Dia. Her shutters are closed, where is she?

Sim. She went to Brussels in the morning, I gallivanted her part of the road.

Mid. (who has listened.) To Brussels, eh! (aside.)

Sim. She goes there once a week, bless you, to sell her lace; her week work. Lord, how nicely her tiny white fingers do twist the bobbins about! [MIDDLETON comes forward.

Mid. (as he passes, bows.) Your servant, doctor, such fine weather as this is no friend to medical professors—good evening. (goes up the stage, and appears to speak to Amene, who is still in the lodge.)

Dia. (bowing.) Who is that? how does he know my pro-

fession?

Sim. Oh, easily; there be advice gratis written on your forehead; cupping, and tooth-drawing on your mouth, and your spectacles do seem like two round green bottles stuck in the window before a row of gallipots.

Dia. Silence, fool!

[MIDDLETON is on the stile, AMERE advances, L. H.; the DOCTOR and SIMON dispute.

Mid. (aside.) I will meet her on the road, I will speak to her; if her mind be equal to her person, there is not her compeer; I will speak to her, why should I hesitate? (beckons to AMERE, and exit.)

Ame. (nodding, L. H.) Hem!

Dia. (turning round, startled.) Who is this? (AMERE nods solemnly.) Do you know me?

Ame. Yes.

Dia. What am I?

Ame. Doctor.

Dia. More of the gallipots. (Simon laughs.) Silence! you are a--?

Ame. Friend.

Dia. To whom?

Ame. Physicians.

Dia. What makes you so?

Ame. Gratitude.

Dia. (to Simon.) Now, villain, you are then a-

Ame. Sexton.

[SIMON laughs and gets into the L. H. corner; the Doctor

confounded; AMIERE slowly exits over stile, and gots off, L. H. U. E.

Dia. (recovering, R. H.) Never was I so insulted; dare to

laugh again, and I'll knock your brains out.

Sim. Then your friend would be more grateful than ever, sexton. (initating.) But I can't stand gossiping with you, I must down to the village to my dear little Nanguette, and do a little bit of love-making—good-bye, Doctor.

Dia. Stop, stay-who were those two persons ?

Sim. The first be a countryman of ours, an English gent, who have just come to these parts, and bought you park and the old house there; tother be the late sexton of St. Magdalen's, he were turned off because he were suspected of robbing the dead.

Dia. The villain!

Sim. Hush! recollect he be a friend-ha-ha!

Dia. You like a jest, but come-come, no more of this; tell me, do you know anything of this Miss Angeline?

Sim. I only know she be a French angel, if there be any

angels that do speak French.

Dia. Has she any friends or relations? Sim. None but me and Nanguette.

Dia. You-

Sim. Yes, bless you, I'm her principlest friend; she an't got no father nor mother, and I never had any.

Dia. How?

Sim. I was found one day after a review on the paradeground, with a pawnbroker's ticket pinned on the blanket I was wrapt in; it was a ticket for a pair of unmentionables, in the name of Simon Simkins; so the drum-major took them out and took me in. I was christened after the unmentionables

Dia. But how could this ridiculous story make you and Angeline friends?

Sim. Her father was a soldier, so was I.

Dia. (laughing.) You ?

Sim Yes, I was a granadier, I played the fife; her father was killed at Waterloo.

Dia. Then 'tis the loss of her father makes her so melan-

lancholy.

Sim. Yes, that and something else; I often find her crying over an old French newspaper, she cries so bitterly that when I see her, I sit down to help her.

Dia. Simpleton!

Sim. But I must off to Nanguette, good-bye doctor (gos. to the wing, L. H., 1 E., turns and calls.) I say, doctor, don't forget your friend, the—

[Makes the motion of digging, and exit L. H. 1 E., laughing.

Dia. So she has gone to Brussels; ha—ha! she is industrious, too—would make a capital housekeeper for a man of my habits—poor—umph! so much the better. I'll meet her

and propose that she should come and keep my house in order, better than live in that ricketty old hut. her sparkling eyes—la, beautiful! she can't refuse—I'm yet young and strong—young, well, well. I have money; umph! the sex love money and fine clothes. What makes this old heart go pit-a-pat just now? Ha! ha! not forgot my old way among them; yet—now for the stile.

[Angeline heard to sing a snatch of a French air, without. Tis she, I know her musical pipe; I won't surprise her too abruptly, the lodge, the lodge.

[Enters the ladge, L. H., ANGELINE enters by 2 n. H., she jumps lightly over the stile, she has a small basket on her arm.

Ang. Home! ah, home! est ce vous, it is you my house; oui, I am so fatigue; oh, where is de key. (puts her hand into a little pocket at her side.) Elle est partié, it is go away; non. (looks into her basket.) Ah! big cheat, I have you—(holds up the key)—let me look; I have do great work to day; go to Bruxelles, sell de lace, oui; get de money. Ah, ah, mon père. (in a melancholy tone.) Mon père; well, I have come back; walk, walk, fatigue, fatigue, meet de Anglais gentilhomme, he look, ah! he dart his two eye at me. Oh! comme j'ai froid, I am all cold, I run, run as fast as I can walk, 'till I see my home. Ah! ah! ah! heigho! My heart is lighter, oui, un, deux, trois—(counting her money)—quatre-cinq, six, tenez les voila, all are there. Ah! dat man with his two eye. (opens her door.) Now, I shall open my window shut up; my home, my pauvre home.

[She enters the cottage, R. H., the DOCTOR looks out, and as she returns and is opening her window-shutters, he gains the stile.

Dia. Ah, Mademoiselle Angeline, your servant.

Ang. (starting and dropping the shutter.) Oh, doucement—doucement! (putting her hand on her heart) gentely—Oh! monsieur, you make my little chest, that my heart is in, go bump, bump—I tink it was de man with his two eyes; Oh, (curtseying) votre serviteur, monsieur.

Dia. Charming little creature, I trust I have not frightened

Ang. Yes; you make me very frightful at first—but when I see it is you, I say, ooh! it is nobody at all!

Dia. Charming confidence.
Ang. But Monsieur will excuse.

[She brings forward a seat and sits, R. H. Ha! you cure old Marceline.

Dia. No, it was you that cured her, beautiful Angeline!

Ang. (with feeling.) Non, non—silence—you are wrong—I cannot bear. Tres bien—you will say, Angeline. I do not love to hear flattery, monsieur. He used to say beautiful Angeline in his love and he will never say more—Oh, me! (sobs.)

Dia. He—some lover who has been false—umph! (aside.) Why do you weep—are you ill?

Ang. Non, non; la mal de cœur-here-here!

Dia. The heart-ache; Ah! little rogue, you are in love.

Ang. Love-oui-love of memory.

Dia. Was your lover false?

Ang. False! O père de misericorde—he was all honour. Un brave.

Dia, Where is he?

Ang. Il est mort-misery-dead, dead.

[She drops her head on her chair.

Dia. Forgive me, you interest me.

Ang. Thank you much. Old man—he is good. (aside.) You shall know. (opens an interior pocket of the pouch she carries at her side, and takes out an old newspaper; she opens it, finds a particular spot, tremblingly gazes on it, kisses it, endeavours to suppress her tears, seems as if about to read; her feelings overpower her, she gives the paper to Diatrinam, pointing to the spot, exclaims) there, read, (and covering her face with her hands, sobs audibly).

Dia. Now for the mystery. (aside.) (reads.)

"Dispatch of the Army of La Vendee," Um. ha! "list of killed," Um, oh! here it is she has marked the lines, "among the slain was discovered the body of Jean Bruquere—the youth who so gallantly distinguished himself in the action of the 14th; he lay with the standard he had so bravely captured folded in his arms, and a small gold locket, inscribed with the name of Angeline, firmly clenched between his teeth." Angeline, her gift—poor fellow! here my good girl, take your paper, though I blame you for carrying so melancholy a memorial constantly about you.

[Angeline rises, takes it, kisses it, presses it to her heart,

and replaces it in her pouch.

Believe me, it only keeps your grief alive.

Ang. C'est vrai, you are true, but it is dear—

She makes the action of clenching her teeth.

very dear.

Ďia. (L. н.) Had you known him long?

Ang. (R. II.) Listen. I was petite child when mon père, my brave father, was kill. Oh, I can remember his look—de grand homme—tirm as de rock of honneur! he was vere fond of his little child, and I love mon brave père—ha, vere much—vere much. (pauses from emotion.)

Dia. This emotion is too much for you.

Ang. Non; let me cry, it is do me good. Well, I was play with his bright arms and laugh in his bright eye, as he look on me and bless his child. I was vere little, he march to de battle, and I feel so proud to see him go, with the feather of his cap fly in de wind and de musique—ah! little I tink I was never see mon père again; but I was child, little—tres bien, I see ma mère, my mother, pine away; news come, I was play with mon petite ami, de boy Jean Bruquere; de news arrive, my father was kill; I hear a shriek, I listen, and my soul feel de bursting of my mother's heart; I look in de midst of my play, I look, and ma mère was dead—dead, upon the floor. (crosses to L. 1)

Dia. Would to heaven I hadn't heard this story! do not

Ang. Yes, I will tell you all; Avous, I stand and I look, but never move, my heart was go too, de boy—mon petite Ame ean Bruquere—lead me by de hand to de house of his home; was ill, pauvre petite orphan, I was vere bad and Jean Bruquere, de little boy, watch my bed—I love him den fast as my rother; well, I get well, his stepfather one brave Anglais support me—he give me de legacy of my father, it is here—his hair—a miniature, and I am proud; his cross of de legion—I wear them next my heart.

[Shows them; the miniature is in a black silk bag, and the whole are suspended by a black ribbon round her neck.

Dia. Is it the portrait of your father?

Ang, No; I not know whose, a lady. Tres bien, it was his, at is my prize; well, Jean Bruquere was my brother, we grow up, we love, I could not help, he was so good when I was little child, écoutez—we were poor, he became a soldat, and I work at my needle, we agree to marry when he return from La Vendee; he swear he will be grand brave, I say I will be vere good; he go, ah, then I think Madame Bruquere de soldat's wife—ha! go his march with him, carry his gun, cheer him with my talk—so happy, so bonne; news come he is brave, he save de commandant, I pray on my knees with thanks; news come again, I read he is dead; oh, père—miseracorde he is dead—I weep for ever! (crosses to R. H.)

Dia. No, no, you must be cheerful now—years have elapsed since he fell—'tis time now you think of future happiness.

Ang. Je ne sais pas—I do not know but one happiness—to die. I go to La Vendee, I could not find his remain—I come to Waterloo, I work, work, save, save—for what? that I may build up un petite stone on the field beside de remembrance of my country's defeat, and that it may bear the name of three of the pauvre children of La belle France—mon père, Jean Bruquere, and le petite Angeline.

Dia. (aside.) Her heart is softened by her tears. I must be

cautious-I'm glad the fellow's in his grave.

Ang. (drying her tears.) My heart is lighter—oui—I am glad I have tell him—de good old man he is pity me—he pity poor Marceline, only his physic kill her if she take it.

Dia. (aside.) Come, she is cheering up—I think I'll venture.

Ang. Pardonne, monsieur, I have lose time. (going into cottage.)

Dia. Stay, Angeline, you will trust me?

Ang. Oui, you have de silver hair.

Dia. Never mind the colour of mv hair, I was gray at eighteen, bless you! come, give me your hand—there, you are very young. You trust in me, you shall leave this wretched hut, you shall come and live with me.

[Kisses her hand; she looks at the action and at him expressively.

Ang. (in a marked tone.) I do trust you.

Dia. Yes, yes, you shall come and live in my house—you

shall forget what's past, you shall be happy, you shall (growing warmer in his manner) love me too and live with me till the end of my life—you shall, by this kiss, my girl.

Ang. (firmly thrusting him back.) Tenez, Monsieur Diaphram, you are a professeur de medecine—you are old man, I une pauvre

orphan, I trust you-tres bien, attendez-

[She takes his hand and leads him to the front of her little garden. Come, see de jessamine, and de honeysuckle, they trust de old wall, and cling to him, but de wall un traiteur, encourage de loathsome worm to knaw and to destroy, dey wither and dey droop, because for why, dey trust de villain who deceive, monsieur, de spell of de, white hair is gone, elle est cassèe—it is broke—adien!

[Slowly goes towards her cottage, curtsies, is about to enter, when [Diaphham, who has stood amazed, seizes

her arm.

Dia, Nay, you are wrong; you shall not leave me in anger. I love you, beautiful Angeline! you shall not go without one kiss of peace.

[Struggles with her, she screams, Middleton jumps over the stile, collars Diaphram, and thrusts him into L. H. corner, and Angeline darts into the cottage, R. H.

Simon enters, L. H.

Mid. How's this, dares this withered old rhinocerus attempt

what my youth dared not? stand back.

Sim. (i. n.) That's right, do, Mr. Stranger, crack his gallipot; a wicked old Spanish fly, what, insult Miss Angeline? Egad! I've a great mind to draw one or two of his teeth myself.

Dia. (R. H.) Let me go! Imp! bah! let me go.

Sim. Let him go, and I'll see him clear off the premises—an old horse-leech.

Mid. (letting go Diaphram, who goes out.) See him some

distance along the road, my good boy.

Sim. (looks indignant.) Boy! boy! fourteen years ago I was a granadier. Boy, indeed! (Diapuram is getting over the stile.) Take care, old pill-box, or you'll hurt your old body over that stile.

Dia. Ugh! bah! curse ye both. [Evit over stile, going, t. H. Mid. Begone, you old rogue, your curses do less harm than

your physic.

Sim. Ecod, you be right; I'll after him, and if he be imperent, I'll teach him what anti-irritation is. (makes a

boxing sign, crosses the style, and exit, L. H.)

Mid. She has retired to her cot, and, I suppose, will not again appear; I had made up my mind to address her on the road, but the innocence of her look awed me: ha! she returns.

Angeline enters, timidly, from cottage, R. H.

Aug. (R. H.) Monsieur L'Etrangere, I should be very wrong if I did not thank you for myself, for de gratitude of help.

Mid. (respectfully.) Charming young lady! I was most

fortunate in being near. I—I was going to the neighbouring village—what is its name?

Ang. Emville, Monsieur, the village is called.

Mid. I thank you, Mademoiselle. (bows, and retires a few paces, diffidently recovers his courage, and advances.) I had, I believe, the pleasure of meeting you before to-day, do you often go to Brussels?

Ang. Une fois seulment par semain-once of de week only,

to sell my little ware.

Mid. (upproaching.) To sell your little wares, what a pity it

is that so much beauty should be in poverty.

Ang. (withdrawing coldly.) Beauty, Monsieur, is nothing; but virtue in de poverty, is like de diamond in de mine, not de less brilliant because him is hid from de eye by rude and ugly ore.

Mid. Singular girl—(aside)—you are a native of La Belle France—how is it you use yourself to speak our rude and less polished language?

Ang. I would, if I could, forget France; I have learn Anglais of Simon, and de little Nanguette, to help me forget—I have learn because it is spoken by one I love.

Mid. You have never been in England then?

Ang. Never.

Mid. (resuming his air of confidence.) Oh! you must see old England, we live merrily there, hunt, sport, play, laugh, drink, gaiety, all day long.

Ang. Ah! why you leave den?

Mid. Why, a trifle; the fact is, the English are such cursed money-hunters. my dear; my fortune was pretty large, but then my horses were unlucky—I must enjoy myself, and tradesmen are such cursed bores, they poke in their long bills, and dog one like terriers, so that in order to keep out of a prison I was forced to get into Parliament; things went on well, they clamoured, I laughed—at last I lose my election, and to prevent losing my liberty, I pass to the continent, purchase this old estate, and here I intend to stay till a rich twaddler of an uncle dies—I am his heir; meantime I live in comfort, and my tradesmen live in hope.

Ang. (coldly eyeing him.) Monsieur, adieu! (going towards cottage, R. H.)

Mid. Stay, my dear. (taking her hand.)

Ang. Sare!

Mid. I have still enough for both of us, and-

Ang. (haughtily releasing her hand.) Monsieur!

Mid. (bowing and stammering.) Forgive me—I, I meant not to offend, I merely wished to—to offer any assistance you might require—we are neighbours—I have gold, and—

Ang. And-I have health-adieu!

[Courtesying, she enters her cot, R. H., as MIDDLETON bows involuntarily, SIMON SIMKINS appears on the stile.

Sim. (coming forward, L. H.) I followed the old rogue till he

met with another as big as himself, his friend, the sexton—I'm much obliged to you, master, for driving off the ugly wasp from my pretty lily.

Mid. You are acquainted with Angeline-I love her.

Sim. So do I-so does every body.

Mid. Pshaw! I am but wasting time to talk to this clown; the night will soon come on, the cottage is lonely, she shall be mine—time and attention will reconcile her, (aside.) Good day. (goes up to the stile.)

Sim. Oh, good day! if you're going. I was going to ask your

advice.

Mid. I have no time.

Sim. Well, you need not be so glumpy, I'm a landed proprietor as well as you—got a cabbage-garden, sixty yards by forty.

Mid. Pshaw! (aside.) Yes; I will procure assistance, this night shall see her mine. [Exit over stile, going, L. B.

Sim. (takes one of Angeline's chairs, and sits down, seems disturted.) Let me think, I should be a ninny to submit to it-if I marry, am I to rule my wife-or my wife to rule me ? I can see it would very soon be here Simon do this, Simon run there, Simon take the child, for I should rather imagine there would be something of that kind. (puts the chair back.) Angeline-um! what a nice wife she'd make. Ecod, now I think, she likes me better than any body else-I shouldn't wonder a bit of a sheep's eye there-I'll propose-ecod, I will, and then ma'am Nanguette may look and long-it will be so comfortable to see her fret-I'll sit by the door chucking up a fat boy as she passes-how do, Nanguette, be quiet chickabiddy-he! he! how she'll look-oh! oh! I'll propose-and then what an advantage, our children will speak two languages: girls, French; boys, English; like father and mother. Oh! oh! I'll propose.

[SIMON knocks at ANGELINE'S door, she looks from the window.

Ang. (at the window.) Oh! oh! Monsieur Simon, is it you,
—I shall make my door undone to you—come in. (retires.)

Sim. She doesn't mind me—1'll tell her at once. Oh, dear! my heart comes up in my mouth; courage Simon, an old granadier, and afraid—hem! now for it. (enters the house.)

[Nanguette heard singing without, L. II., part of the "By a broom" song, she enters, L. II.; her dress is that of a Fleming, but very newt, she has subots on, and at her back the jupanned machine used by travelling venders of liquers on the continent, as she enters she sobs and sings in a broken voice.

Nan. The little vagabond—I won't fret about him, no, that I won't—to come, and be so grand down at my own house, too—but I'll to England once more, tho' to be sure, I did reckon that I was settled after my last trip, the little villain—he won't do this, and he won't do that; what's the use of a husband if he won't do at all times what his wife wants him;

I'll tramp the world over before I'll submit to such a-um! to think that I should content myself with a bit of a man like that, and be treated with ingratitude, it's not to be borne-I'll see poor dear Angeline-kiss-say one farewell, and without one tear set out to seek my fortune again.

[Goes towards the cottage, Simon laughs within; she starts. The little villain's there—ha! has Angeline deceived me—if I thought so-but they are coming-I'll watch; yes, the lodge

doors open. Oh, what a little imp it is!

[Enters the lodge, 3 E. L. H.; Angeline enters with her lace cushion, followed by SIMON from cottage, R. H.; NANGUETTE opens the lodge door; Angeline seats herself, L. H.; SIMON stands bewildered; ANGELINE works at her lace.

Sim. (R. c.) It will soon be dark, Angeline—the—the sun is setting-

Ang. Oui.

Sim. (taking a seat.) I have something to say, I-I-

Ang. (quickly.) Tres bien-dépêchez vous.

Sim. (starting.) La! dear me—you speak so—you bring my heart up into my mouth.

Nan. (aside, at lodge door.) I wonder it don't choak you, a dirty little morsel.

Ang. (looking round.) Etes yous malade? you are ill?

Sim. No; not very.

Ang. Oh! (resumes her work.)

Sim. (sidling up.) Only I have something to say. Ang. Tres bien.

Sim. I-I-that is, I-

Ang. Ouvrez la bouche.

Sim. Yes; I-how quickly your little fingers do go.

Ang. Is dat all—ah

Sim. Oh, no; I want to unbuzzom myself to you.

Ang. Pourquoi cela-why so? Sim. You know I was a granadier.

Ang. (laughing.) Oh, oui.
Sim. You know I was wounded at Waterloo, the same place where your-

Ang. Hush, hush!

Sim. Yes, I know-I mustn't say your father was killed there -well, I won't.

Nan. (aside, at lodge door.) No harm yet.

Sim. I was a poor boy then—you don't know how I came by my money; I was hid down behind a soldier's cap-when I saw a French officer shot-such a fine fellow, all over gold and orders, and jewels; he was quite dead, and I crept out, and in spite of my wound, it wasn't much, somewhere in my coat tail. I got to him, cut off all his finery, and searched his pockets (there was no harm, you know, he didn't make a single objection)-I found a big purse of gold and a fine gold watch, they were all mine, lawfully taken and captivated in battle.

Nan. (aside, at lodge door.) The little thief!

Sim. I've been thriving ever since, and now, Angeline, you won't be angry, will you?

Ang. Pourquoi?

Sim. You-you must have seen that-that I-love you.

[NANGUETTE, at lodge door, takes off one of her sabots, as if about to throw it

Ang. Oui, I know you do, and I do love you were much. [NANGUETTE takes off the other subot, as if about to throw that too.

Sim. Do you, though ?

Ang. Oui, and so does Nanguette love me, and I love her too, vere much. [NANGUETTE, more pacified, puts on one sabot.

Sim. Oh, curse Nanguette!

[She throws the sabot at him, and disappears from the window. Sim. (rising.) Hollo! oh, dear! my shin, what's this? a shoe with a wooden upper leather-how came it here?

[NANGUETTE bursts forward with one subot on-Centre. Nan. How came it there !- why, I threw it at your nasty little ugly head; and for you, mademoiselle, to encourage him -I-

Ang. (rises, and lifting her finger, says calmly) - prenez garde. (takes her seat back.)

[NANGUETTE looks at her a moment, courtesies, and bursts out crying-turning, she sees SIMON laugh-she darts at

Nan. You savage monster! I'll teach you to despise my tender quiet disposition-you little villain, you ugly-

Sim. (R H corner.) Come, come, don't display your want of taste; ugly-um! you've got a pretty eye for the picturesque.

Nan. Picturesque! romantic view of a pigsty. Sim. (going up.) Good night.

Nan. (following him.) Give me my shoe.

Sim. No, it will do for my fire.

Nan. My shoe, or I'll break your head with the other.

Sim. (on the stile.) There's your rubbish; and now I'll break your heart-look at me-let your buzzom swell and your heart burst, when I go behind that hedge, little as I am, you'll see less of me-farewell for ever! (Exit over the stile going, L. H.)

> [During the above the stage has been getting dark-An-GELINE has busied herself in taking in her work and seats-Nanguette stands sobbing-Angeline for a moment looks at her -then advances.

Ang. (kindly, L. H.) Ma pauvre Nanquette, he will come

back, depend.

Nan. (sobbing, R. H.) Oh, it isn't about that little alligator I'm crying-no, no, no, it is because I have been so very wicked as to suspect you.

Ang. Me!

Nan. I dare not look at you, I'm a very bad girl-I-I know-but the ungrateful morsel to treat me so-when he was a little dirty fifer boy-wasn't I a sister to him-and didn't I

make his shirts, and darn his—his—oh! oh! oh! (sobbing)—and is it come to this, that I'm to be turned off by such a small particle of humanity!

Ang. Doucement, doucement; de night is set in--go to

Jour home back -go, Simon love you dear.

Nan. No, no; he loves you! I listened, he was just going to propose to you—I couldn't help being jealous; I shall never forgive myself for causing you these tears, and you will never pardon me.

Ang. Bien—no matter—you shall not leave the village till you have see me again—it is night—farewell—by to-morrow—adieu—I will to my house. (crosses to R. H.)

Nan. And I'll just take a stroll along the road before I go home; good-bye, dear Miss Angeline, I will never offend again -adieu!

Ang. Adieu! [Nanguette crosses the stile, and exit, R. H. I am alone, and it is stillness of night, and de petite star peep out, like de spirit of mon pere, to see at me—dere de other, more pale star—which my soul delight all time to call mon brave Jean—dey are together. Ah! my heart leap to you. (takes the locket of hair, and order from her bosom; gazing on them.) I cannot look, my tear shine in de beam of de moon, and my throat swell large—I'll in de house, on my knee—and pray—oui—(enters cottage, R. H., hastily.)

[The figure of a man comes from R. H., and appears at the stile, muffled in a military cloak, it is Jean Bruquere, he is pale, his left arm is in a sling, and he leans, as if weak, on the stile.

Jean. The girl I just passed told me this path led to a village about half a mile distant; will my strength last so far? courage, Jean, courage (with great difficulty he crosses the stile)—it is impossible-must I then, after braving death so long, perish like a dog by the road side; my feeble encounter with the ruffian, who stopped me on the solitary road, and taking advantage of my wounded condition, robbed me of my little all,-has made my arm gush out afresh with blood. I am very faint-ah! a cottage, perhaps the inmates may assist me. (staggers to the cottage, looks through the window.) A girl whose back is towards me, is on her knees, she is engaged in prayer, I will not disturb her; my appearance might uselessly alarm her, as she appears the sole inhabitant of the house-let me make one effort to proceed-it is in vain-thank heaven, death will at last relieve my misery! Oh, forgive the madness of despair with which I sought death in the trench at Antwerp! through the darkness methinks I see some shed-'tis one, there let me lie me down and die; (approaches the lodge, opens the door;) 'tis well; now welcome death, thou friend of misery-Oh, Angeline!

[Enters the lodge, L. H., a short pause—MIDDLETON, followed by two gamekeepers, appear at the stile—coming

Mid. Now caution for your lives; do you (to one) take your

post about a hundred yards along the road. (one of the game-keepers goes off, v. E. L. H.) You a short distance down the village-path, to prevent surprise, be sure to give me timely notice of any one's approach. (exit the other gamekeeper, 1 E. L. H.) Now for a bold stroke. I find I cannot live without this girl. and 'tis a pity so fair a flower should droop in solitude. I'll knock, and entice her out.

[Approaches the door-raises his hand to knock-looks through the window.

She is praying—I cannot do it—fool, fool!—wavering idiot! yet I drank brandy enough to madden me at any other time—hark!

The KEEPER enters, U. 2 L. H.

Kee. Sir, Sir!

Mid. How now?

Kee. (coming over the stile.) Two persons come this way.

Mid. Back, till they pass; ah! the lodge door is fastened; this way.

[They retire into Angeline's garden, Americ oppears at the stile, coming i. i..—listens, comes forward, then goes up to the stile and claps his hands.

Enter DIAPHRAM, from L. H.

Ame. Sleeps.

Dia. (at the stile.) All safe?

Ame. Advance. (comes forward, L. H.)

Dia. (comes over the stile, R. H.) Did you look down the path to the village?

Ame. Yes.

Dia. And into the garden?

Ame. Pshaw !

Dia. There may be something there.

Ame. Cabbages.

Dia. I have a character to lose.

Ame. (malignantly.) Ah!

Dia. And that's more than you have—know you what I witnessed to night?

Ame. Robbery.

Dia. Yes; committed by whom?

Ame. Me!

Dia. Think, then, you are in my power.

Ame. (laughs.) Ha!

Dia. It is -

Ame. Dark.

Dia. Yes; and we are-

Ame. Alone. (he draws his hand across his throat, the Doctor trembles.)

Dia. Eh! what, surely you wouldn't.

Ame. Secure.

Dia. (alarmed.) What?

Ame. Silence.

Dia. Oh, you are sure of me, bless you! assist me to carry

off this girl, I'll to England, and you shall never see me more -then remember the purse of gold. (taking it out.)

Ame. Pay.

Dia. Bye and by.

Ame. Now. (snatching the purse.)
Dia. There; I shall be glad to be rid of this fellow—(aside) now, I'll knock, you seize her, muffle her in that cloak, and-[MIDDLETON has been listening, he and the KEEPER rush forward.

Mid. No, old poacher, you do not-seize that robber. [MIDDLETON seizes DIAPHRAM, the KEEPER AMERE.

Dia. Hollo! help! murder!

Mid. Silence, or you die.

Ame. Awkward.

Dia. Will you murder me!

Kee. Sir, sir, villagers approach.

Mid. They shall be welcome.

Enter villagers and SIMON, L. H. 1 E.

Welcome, friends; seize on these miscreants, to the horsepond with them; detain the sexton for a robbery committed this night; away with them, my keeper will explain all. (villagers seize Diaphram.)

Enter Angeline from cottage, R. H.

Dia. Help! murder! murder!

[Villagers drag off DIAPHRAM, L. H. 1. E.; when DIA-PHRAM off, SIMON presents a pistol to AMERE, who looks at the pistol.

Ame. Unexpected.

Mid. Away with him!

Ame. Unpleasant. Exit Amere, followed by Simon, L. H. 1 E.; ANGELINE is timidly retiring.

Mid. Stay, pretty Angeline! fate has again made me your deliverer, ought not gratitude, if not a softer feeling, teach you to be more kind to me?

Ang. (shrinking.) Monsieur, what have your meaning!

Mid. Angeline, I love you; cannot know happiness without you-be mine then, and riches, love, and equipage are yours.

Ang. (firmly.) Monsieur, I am weak woman, but I am the child of une brave soldier-I may die, but I cannot forget that my father was a man of honour-shall I ever disgrace him-oh! no. never-never.

Mid. Your father was a soldier, so was I-I fought on the field where he was slain-a soldier only should protect the orphan of a soldier.

Ang. A soldier should not disgrace the orphan of a soldier. Mid. Why do I stand dallying like an idiot—she is mine, no one is nigh, the brandy maddens me. (pulling her towards him.)

Angeline, you are mine-by this warm kiss, for ever-[She struggles with him, and shricks; JEAN appears at the door of the lodge; she breaks from MIDDLETON, but

leaves the locket, &c., in his grasp; she rushes to the stile, the voice of JEAN arrests both.

Jea. Hold, miscreant, or you perish!

She shrieks, and falls ucross the stile.

Ang. Oh! de voice! my heart! ah!

[NANGUETTE appears at the stile, she crosses, and ANGE-LINE points, but dares not look towards the spot JEAN'S voice came from.

Nan. What is this? speak! why-why, dear Angeline, do you

Jean. (on hearing the name.) Angeline!

[ANGELINE turns at the voice; their eyes meet.

Ang. Jean!—living—my brain. Jean. 'Tis she—Angeline!

[He rushes towards her; she moves a step; he falls insensible at her feet; she stands with her eyes fixed immoveable over him.

Mid. (R. H.) What can this mean ?

Nan. (R. C.) It is her lover, Jean Bruquere, long thought

Mid. Wonder working heaven!

Jean. (recovering.) Was it a dream-a vision-or-nothere she stands still and immoveable in death-Angeline !-Angeline! she breaths! she lives! Angeline!

[She revives, looks on him; laughs hysterically, and faints

in his arms. Mid. What have I here-great heaven, the portrait of my sister! 'tis true, how came Angeline possessed of that?

Nan. It was given to her father by an English officer, whose life he preserved at Waterloo.

Enter Simon and Villagers, 1 E. L. H. Simon gets round to R. H. corner. Villagers form at the back.

Mid. I was that officer; her father was my preserver-see. she revives; come, cheerly, maiden. Jean Bruquere, you have, indeed, a treasure in your arms.

Ang. (gazing at Jean.) 'Tis real, then he lives! Oh, pere de miseracorde, I thank, ha! ha! ha! my heart-Jean, mon

brave, ha! ha! (rushing to him.)

Sim. How happy we'll all be; Nanguette and I have made it up-we've ducked the doctor and popped Amere in prison-ha!

ha! you should have seen the old gallipot dive.

Mid. Let us in to Angeline's cottage, there learn the wonderous chain of these events, and, Jean, to-morrow I will deliver into your hands a sum sufficient for your future comfort -'tis part payment of my debt of gratitude to Angeline's father; she must forgive me, and I promise, never again shall woman's helplessnes find in me a dishonourable assailant.

Ang. Tenez votre parole-keep to your word, and you are forgive. I am now happy-yes, pauvre Angeline's happiness will be complete, if, by the welcome of all, she is relieve of LE TRISTE DE CŒUR. [Coming forward. Bon gentilhommes—ma pauvre demoselles, Is dere one little heart here truly tells, What is dat Triste de Cœur, it plagues our lives, Teases ven single, perplexes us when wives, And triumphs more, de more its victim strives Is dere one sufferer here? Oui, dere I spy one Wis a flush cheek—one wet eye, and one dry one; If you've no sweetheart, pretty maiden, try one. But there's another leetel farther gone, Sighing and pale, and looking all forlorn; She parted with her sailor but this morn. In tears she vowed with him death were delight; A soldier wants to see her home to-night. We're all coquettes—and, worse than that, we show it, But, pauvre maidens—worst of all—men know it. Let all be true when a true heart they steal, And take my word—no Triste de Cœur they'll feel.

Then maids be true—when a true heart you steal, And take my word, no Triste de Cœur you'll feel.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

VILLAGERS.

VILLAGERS.

NANGUETTE.

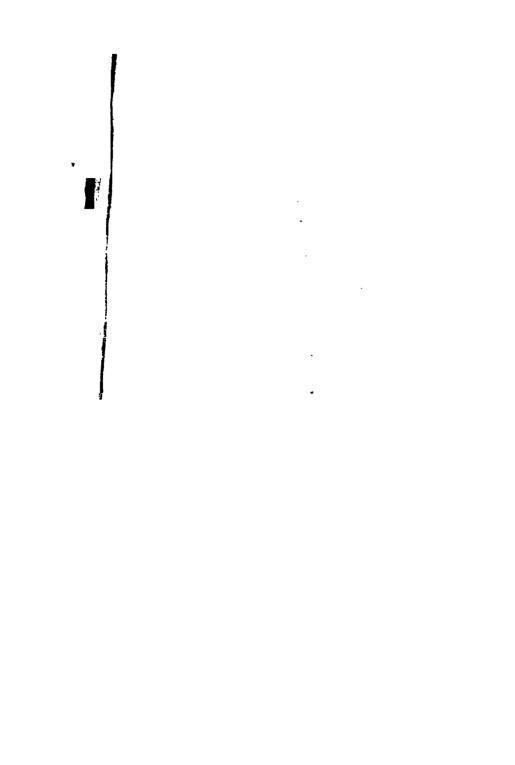
MIDDLETON.

ANGELINE.

SIMON.

JEAN. L. H.

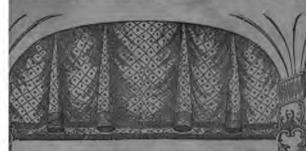
R. H.



WEBSTER'S

ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA,

er the auspices of the Dramatic Authors' Society.



TRUTH, OR A GLASS TOO MUCH.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA.

As performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, ADEL, 161.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY.

WITH A PORTRAIT AND MEMOIR OF MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.

EDITED BY

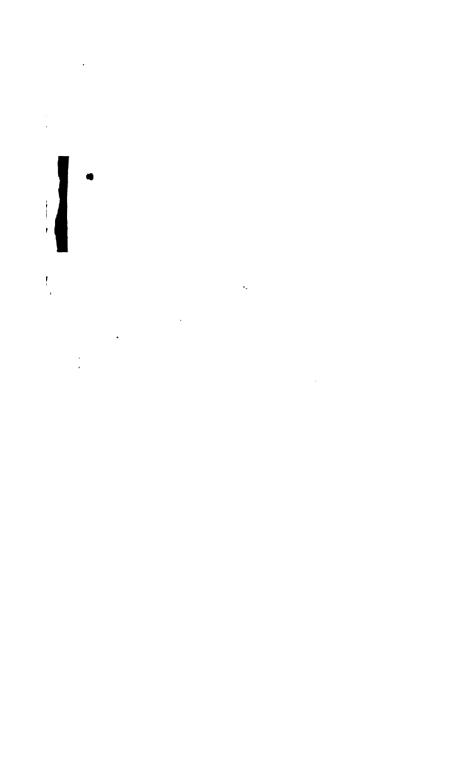
B. WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING.

By Pierce Egen the Younger, from a Drawing taken during the representation of the Piece.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 188, STRAND.



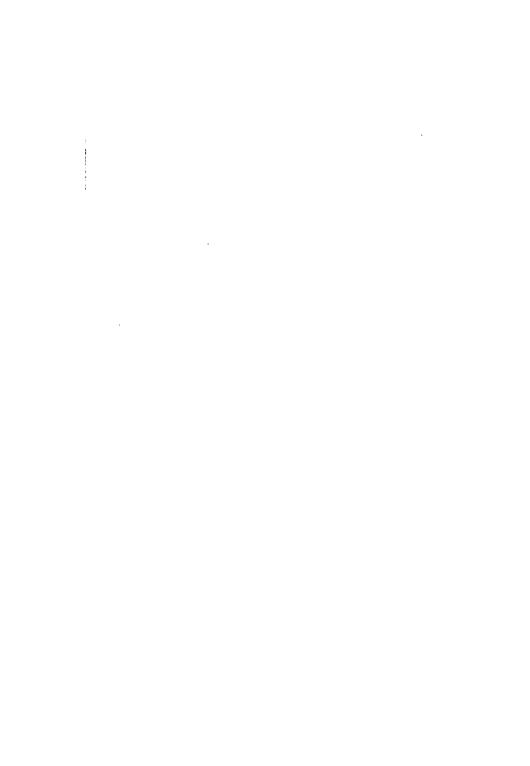
WEBSTER'S ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA.

VOL. III.

Contents.

PUSS IN BOOTS.
THE RINGDOVES.
BLACK DOMINO.
OUR MARY ANNE.
SHOCKING EVENTS.
THE CULPRIT.
CONFOUNDED FOREIGNERS.
THE DANCING BARBER.
ALL FOR LOVE; OR, THE
LOST PLEIAD.
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ANGELINE.

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TRUTH.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA,

In One Act.

BY

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY
PHERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

WILITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

IT

Tramatis Personae and Costume.

First performed March 10th, 1834.

ALBERT. Gray long-tailed great-coat with broad lapels, black velvet collar, and black velvet straps down the front, white neckcloth, black bantaloons, and hessian boots, three-cornered black hat ALFRED. German military frock-coat with frogs, blue trousers with red stripe, black stock, Mr. YATES. German cap, boots DONDERDRINK .- (Ibid.) . GROSSMAN. Gray square-cut coat, waistcoat, and breeches, striped stockings, oldfashioned square-toed shoes and silver buckles, white Mr. W. BENNETT. neckerchief . MINA. White, red, and blue stripe black velvet, bodice, trimmed with gold and red ribbon, drawn neckerchief, apron in pleits, striped silk Mrs. YATES.

Scene, Alfred's chateau in Bohemia.

ALICE. Green riding-habit, black hat and Miss Pitt.

stockings, black shoes and buckles, hair in plaits with red ribbon

feathers

Time of representation, one hour.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R.C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

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SCENE.—A garden adorned with statues, &c.—A pavilion on the right—on the left a stone table, under trellis-work.

Enter, U. B. L. H., ALFRED and DONDERDRINK.

Alf. Well, Donderdrink, but where is your lovely sister, Alice?

Don. Oh, she'll be here anon with the rest of the ladies; she couldn't come to your chateau alone you know—you a bachelor.

Alf. Bachelor! ay, till to-morrow, then the wedding takes

place.

Don. And Alfred de Wellback becomes my brother. Happy Alice! to wed the most distinguished baron — with the finest chateau in all Bohemia. What a cruel fate is mine, to have squandered away every penny of my fortune! It really grieves me, Alfred, to see you marry my sister, without a dowry: but it isn't my fault, it's my uncle's! an uncle, to whose estates I am heir, and who won't die: he might if he pleased, but he's an unfeeling relation, and never had any regard for his family.

Alf. Nonsense! will not the regiment you have asked for me of your protector, the Duke of Arnheim, be equivalent to

a dowry?

Don. Why, he has promised it me to be sure, and could I

but thus lighten my debt to you-

Alf. Pooh! man! It is I who am your debtor. Do you not give me your sister Alice, whom I love, by whom I am loved! and too happy shall I be, in assuring her fortune, to cement the bonds which attach me to an old schoolfellow.

Don. And a sincere friend. My sister's a lucky girl. Alf. It shall be my endeavour to make her think so.

Don. Ay, you must make her happy, or Master Christian will regret the sacrifice he has so nobly made, for you must know that without ever breathing a syllable of it, he has long adored Alice himself.

Alf. Good heavens!

Don. Yes; but from the moment he knew that you had offered her your hand, he imposed silence on his secret passion, so that no one but my sister and myself ever even suspected him.

Alf. Can such generosity be possible! after such a sacrifice, shall I not for ever credit that friendship--that every virtue exists?

Enter GROSSMAN and MINA, L. II.

Alf. Ah! Here is honest Grossman, my steward, an ancient follower of my father's and this is his daughter, the pretty Mina, my foster sister.

Don. (R. c.) An honest steward, did you say?

Alf. Another minister to my happiness; an upright man who never robs me of a farthing.

Don. Just like mine.

Alf. (R.) Your steward honest?

Don. Now, to his sorrow, I defy him to rob me, for in order to do that he must begin by refunding.

Alf. Well, and what brings you here my good Grossman? Gro. I came, sir, with my daughter Mina, who was anxious to congratulate you on your approaching nuptials. (to MINA.) Was it not so?

Mina. Yes, father.

Gro. And at the same time to announce to you her own. (takes her hand, and places her next ALFRED.)

Alf. (looking at her with affection.) What! Mina! are you too going to be married? Happy is the man of your choice. Mina. Very, sir.

Alf. 'Tis well; and I undertake your portion, ten thousand

florins.

Mina. (with emotion.) No, no; I cannot accept them.

Alf. Why not?

Mina. (embarrassed.) Nay, it really would seem as though I

came on that account.

Gro. Not at all; the baron knows your disinterestedness and mine; I accept, because being only a steward, it is not to be supposed that I should look upon ten thousand florins with indifference.

Don. Not a bad view of the case—I see he has had a head for business.

Alf. And what is your intended husband?

Gro. Oh, a most capital card—a rich brewer—Master Steinberg; with a heart full of affection, and a vat full of dollarsno froth there. I believe too, that the youth is by no means displeasing to my daughter.

Mina. Nay, father-

Gro. She told me so herself I assure you, and this very morning was in such a hurry and agitation to conclude the match—oh it was to be settled instantly!

Alf. Indeed! so very anxious!

Mina. Nay, now it was not so at all - what can it be to any one whether he please me or not-no one asked you about it, and what you have just said is only calculated to redouble my antipathy to him. You see what you have gained for him, so much the better.

Oh, the pretty little spirit! What! do you say you marry

From antipathy?

ina. I did not say so, sir; but it's my father, who with his Positions—why need he say any thing about it? Why trouble with all this, just in the midst of your happiness, at the moment you expect your bride—when your thoughts are of her—it's so out of place, so unnecessary, I quite blush him, and I could almost cry.

Gro. She's angry at my having betrayed her.

Mina. (aside.) Oh, heavens! come, father, let us go.

Alf. No, that I forbid—you must remain with us at the Chateau to-day, and to-morrow, you must be present at my marriage.

Mina. (in agitation.) Ah, sir-

Alf. And in return, I will assist at yours.

Mina. Oh no, no, I entreat of you—it must not be—it would

be too great an honour. Gro. What does that signify—I like honours, that's my way, and if the baron, and the baroness too-Ah. here I declare she comes!

Don. My dear sister! { (going to meet her.) Alf. Alice!

Mina. (forcing her father out.) Nay, now father, come. We should not be here—come, I entreat you.

[Exit GROSSMAN and MINA, L. H.

Enter ALICE, R. H. in riding costume -two servants following.

Alf. My dear Alice, I have long been anxiously expecting vou.

Ali. True, I am late, but you know I came on horseback, and-

Don. An excellent reason.

Ali. Yes, for I have been settling with my cousin Henry the preliminaries for a steeple-chase, which you are to ride with him after breakfast-I have a bet of two hundred florins upon you.

Alf. It shall not be my fault if you do not win it.

Don. Yes, but suppose we talk the matter over after breakfast, I am positively famished.

Ali. Ah, brother, your appetite never fails you.

Don. No, thank Heaven, that hasn't been one of my losses. But apropos, what has become of the odd fellow you brought with you last night, (to ALPRED,)—the mysterious stranger, the learned professor, or the prince in disguise! doesn't he breakfast with us?

Alf. No-I told him that we should be honoured with the company of a lady; upon which he replied, that in that case-

Ali. Well?

Alf. He should prefer breakfasting alone in his room.

Ali. How very gallant! And pray who is the gentleman?

Alf. I know not. He calls himself the Count Albert.

Don. But what's his profession, his-

Alf. I can tell you nothing more.

Ali. And did you then receive him without-

Alf. I could not avoid it. There is something about the man, that interests, that attaches one to him at once—he is no ordinary person; his learning is inconceivable; and his conversation is amusing to a degree—that is when he pleases to talk at all, which is not very often.

Ali. But how came he here?

Alf. You would only laugh at me, were I to tell you.

Don. Pooh! so much the better—come let's sit down and then we can laugh and eat at the same time. (they all sit at table which the servants have prepared.)

Alf. Well, you shall hear then.

Don. Now for it.

Alf. Happening to be at Toplitz yesterday, for the purpose of visiting one of my estates, I took my dinner in the public room at the baths—a party of young people were amusing themselves at the expense of a singular-looking individual with white mustaches, who was sitting alone in one corner of the room.

Ali. White mustaches! what a figure! I'm very sure I should

have been the first to laugh at him.

Alf. Their merriment at length became so loud, that the stranger raised his head to observe them, and, looking at each in turn through a little oldfashioned eyeglass, which he constantly makes use of, he walked past the group without noticing them, and came straight up to me—offered his hand, as if he had long known me, and said "Baron Alfred de Wellback you leave us this evening," which was in fact my intention, though I had announced it to no one, not even to my servant. "What do you say," he continued, "to our travelling together?" I bowed, accepted, and mounting our horses we jogged on till we came to the Golden Eagle, where we took up our quarters for the night.

Don. Ay, at Herman's—a drunken dog, with a good cook,

I know him well-go on.

Alf. We found the Inn in an uproar, all the country-people noble and simple, had been taking tickets in a lottery for a rich domain—a superb chateau in the neighbourhood, and were waiting the arrival of the post from Vienna, with the announcement of the fortunate number. Several of the less sanguine were offering to barter their tickets. My companion examining them with his eyeglass, said to me, "My young friend, have you any wish to gain this noble prize?"—"Not I," I replied, "I am content with what I already possess—I want no more."—Upon which he cast a scrutinizing glance at me, as if to assure himself of my sincerity, and added with an air of satisfaction, "Tis well—only," pointing with his finger, "that's the number which will gain it—number 23."

Don. Upon my word! we shall at least be able to discover whether or no he was right, by this morning's newspaper.

Alf. You need not look there—no sooner had we retired to our chambers, than Herman the innkeeper knocked loudly at our doors and entered mad with delight—he had overheard

be words of my companion while waiting at table—had bought the ticket I rejected for three florins, and the number 23, was rawn a prize.

Don. & Ali. Mercy on us!

Alf. Herman, the simple innkeeper had become possessor of ne of the finest domains in Bohemia.

Don. The lucky rascal!

Alf. So thought I. "Unhappy man!" said my companion; for before to-morrow's dawn, Herman will have lost much more than he has gained. With that he ordered my servant to addle the horses for immediate departure. "What!" said I, in the middle of the night?"—"Remain if you like, I quit this house; for mad with his success, Herman and his friends will get drunk together, set fire to the house, and every soul will perish in the flames."

Don. Ha! ha! ha! I see it all now; your stranger is a

visionary, one of our great German illuminati.

Alf. You may smile, but fascinated by his coolness and gravity, I had the simplicity to follow him in the midst of a thunderstorm, and we arrived here in the middle of the night at the risk of breaking our necks; however, I offered my companion a bed, which he accepted.

Don. I'll answer for him, he did—bravo! Come, let's drink Alfred's health, for I declare I begin to be alarmed for him.

Alf. Ay, so you shall, come.

Don. On condition though, that we drink it in champagne.

Alf. With all my heart! Grossman! Grossman!

Enter GROSSMAN, L. H.

Where is Fritz, the butler?

Gro. He is just arrived from the town.

Alf. Just arrived! he has taken time enough.

Gro. True; he is beyond his hour, but it is in consequence of a frightful accident. In passing this morning, six leagues from hence, by Herman's, at the Golden Eagle—

All. Well?

Gro. The inn was on fire.

All. Good heavens!

Gro. Fritz stopped, like all who were near, to give his assistance, but in vain; Herman has perished, and it is said several travellers also who were in the house at the time.

[Exit GROSSMAN, U. E.

Enter Count Albert, from pavilion, L. H., all rise.

Alb. Alfred de Wellback, good morning, good morning to ye all. (examining them through his glass.) Why, what has happened? For a wedding breakfast all seems dull and silent. (advancing towards ALICE.) And you, my pretty maiden, the intended bride of my friend Alfred, you do not even laugh at my white mustaches!

Alb. (coldly.) You are the first who has refrained : It gives me a better opinion of your gravity. (to ALFRED.) How did my fellow-traveller pass the night?

Alf. Well. But poor Herman cannot say as much. Alb. Ay, I have just heard, like yourself, of his fate.

Ali. (n. c.) But how did you know it yesterday?

Alb. (c.) I knew it not, I presumed it from his known character; with such a man, when good fortune, and good wine both affect the head, it is easy to foresee the consequences ; folly,ruin, disaster-'tis infallible-one may always draw a similar horoscope with certainty.

All. What! from your reason alone could you divine?

Alb. From my reason alone. (goes up.) Come. (goes to table. The champagne is waiting. I'll propose the first toast. To the happiness of Alfred and Alice !

All. Alfred and Alice!

Don. (filling another glass.) To love and friendship.

All. Love and friendship.

[While they group round the table, ALBERT sits under the the trellis, observing them through his glass.

Alf. Yes, my friends, eternal love and friendship! (turns towards Albert, who is shaking his head.) Eh! what mean you ? Alb. (sitting, L. H.) Nothing, I thought you said eternal, and

from one of your age that word always makes me smile. Ali. What, sir! Do you not then believe in love!-in

friendship?

Alb. Yes, indeed; as I believe in champagne, it has the same fire, the same impetuosity, and the same duration. Look! (to DONDERDRINK, who holds up his bottle.) I fancy your bottle is finished already?

Don. So much the better, we'll have a second.

Alb. That's the most sensible thing you have said; yes, young man, a second, which will pass away as quickly as the first.

Don. The quicker the better, I say; I see my learned Theban is a bit of a bon vivant, we shall get on very well together-come, one more toast.

Ali. No; I forbid any more, we must not forget our steeple-

chase. (to a servant.) Saddle the horses.

Ser. The grey or the chestnut?

Alf. I mount my chestnut. (remove the table.)

Ali. Of course.

Alf. With him I win to a certainty.

Alb. Possibly—but in your place I should take the other.

Ali. You surely will not?

Alf. Do you think he will win then?

Don. Nonsense—you will lose your bet.

Alf. No matter, come what will, I am determined to-day to follow his advice in every thing. I ride the grey—I feel confident of success—he predicts it, and I believe—come.

[Exeunt all except the Count and Donderdrink, U E. R. H.

Don. For once I suspect his boasted confidence will lead him astray; philosophy is of little avail in a steeple-chase—why they've taken away the table! Hang all betting and racing I say—I hadn't half finished. Never mind, I'll make up for it at the wedding dinner to-morrow—that at any rate cannot escape me.

Alb. (shaking his head.) And yet it had nearly been adjourned. Don. (frightened.) Come, come, none of your joking—what

obstacle could there be, what should delay it?

Alb. Oh, it turned upon a straw, had Alfred only mounted the chestnut horse—

Don. Pooh! what do you mean?

Alb. I mean that that horse will throw his rider to-day.

Don. Bless my soul! and my sister wanted me to take him—luckily my dear friend Henry was there, and if he must be killed, why—

Alb. Not so; (coolly;) he will escape with a broken rib—the third on the left side.

Don. Oh, that's all—the third, eh! ha, ha! and here I stand listening seriously! I see, sir, you are a wag.

Alb. It may be so.

Don. I'm sure of it, or else I should instantly run and warn him.

Alb. You would do wrong.

Don. What to prevent such a misfortune?

Alb. 'Tis none, on the contrary.

Don. That depends upon taste.

Alb. The accident is the luckiest thing that could happen to him.

Don. Come, if you can make that clear to me-

Alb. Nothing so easy—He has an appointment with a lady this evening.

Don. Ho, ho, a love affair—who is she?

Alb. The wife of his benefactor.

Don. The wife of his benefactor?

Alb. So you see that the accident renders him essential service, by forcing him against his will to preserve his honour.

Don. A pleasant way of effecting it. Ha, ha! and I go on listening patiently—he's as mad as a March hare.

Alf. (without, R. H.) Take my close carriage, and let the surgeon on no account leave him.

Enter ALFRED, R. H.

Don. What's the matter ?

Alf. A sad ending to our party of pleasure, whether from want of skill, or imprudence,—poor Henry—

Don. (c.) Bless me! has fallen from his horse.

Alf. (R.) Oh, you have heard.

Don. No, I haven't moved from this place—'twas the Count here told me.

Alf. We thought he was killed, but luckily, though quite enough, he has escaped with—

Don. (looking at the Count with astonishment.) A broken rib.

Alf. Exactly-

Don. The third on the left side.

Don. No, the Count-

Alf. On coming to himself, it was not his wound which troubled him so much, as the recollection of an engagement which—

Don. Can it be possible-a rendezvous!

Alf. This evening.

Don. With a lady,

Alf. Oh, he had informed you.

Don. Not a bit—'twas the Count, I tell you, who without quitting the spot, related to me a quarter of an hour ago all that was to happen—as if it had already taken place. He seems to know the future better than I can recollect the past.

Alf. Is it possible? (crosses c.) This was then the meaning

of the advice you gave me?

Alb. (coldly.) Advice I gave you by mere chance, and which,

by the event, proved not altogether bad.

Alf. (aside.) I cannot reconcile this mystery! Count—Count Albert, I must speak with you. Donderdrink, my dear friend, I have just learnt that the Duke of Arnheim is arrived in town-

Don. Really !- the Count I suppose told you.

Alb. No; but you may believe it, the news is true.

Alf. You hear, remember the regiment—there is no time to be lost.

Don. I'll run to him directly, trust to my friendship, and in case I shouldn't return soon, you can ask your friend the Count there, how matters are going. [Exit, U. E. R. B.

Alf. At last we are alone—Count, this is the second time since yesterday, that I owe you my life—and how can I show

you my gratitude?

Alb. You owe me none—I expect none.

Alf. Tell me at least, I entreat you—who are you? and how

may I explain the interest you take in a stranger?

Alb. You are deceived—you are no stranger—I know you well—as yet I had never met with a pure, frank, honest heart—when I beheld you, I said to myself, "'I'is the first—this youth shall be my friend."

Alf. And how know you that you are not deceived in me? can you read my heart? can you tell what is passing there?

Alb. Perhaps so—who can pronounce upon the limits of

Alf. I never can believe that the discovery of such secrets is

within the reach of human intellect.

Alb. And yet were I to give you positive proof—were I to affirm for instance that at this very moment I know your very thoughts as perfectly as yourself—

Alf. Speak them then—what are they?

Alb. (taking his eyeglass, examines Alfred, and at the same time interprets.) That I am an extravagant madman, whose brain is turned by the study of the abstruse sciences.

Alf. Heavens !

Alb. And are kindly thinking of means to place me under the care of your friend, Doctor Ritzdorff, for my cure.

Alf. You overwhelm me with amazement-'tis the truth!

but 'tis inconceivable!

Alb. Man ever thinks all he does not understand impossible, If any one a few hundred years ago had talked of elevating himself into the clouds, he would have been treated as a sorcerer. Montgolfier would have been burnt at the stake. Yet now the ascent of a balloon is so common an occurrence, that people scarcely lift their heads to look at it, and in twentythree years more, when the secret for directing them will be discovered-

Alf. In twenty-three years?

Alb. Yes, the 10th of May, 1859, that secret will be found so simple that all will wonder it should not sooner have been discovered. Nay, even in our own days, if any one, a few years ago, had walked coolly up to your breakfast-table, and pointing to the slight vapour which escaped from your tea-urn had said, "With that power will I move enormous masses, will I make vessels skim over the ocean, carriages fly over the earth faster than the fleetest courser," you would have deemed him as you now do me, a harmless madman, and confided him to the care of your physician.

Alf. Ah-Count!

Alb. And how many other secrets may not man by patience and study at length discover? Alas! I have made sad experience. In becoming more learned, and increasing the mass of his knowledge, man does not increase that of his happiness; on the contrary he diminishes the chances, and the days of my existence, which I have discovered the secret to multiply and prolong, offer me no longer but sad reality! The illusions which charm you, no longer exist for me-I cannot deceive myself-error and hope, the two deceptions which render life happy, are lost to me for ever.

Alf. Do you then detest the human race?

Alb. No-one man is not worse, more envious, more selfinterested than another, they are all alike-and yet there is one, one only-I named him to you-and he may rely firmly on my friendship-until he become like all the rest.

Alf. Ah-if I thought that possible-Alb. Every thing is possible, but I should grieve to see him alter-now you know me-my word is sacred. Dispose of me, and all I know; if it can serve you, so much the better, for once at least it will have been useful.

Alf. Well then, if it be so, I implore you to grant me one boon-now the object of all my desires! Of all the secrets you have derived from science, I ask but one,-and that but for a single day.

Alb. (examining with his glass.) Speak, what is it?

Alf. Ah! you already know it—you have read my thoughts grant me then the precious gift I desire—the power to read the human heart.

Alb. You know not what you ask. Of all the secrets which I could grant you, you have chosen the worst, the most dangerous, the most terrible. Since, however, you are weary of happiness, since you insist—the power is yours, but only for two hours, and that I fear will be too long. Take this glass, and by its aid you will be enabled to read the thoughts and destiny of every one.

Alf. Can it be possible? what a prodigy!

Alb. A prodigy! nothing in the world more simple—I will explain it to you. Silence! some one comes—

Alf. 'I'is my steward Grossman.

Enter GROSSMAN, L. H.

Gro. The jeweller, sir, whom you ordered me to send for about your wedding presents, has been here for some time.

Alf. Tis well-

Gro. He is in the court-yard, where I bid him wait your pleasure.

Alf. (looking at GROSSMAN through the glass.) Good heavens!

Gro. What has happened, sir ?

Alf. (still looking.) You know you left him in the steward's room, where you offered him a chair, and assisted him to empty a bottle of my best wine—

Gro. I don't know who could have been busy enough to tell you, sir; at all events I have done no great harm I hope, in offering some refreshment to an honest tradesman after a long walk—not that I know any thing of the man.

Alf. Yes, you do, you know him well.

Gro. I know him! only as every one else does, as a man of talent—that was my only reason for choosing him.

Alf. No it wasn't you forget the per centage he promised you.

Gro. Sir-I-

Alf. A pearl necklace, et cetera—your paternal gift to your daughter on her marriage—a liberal present which will do you honour, and cost you nothing.

Gro. Really, sir, I am sure you couldn't suppose-

Alf. 1 suppose nothing—word for word, all that is passing within you—

Gro. I declare it is too hard you should think me capable; I, who have been steward in your family these forty years, and never was guilty of the slightest dishonesty—because I once by chance—

Alf. Oh, you do own it then?

Gro. (in anger.) Well, then—yes, sir—but I really did not

imagine I was doing you any harm.

Alf. And who says you did? I'm not angry with you; I'm not reproaching you. (aside.) Oh, it's delightful—divine! I'll be sworn you never counted upon this.

Gro. (with indignation.) No, sir, I confess, this is more than I expected, and if our young master, who until now has

15

always placed confidence in us, begins to set spies over my actions

Alf. Spies!

Gro. Yes, sir; you could not have known all this otherwise -and therefore since I am suspected, since I have lost your confidence, I prefer quitting your service; I shall not remain here a day longer.

Alf. Pshaw! nonsense!

Gro. My accounts are ready, sir, for your inspection, and they will speak for my rectitude.

Alf. I am sure of it, I tell you. (laughing.) I can judge of

it as well as yourself.

Gro. I will bring them, sir, and take my leave for ever-for after such an affront from my master I could never like him, or serve him as formerly—spies, indeed, over me—Grossman! I won't bear it. Exit, L. H.

Alf. (watching him out through his glass.) It's quite admirable! prodigious! (wiping the glass.) What a sublime dis-

covery!

Alb. To which you owe the loss of a valuable servant.

Alf. Stay-stay-here comes Donderdrink, and my charming Alice.

Enter Donderdrink and Alice, R. H. 1 E.

Don. My dear friend-my dear Alfred, I'm in despair, I'm positively mad.

Alf. Why, what can have happened?

Don. What do you think after all? it's just the way with your great people—this Duke of Arnheim, our protector as we thought him; I've seen him.

Alf. Well!

Don. Well, you must give up all thoughts of the regimenthe has given it to another, and flatly refused it when I asked

Alf. (looking at him through the glass.) For yourself-when you asked it for yourself, not for me.

Ali. How brother !

Don. What do you mean?

Alf. (through glass.) That this is the real cause, my dear Donderdrink, of your present despair.

Don. Do you mean to insult me? I, who just now said to myself, my brother-in-law-

Alf. (with glass.) Is rich, and wants nothing—while I—

Don. Really such a suspicion is too bad, Alfred. I, who have given you the hand of my sister, who have so much friendship for you, so much affection-

Alf. (with glass.) And such a long list of debts that this marriage was to pay.

Don. You are imposed upon! Can you suppose that this marriage, so much desired by me-

Alf. (with glass.) Is still more so by Muldorf the tailor, War-

beck the saddler, and above all by Fritman the innkeeper.

(laughing.) It's delicious, it's invaluable

- Don. (walking up to him with dignity.) Alfred! I cannot believe it is yourself-I thought you a good fellow-I thought you my friend.

Alf. And so I am. (laughing.) It will make no difference, only it's amusing enough, and as well to know—nay, nay, don't be angry, I'll pay any thing you like. I forgive you, and so that I obtain the hand of Alice, and above all her love—

Ali, (crosses to c.) Ah! can you doubt it? If there is a being

on earth I love, you well know that it is-

Alf. (takes his glass.) Christian! what do I see! Ali. Why, what mean you?

Alf. (trembling with rage, and still looking.) Yes, yes, it is too

true-it is not I-'tis Christian that you love.

Ali. (laughing.) What folly ! (goes to him with tenderness.) Do I then appear so indifferent towards you-do I look as though I would deceive you?

Alf. (drops glass.) Oh no, not now, and all my illusion returns, all my happiness is restored to me. Let me hear again, Alice,

that I was deceived-you do not then love Christian?

Ali. Reflect for an instant. If I had loved him what should prevent me from taking him for my husband? Why should I not wed him-I ask yourself why?

Alf. (who by stealth has put the glass to his eye.) Ali, because

he has no fortune-nor have you.

Ali. Oh, this is shameful !

Alf. He himself decided you to this marriage, and you only wed me to return one day to him.

Ali. Tis too much.

Alf. All is over between us—no more marriage, no more friendship. (goes up.)

Ali. This is, sir, such an insult to us, to our family—

Don. That you must answer for to me at once. Alf. As soon as you please—this very moment.

Ali. Oh, heavens!

Don. (aside to ALFRED.) In an hour hence on this spot.

Alf. Agreed.

Don. Come, Alice, quit the presence of an ingrate, a false, perjured friend.

Ali. Never to behold him more.

[Exeunt Donderdrink and Alice, R. H.

Alf. So, they accuse me.

Alb. Did I not predict this for you? Thanks to the power you would force from me, you see the enemies you have raised.

Alf. So much the better, I wage war against the deceitful and the wicked.

Alb. Pshaw! young man, you wage war against the whole bu-[Exit into pavilion, R. H. man race.

Alf. (throwing himself on a seat.) Never did I suffer torment like this! 'tis clear as daylight they took me for their dupe; but I will be revenged on them—on them and every one.



Enter MINA, L. H.

Mina. I disturb you.

Alf. (angrily.) No, you see you do not-speak.

Mina. Tis true then, my father was right, you are no longer the same—what a sad change! you, so good a master formerly, beloved by every one.

Alf. (aside.) Yes, beloved by every one; I believe it.

(aloud.) And you came to-

Mina. To take my leave, sir.

Alf. (rising with kindness.) To take your leave, Mina? I

thought you were to remain here!

Mina. My father will not hear of it! He is going to take me away with him immediately; he says you have dismissed him, after forty years of service, from your house.

Aff. I never dreamt of such a thing; 'twas he who absolutely would go, or rather perhaps you, who are anxious to leave the

chateau-

Mina. I-sir!

Alf. You are in such haste to be married.

Mina. (with effort.) True, sir; that is possible.

Alf. You love this rich brewer then, this master Steinberg very much?

Mina. Yes, sir-very much.

Alf. Eh! why you really say so with a sort of tone that—(looks at her through his glass.) 'Tis untrue, you do not love him.

Mina. Heavens! who told you so, sir?

Alf. You love him not, I see it; and so far from desiring to wed him, you are in despair at the union—you are wretched. (drops the glass and takes her hand.) You, Mina, wretched! I shall not allow that: you are my sister you know, the playfellow of my childhood, and if your father wishes to force this match upon you—

Mina. It is not he, sir, who wishes the match; 'tis myself, I

have decided on it-I must be married-I must-

Alf. Absolutely!

Mina. And as soon as possible.

Alf. But if you don't love him-

Mina. What does that matter?

Alf. Choose another.

Mina. It would be all the same, I should not love another more, so that I may as well marry master Steinberg, since he suits my father best; it will then at any rate give some one pleasure. But fear not, sir, I will make him a good wife—I swear to you I will, and if I suffer—if I weep, no one shall discover it.

Alf. And you are beginning already?

Mina. (weeping.) Yes, I'm not his wife yet; I have still a little time to be unhappy without doing any one any harm.

Alf. But once more, what are you unhappy about?

Mina. Oh! that's my secret—it will die with me, and

Alf. Mina, what say you?

Minu. Yes, I see clearly,—oh, how clearly! He would wed me—but I am only the daughter of his steward—he dares not ah! he hesitates—he yields—he decides—I shall be his wife.

ah! he hesitates—he yields—he decides—I shall be his wife.

Alf. (falling at her feet.) Yes, Mina, my wife, I love you.

Mina. (still looking.) 'Tis true—tis true! ah, Alfred and I

—offering the glass) look, look, and judge for yourself.

—(offering the glass) look, look, and judge for yourself.
Alf. No, no, I need it not. I will have no more of it. For the future, I will believe yourself alone.

Enter GROSSMAN, L. H.

Gro. Eh, what's this! the Baron at my daughter's feet, while poor Steinberg too is waiting.

Alf. Silence-dismiss him-1 have another son-in-law for

you-I mean myself.

Goo. You, sir! I am astounded, confused, nay almost afflicted.

Mina. (who has been observing him through the glass.) You are
very much delighted! you know you are.

Gro. Father-in-law to a Baron-'tis too great an honour for

Mina. (examining.) Not at all-on the contrary, you think

you well deserve it, and are as fit for the part as any one.

Gro. Eh,—well it is possible I may—but what will your friends say! They who are already laughing at your expense,—attacking your reputation, and spreading a report that you have

refused to fight.

Alf. I—they shall see that anon.

Gro. And see, here they come to speak for themselves.

Enter Donderdrink, and Alice, U. E. R. H.

Ali. (n.c.) We come to say farewell, and to return thanks to our friend, the Baron, for the prudence he evinced in refusing to hazard the life of his former companion, and thereby also preserving for us his own.

Alf. One moment, before you depart, I have a slight expla-

nation to request.

Don. (aside, R. H.) It's all over with me.

Alf. (c.) Since you have dared to doubt my courage, it is now my turn to become the challenger.

Don. (aside.) Oh, my poor succession!

Alf. And since I am now the offended party, I shall choose my own weapons. Donderdrink I meet you, sword in hand. (aside.) Thus being ignorant of the result, thank Heaven, I shall have nothing to reproach myself with.

Alb. (taking his hand, L. H.) You have done well.

Don. Stay, I beg to say one word. This is not the first time I have been put to the trial, and certainly I am far from fearing the issue of the combat.

Mina. (L. H., looking through the glass.) He is half dead with

fright.

Don. But my honour obliges me to acknowledge publicly that I have been deceived. Alfred in trying to avoid an affair

by which my sister's reputation might be compromised, has acted most honourably, and like that frank, generous friend I always thought him. (seizes his hand.) And now, if any here are inclined to doubt it, they must answer it to me. (aside.) As for my sister. Christian who has long loved her, demands her hand.

Alf. Christian, and without a dowry?

Don. What matters fortune to a lover?—he asks nothing but her hand.

Alb. And the succession which he has heard she has just inherited.

Alf. What matters the opinion of the world. (taking MINA's hand.) Behold the wife I have chosen!

Don. (looking at the rest and laughing.) We approve your choice.

Ali. We congratulate you.

Don. You have behaved like-

Mina. (with glass.) An idiot! (checking herself, and curtseying.) I am proud of your compliments.

Ali. Believe me, baroness, I am delighted.

Mina. (with glass.) She's furious!

Ali. We each marry the person we love-for Christian was indeed my first attachment.

Mina. That's to say her second—for another had already mercy on me! Here, Alfred. (crosses to him.) Take your horrid glass-I declare I won't look through it any morewhat disclosures!

Alf. No, nor I—I'll see no more.

Alb. You are right, don't know too much, 'tis the surest

mode of rendering married life happy.

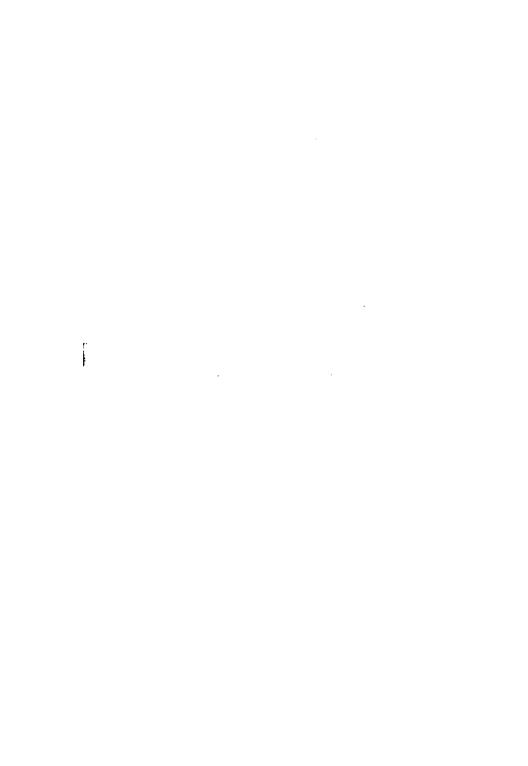
Mina. I must have one peep more. (comes forward, and looks through the glass.) Ladies and gentlemen-disguise is uselessyou are in my power! Shall I-dare I exert it?-I'm afraid-I will take courage. (looks at them.) Yes, yes, you do approveyou will applaud, and make us happy.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

Don. At.t. ALF. MINA. GRO. ALB.

R.

L.







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